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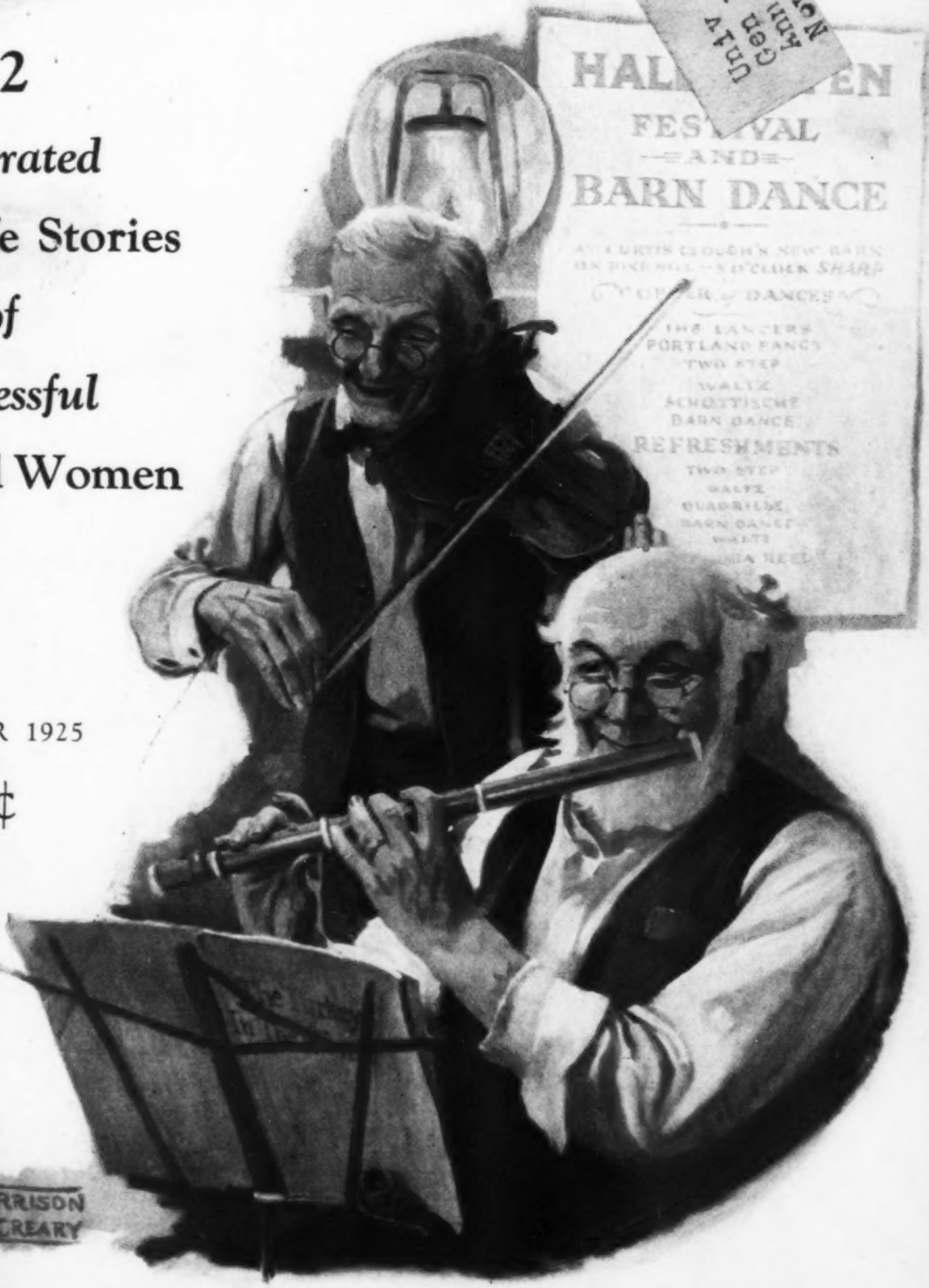

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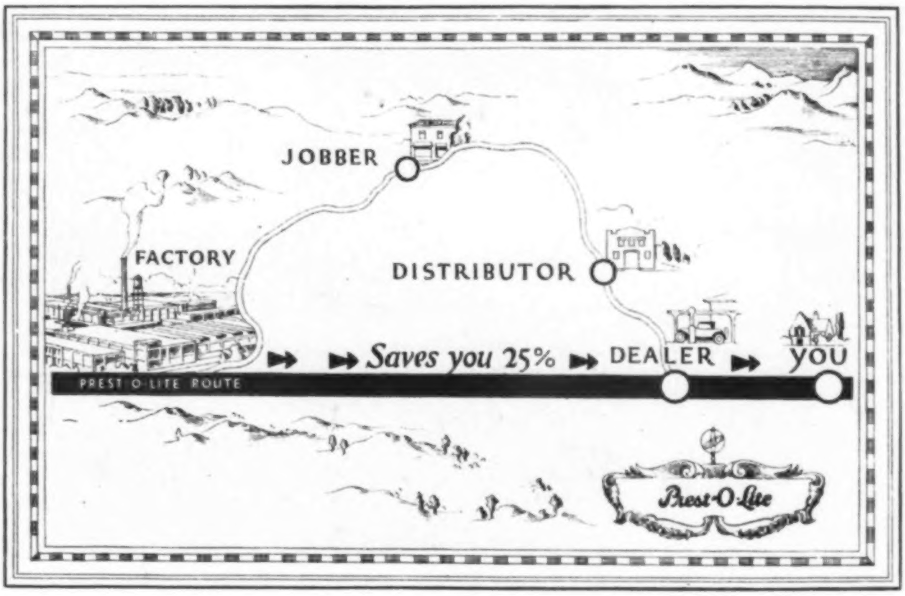

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OCTOBER, 1925
VOL. 53, NO. 4

Everybody's

FRANK QUINN
EDITOR

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To a second fiddle

When the Really Important Male arrives, you, sir, the so-called head of the house, become a thing to be "hushed" at and shunted into ignominious corners. Feminine whisperings and the rustling of starched linen fill the electrified air.

Even that tiled temple of cleanliness where you have been wont to splash and carol of a morning is invaded by His New Lordship's ladies-in-waiting.

Garments of curious design dominate the towel rack—bottles of unfamiliar outline and content are everywhere.

But one old friend remains to greet your eye—for there in its accustomed place, in all its white purity, is your cake of Ivory Soap.

Take comfort in the sight, for Ivory is the bond that will draw you and your son together—the bridge across the vast crevasse of feminine interference.

Another Ivorian is in the making!

Let spotless walls be spangled with gobs of creamy Ivory lather. Let the floor be dotted with soapy pools.

For by these signs, you know that this son of yours is doing all the messy, woman-worrying, soul-satisfying things that normal men do when enjoying an Ivory bath.

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Advertising section continued in rear of book

Robert W. Chambers

writes a new novel *of* Pioneer American Days

IF BEFORE the crossword puzzle craze waned you had been asked to supply a word in four letters meaning "pirate," you would probably have hesitated only long enough to decide whether "Kidd" was spelled with one *d* or two. For "Kidd" and "pirate" have been synonymous for two centuries and more, or ever since the day when there marched along the London waterfront two men bearing on high a silver oar in token that the King's justice was about to be meted out to a captain of ships.

Behind the bearers of the silver oar walked the unluckiest man who ever lived, and already on the streets the ballad mongers were shouting the songs that were to lay the foundation of a great lie: a lie that was to grow more circumstantial with the years and was to have such vitality that doubtless you who read this have looked at a barren stretch of seacoast sand and heard the tale that somewhere in the waste a part of Captain Kidd's fabulous treasure was buried.

No other common man in all history has ever been such a figure of romance as was Kidd. A simple New York merchant and shipmaster, he was by the strangest train of circumstances to become the central figure in a conspiracy which involved some of the biggest figures of the old and the new worlds, including His Majesty, the King.

The truth about Kidd, the honest merchant, is a far stranger and more romantic tale than the most gorgeous lie about Kidd, the pirate. So Robert W. Chambers thought when he began to write his new novel, "The Man They Hanged," the first instalment of which will appear in "EVERYBODY'S" for November. Mr. Chambers has put the real Captain Kidd into his pages as the striking central figure around which are grouped the actors in a tale of young love and adventure; of steadfast hearts and unwavering devotion. In this story live again the very men and women who trod the streets of old New York in a day when the most important history of our country was in the making.

There are pirates in plenty—real pirates: for the New York of that day was the headquarters of the desperados who flew the Jolly Roger and made war on all nations. They are the dark shadow in the brilliant picture of Colonial life which Mr. Chambers paints; and through both light and shadow move that sweet and wilful child-woman, Sancia, and her lover, young Dirck Hazlett, master swordsman of old New York.

It is a great romance, told as only Robert W. Chambers can tell such a story. But beyond that it is also the most accurate picture of life in New York in the middle of the 17th century that we recall. As everyone knows, Mr. Chambers was a painter before he was a novelist, and he has in this novel given free play to his artist's sense of form and color. But the man who studied under Julien and who exhibited in the Salon is first and last a teller of tales; and neither the artist nor the historian overshadows the story teller in "The Man They Hanged." The story will rank as a thrilling romance along with "Cardigan," "The Firing Line," "The Common Law" and "Little Red Foot," to name only a few of the novels that have put Mr. Chambers in the front rank of American writers.

A Sentimental Villain

"Tomorrow I go to the cell of Juanito," she cried, "and I will draw the curtain."

LASTRO, most whimsical of villains, idly fixed the jade ring which served as a knot for his black silk neckerchief. It was not Lastro's way to be casual about the adjustment of that exquisite jewel; nor yet about the perfuming of his slender, cruel fingers. His whole manner was weary when he held up his arms that Coloso, his confidante, might buckle a cartridge belt of carved leather over his crimson sash.

Lastro was bored. The fortunes of the *revolución* had placed him in command of the port of Canayas and the rich country in back of it. For a while it had pleased him to conduct a capricious reign of terror in the town and to make cynical experiments with social reforms. To the dwellers of Canayas it was not always simple to tell which of Lastro's acts were reform and which were designed to terrorize.

Lastro himself was no longer amused.

"*Sangre de Cristo!* One might as well be an honest man," he complained to Coloso. "I have heard them complain—these honest ones—that their virtue went forever unrewarded. They may console themselves, at least, with knowing that this attribute of virtue requires no thought—no art. But what of a villain?"

Coloso, kneeling over the strapping of Lastro's spurs, looked up at his master remarkably like a great, friendly dog waiting for a stick to be thrown. For Coronel Lastro this hulk of a man had always a smile that was all sympathy and understanding. It illumined all his face, save for his eyes and the perpetually puzzled corrugations of his thick forehead.

"I have heard it said," Lastro went on, daintily sniffing the perfume on his finger tips, "that to suspect evil in another you must have some of that evil in yourself. Alas, if I must rely on some one as clever and as evil as myself for appreciation, then I must go forever without proper applause."

His graceful fingers mended the angle of the revolver slung from the chastely carved belt. It was this weapon, legend declared, with which Lastro had executed twelve men one morning at Alvaron. He had stood them two and two, one behind the other, that one bullet would do the work of two. Ammunition had been scarce in those early days of the *revolución*.

"How can I have heart to go on then, my good Coloso?" asked Lastro. "Can an artist paint forever in a corner without at least one knowing critic to realize what he is doing? Is it enough for the artist to know in his heart that he is great?"

He sighed as he took his creamy white sombrero from the huge hands of his servitor.

"I am like such an artist," he declared. "At least the artist might content himself with merely planning a picture and never painting it—not needing to convince himself with brush and paint that he could do it.

"I am such an artist. As you know, I create excellent plots. But now, in the midst of them, I think: Why go on? I know just how easily

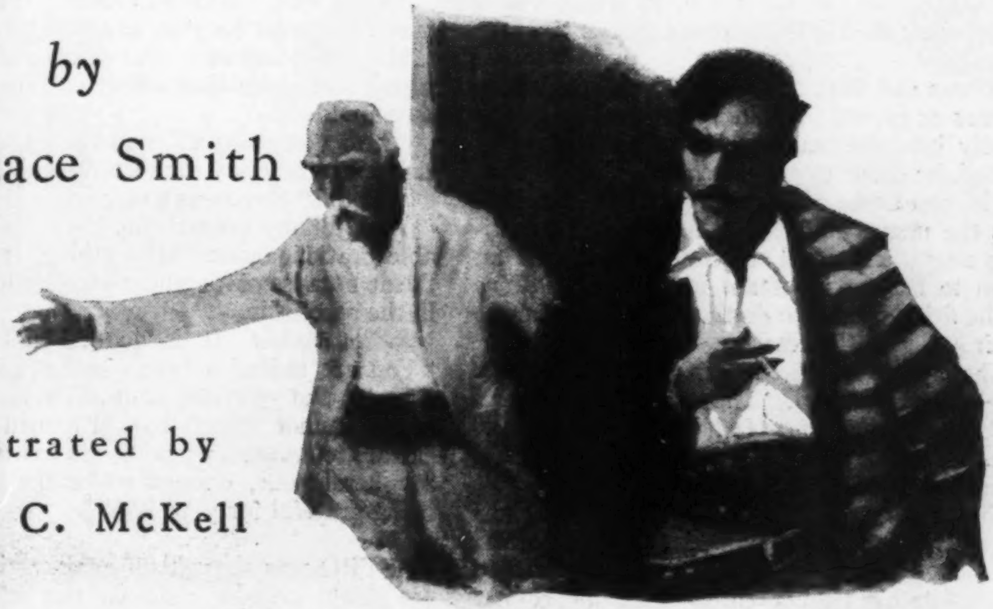
A forthright suitor and an artist in cruelty clash as rivals in a romance of the tropics

by

Wallace Smith

Illustrated by

James C. McKell



Her father stepped toward her with horrified hands.

they will work out. I look into the stupid faces of the men around me and know that I can do as I will—and that what I do will not be appreciated."

Coronel Lastro was ready for the street. What was more, he was ready to visit the place of execution in the courtyard of the cavalry barracks. Before he quitted the big, cool room of the house that has been the home of one of Canayas' wealthiest men, he spoke one more confidence to his attendant.

"Do you know, I sometimes suspect that I have a sense of humor," he said. "And, *por Dios*, a sense of humor is no part of a great man—no; not even of a great villain. Come, my big bear, we will watch the firing squad. This morning it is an Americano; a hero of a man. It may be amusing."

Coloso's face reflected the lines of habitual smiling about Lastro's full, cleanly shaped lips; lines not quite baffled by the present mood of depression. Coloso followed the *coronel* looking remarkably like a dog eager to go with his master on a frolicsome outing. A big dog, for Coloso was a giant. He had been a *cargador* of immense strength. The legends about Lastro included tales that his servant had pulled horses and riders together to the ground in battle.

It suited Lastro's fancy to keep this man by him.

"Alone of all great men," he explained to Coloso, "I have a confidante I can trust."

This was truth and it was humor, in a way, because the giant was both deaf and mute.

Coloso whimpered as they came on the drama in the courtyard of the cavalry barracks. A familiar enough drama in those days; a familiar drama in its fatal, third act.

Across one end of the courtyard stood the firing squad, half a dozen men armed with at least three types of rifles. And wearing more types of uniform than that. Misfit, faded uniforms shipped from the United States by firms which would outfit a *revolución* as handily as a costumer would provide the garb of a mask ball. This had been a job lot of uniforms. It gave these brown riflemen the look of boys dressed up as soldiers. But there was grim reality in the cartridge belts, criss-crossed over their chests, and in the manner in which they threw the bolts of their assorted weapons.

To one side of the squad stood a surly-faced *capitán* who sought, with an air of especial earnestness, not to seem too conscious of the glittering saber he held, naked, in his hand. So far so good. There was but one other ceremony to go through. The *capitán's* eyes went to the adobe wall, pock-marked with the bullets of other firing squads; its plaster torn in cubist designs by them.

There was one departure from the routine of the melodrama. This was the chief actor, who stood with his back to the wall and faced the firing squad. He was an Americano who had served recklessly in the army of the *revolución*.

They called him Juanito, which was the Spanish of his given name; and Rojizo, which was the color of his hair. A notable *companero*, this Juanito had been with his gay ways, his comical efforts to speak the native tongue and his songs. The songs would have been enough with the soldiers of the *revolución*, to whom a song about some deed in the field was greater than the deed.

It was sad that such a one must die but—*fortuna de guerra!* It did not do to inquire too closely into the reasons of Coronel Lastro; if, indeed, he chose to give a reason.

The real cause of uneasiness in the courtyard was the unexpectedness with which all Americans might act. And one could scarcely expect them to have a reverence for the conventions of the firing squad; to do their part to make the affair a pleasant spectacle.

The *capitán* had been worried from the start. Yet—so far so good. The Americano had behaved like a native. He had scorned a blindfold. He had thanked the *capitán* for a final cigaret. All according to form.

Now the cartridges had been snicked into their slots. There remained only the formal question. Had Don Juanito any last words to say? Johnny Palmer threw back his copper head in the wash of the sun. He grinned.

"Go to it, brothers!" he said. "Shoot, if you must, this old red head—"

And then Coronel Lastro came into the courtyard. The grin left Johnny Palmer's face.

"Hold everything!" he cried. "You bet I've got a speech to make. It'll be a great finale for this act. A wow!"

Facing Coronel Lastro, he spoke. It was not the sort of speech that may be written down, except in youthful, excited novels of the vogue. Words it may be that are becoming, in this breathless age, almost household words. Nevertheless in decent type they are expressed with asterisks and dashes. Into the speaking of them Johnny Palmer put a deal of warmth and vigor, yet, in his enthusiasm, he permitted no phrase to be slurred.

The soldiers were dumfounded, even though they understood less than half of the words. Johnny's manner gave them the spirit of the address. They looked fearfully at the dread *coronel*.

Lastro listened gravely. Coloso, at his back, whimpered eagerly—a stalwart hound asking to be unleashed.

"This is very heroic," said Lastro, when Johnny paused for breath. "I do not admire heroes."

"I don't give a good blinkety-blank-dash-asterisk what you admire," yelled Johnny.

"Heroes are so stupid," explained Lastro. "It is always so simple to tell what a brave, heroic man will do next."

Johnny remembered a phrase that he had forgotten in the first rush of words. He used it.

"But is it brave," queried Lastro, "to say these things when you know you will be killed, anyway?"

"It'd be worth getting killed," retorted Johnny, "just to call you by your right name."

"Very well," decided Lastro. "I countermand the order for your execution."

He called orders to the *capitán* of the firing squad and again that officer and his men were dumfounded.

"Now you are free," said Lastro. "Will you risk your life to say such words again?"

"Will I?" there was a rare relish in the words.

And Johnny poured out the entire unspeakable oration again. If anything, it was more fluent because of its rehearsal. He lost nothing in the repetition.

"*Está bueno!* It is good!" smiled Lastro. "You are indeed a hero—and stupid as most heroes. But you have amused me for a moment and I cannot afford to kill a man who is so certain to amuse me again. Go free and, please, my heroic one, do not make the mistake of being grateful for your life."

LASTRO was thoughtful again as he and the giant *cargador* rode to the walls of the great Canayas prison, with its outer balcony on which the prisoners might have the sun. Coloso bent toward his master, with the eager look on his massive face.

"What I cannot remember," declared Lastro, "is why I ordered this Americano executed. You see, Coloso, it is the thing of which I told you. No doubt, there was some fine plot in which I lost interest as soon as I had conceived it. Oh, for an appreciative audience! Ah, for just one sound critic! Now, why did I want that red-headed Americano shot?"

Under the walls of the prison he smiled.

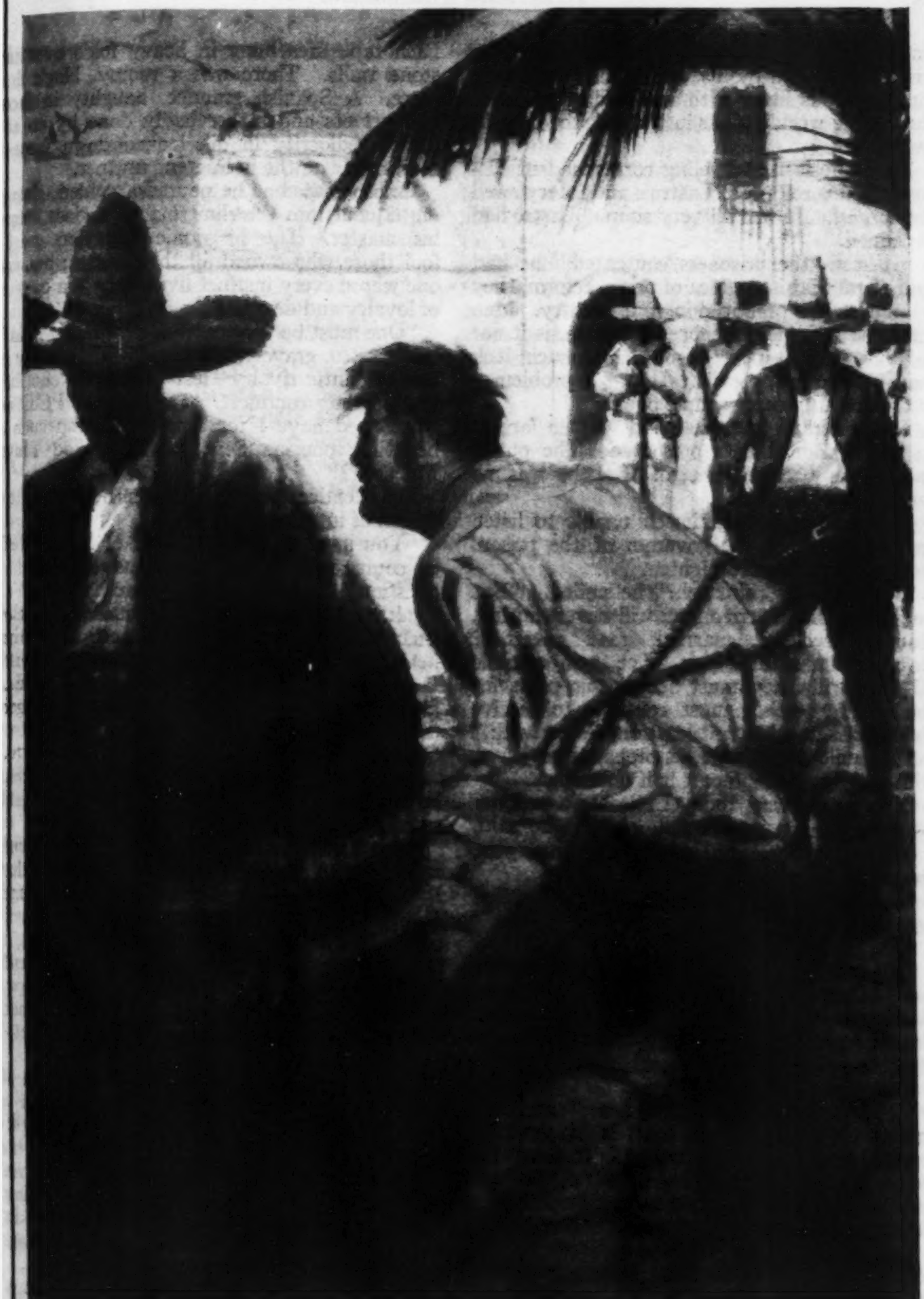
"*Sangre de Cristo!*" he swore. "Of course! It was because he is my rival in love."

The prison of Canayas had once amused Coronel Lastro. He had heard of countries where prisons were being reformed; where sweeping innovations were being made to improve the lot of the prisoner. Lastro had improved on these improvements.

Not without a sigh did he place in the background the cunningly devised tortures of the place; the rack and thumb-screws, clanking chains, the wheel and the knout. A prison among the last with a regard for the old tradition.

Lastro had reformed it with a thorough flourish. The sun balcony for prisoners had been only an incident. Canayas prison became a sort of poor man's club. Through the Canayas country rich ranch owners made wistfully ironic jests about the luxury of living in jail. They said it was better than laboring on their ranches to provide more and more taxes for the reformer of the *revolución*.

The chief innovation was Lastro's order that



Then Coronel Lastro came into the courtyard. The grin left Johnny Palmer's face. "Hold everything!" he cried. "You bet I have a speech to make. A wow!" Facing Lastro he spoke, words that in decent type are expressed with asterisks and dashes.

on one day in each week a prisoner might be visited in his cell by his wife or his sweetheart. Each cell was fitted with a colored curtain and, during the weekly visits in the cell, the curtain was drawn.

An enthusiastic traveling correspondent discovered this reform of Lastro's and interviewed the *coronel*. It was all very simple, Lastro had explained.

"It keeps the prisoners contented," he had said, "and that is the idea of prison reform, they tell me, as it is practiced in your country. Men miss the refining influence of women, is it not so? Especially in a prison. And such lack may lead to many evils. It was a problem—but, after all, a very simple one."

The itinerant journalist had written largely to the periodical he represented. The public gasp came back to Lastro. But he was no longer amused.

This day he found himself unable to listen to the report of the governor of the prison. Only once did his face lighten.

"Mutiny, you think, eh?" he smiled. "But no, *amigo mio*, married men will never mutiny. You yourself are married, good governor? You will understand then. Let them grumble all they will, they must accept our plans for their welfare—they must continue to receive their wives in private at least one day a week."

His smile faded and he prepared to leave, with the governor's report half finished.

"Oh, by the way, today I released a prisoner—an Americano named Palmer," Lastro said.

"A splendid young man!" exclaimed the governor.

"One who will do heroic things?" asked Lastro.

"Ah, yes, *mi coronel!*"

"I feared as much," spoke Lastro. "Prepare, then, to arrest him again tonight as he leaves the home of Don Ricardo Martinez. And please to put him in a balcony cell; in the one with the yellow curtain."

"But the charge, *coronel?*"

"I leave that to you this time," declared Lastro. "Only be sure that it is grandly worded and smacks of treason. It must be such a charge that the firing squad will feel repaid for the task of a second early rising. There shall be other orders about this Americano."

Coronel Lastro's air was one of histrionic dejection when he and the giant, Coloso, returned to the house that had once been the home of one of Canayas' wealthiest men. After the manner of houses built in older days, this one was a sturdy little fortress. Beneath it was a dungeon that would not have shamed the castle of a medieval lord. At present—this is but an incident—the former owner was confined in this dungeon. A disgruntled but fatalistic landlord.

In the room where Lastro sat was heavy furniture in the old, stately Spanish manner. Rich tapestries hung in heavy folds over the stone walls. There was a roomy, black fireplace. A Spanish grandee, haughty in laces and velvets and rather badly done by an antique mediocrity in oil, looked down from a solid frame on the indifferent usurper.

Coloso smiled as he poured a golden, gleaming liqueur into the slim shell of a glass before his master. The histrionic dejection might fool those who owned all their senses; but not one whose every instinct lived only in a passion of loyalty and devotion.

"One must be very careful, my great gorilla," said Lastro, gravely, "lest one win too easily in this romantic rivalry—lest pride trap one into an appalling conquest. Tell me, good Coloso, what need have I for a woman, even such a beautiful one as Señorita Flores de Mayo Martinez?"

His slender, scented fingers made a little drama of interrogation.

"You have no answer, jewel of confidantes? Of course not. There is no answer to such a question. Lesser men need a woman to use as a mirror; to give back their own false image of themselves. Such weaklings need a woman before whom to strut. *Sangre de Cristo!* I long for applause sometimes, but not that kind of applause. I need no love-cowed audience before which to swagger. No! I strut before the world—"

He smiled suddenly into the heavy face that hovered over him with the glow of intelligent sympathy.

"But Lastro must be frightened," the *coronel* went on, "to raise his voice so. Can it be that I grow sentimental? That would frighten me. *Dios* forbid! I became a rival of the Americano, Palmer, to amuse myself outwitting a hero. I continue—but merely for amusement. Tonight, my clumsy rhinoceros, we go to pay court to Señorita Flores de Mayo Martinez. As a matter of principle—and for amusement."

THE tropical night came on the town of Canayas with the suddenness of such a transition in the theater. One of those nightfalls where one actor's speech is made in the full glare of a footlighted day, the answer given in a rosy twilight and the following speech in a moonlit darkness. The theater may find its corroboration in the tropics, in other things than lighting arrangements.

An extravagant moon painted a patina of silver over the little buildings of Canayas. It touched a great, lush tree near the home of Ricardo Martinez and made of its leaves such a design as one may see, worked by fanatic artisans, in the temples of Java.

It made an ivory and ebony Juliet of the figure leaning from the tiny balcony of the Martinez home. It threw a soft cloak of shadow around the shoulders of the Romeo below the balcony. He was a musical Romeo, who played a guitar and sang songs in a tongue not suited to the soft witchery of such a night. It was not the humble appeal of "Adelita" he sang, nor yet the despair of "No Llores" nor the ineffable melancholy of "La Golondrina." This minstrel sang the caress that, despite homely words, is in "Sweet Rosie O'Grady." Somehow he made a song for his love out of the old ballad of motherhood that begins:

"M" is for the million things she gave me.
"O" means only that she's growing old—

Johnny Palmer, overcome with the trick of his own baritone voice, halted his song.

"This Lastro is one tough guy, sweet—one *mal hombre*," he said. "Plenty hard-boiled, what I mean. But he's a fathead—what you'd call a *gordo cabeza*. Oh, honey girl, why don't you *sabe* English?"

"Speak on, golden-haired lover," answered Señorita Flores de Mayo. "It is the same in any language when you tell me that you love me."

"*Yo amar usted!*" he recited, fiercely, and she smiled gently.

"Tell me more of such words."

"There's other things to tell you, sweet," said Johnny. "About this Lastro. He isn't through with me, honey. *Sabe?* I know for a cinch he's going to have me pinched—*arresto*, is that the word?—tonight and put me in the jug—in the *carcel*. Oh, hell! What a language!"

"He will arrest you?" her voice was vibrant with fear. "Oh, be careful, my lover. He is evil, this Lastro."

"Don't let that *molestar* you, honey. I'm just telling you in case—"

"I am frightened! Please sing to me, my lover."

"A gay song, sweet? A *canción alegre?*"

"No, please. That song of the *señorita* who was lost in the great *ciudad*."

Whereat, Johnny struck the strings of his guitar and, with expression, sang that sorrowful ballad of another day that began:

Somewhere up there on Broadway
We lost our little wild flower—

He sang until, from within the house, came a voice. There was a hurried whispering of lovers' farewells. The silver and ebony Juliet slipped through a long balcony window into the house. The shadow-cloaked Romeo walked into the further darkness. At the nearest corner half a dozen soldiers seized him. There was a scuffle. A swift tangle of arms and legs. A jangle from the guitar, like a cry of despair, as the instrument was smashed. Johnny Palmer was a prisoner again.

There was a chuckle from the shadow of the tree worked in silver and black in the fantastic design of a Javanese temple.

"In a world so full of simpletons," remarked Lastro to the hulking shadow that followed him, "the wonder is that more men do not become villains. It is so easy. I can scarcely remember my plot. But all I have to do is think of a plot and—behold! My victims do the rest."

Don Ricardo Martinez was held erect only by the command of an ancient pride. He clung to the centuries—old habit of disdain—closer than he clung to life. He was a weary fighter, standing on his feet only to take punishment; too spent to fight back.

THE tides of the *revolución* had surged in a devastating ebb and flow over his lands. Not only the present *revolución* but a dozen just like it in which victorious bandits became, in their triumph, swiftly current patriots. Of all his vast property there was left only this house in Canayas. This—and Flores de Mayo Martinez, his daughter.

His dark face was a mask of despair when he rose from a carved, high-backed chair to greet Lastro. The *coronel* made a gracious show of mannered homage to this older man, whose life he held in the caprice of his moods; from whom he could take by force that which it pleased him to beg with ornate formality. And this was known to both men.

"She is very young—and there is a tomorrow," said Don Ricardo. Despite his effort, there was a quaver and appeal in his voice.

"The flower of the tropics blooms richly but fades fast," responded Lastro. "Tomorrow the color of the petal may fade and the flower droop in the sun."

"I have spoken with my daughter," murmured Don Ricardo.

"There is another who speaks to her, *caballero estimado*." Lastro's voice was gentle enough. "One who speaks in a hated tongue. While she listens to such amorous whimpering, the girl has no ears for her own good—or her father's."

"That is not as I wish it."

"Of a certainty, no. But it is so. It is better that you give your flower to one who will care for it than have it plucked and soiled by careless hands."

Don Ricardo's white head came up stiffly. His tired old body straightened. In his great indignation, the hand he leveled at Lastro shook pitifully.

But the *coronel* was bowing very low to the arched, narrow door behind the proud old man. In the doorway stood Señorita Flores de Mayo. The light of the candles fell on the raw colors of her brightest shawl—a pattern of jungle flowers of green and black on a golden field. It caught

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Don't be Afraid of Making Mistake

Everybody makes them, says Samuel W. Reyburn, who has succeeded at everything he tried from selling refreshments as a train boy to banking and directing an important chain of department stores

by Samuel Crowther

HERE is the story of a man who has an enviable record of achievement and for whom even greater things are predicted, now that he is in his middle years. At the turning points in a varied business career he has been in the habit of asking himself why men succeed or fail. The result is that whether you are an employer or an employee his conclusions will give you something to think about. For the most part they are an expansion of this idea: Do directly and simply the thing there is to do—the obvious. Then everything else is in the way of helping you to gain the kind of mind that can be direct and simple.

TAKE the case of Samuel W. Reyburn. He has just turned fifty. Ten years ago he was an Arkansas banker and, although well regarded and a deal of a force in his community, he was not known outside by men other than those with whom he came into direct contact. Today he is regarded as one of the soundest bankers in New York and as the coming man in finance—although today he is not officially a banker at all.

He is the president of a great department store. He directs the workings of many millions of dollars invested in department stores. But what is more important, he took over these stores at a time when they needed strong, clear guidance and put them squarely on their feet.

And the remarkable part of it all is that the man never seems to have had anything in the way of luck—certainly no bull luck. He has come on quickly but his building has been solid. He is not a war product; he gave up his time to war—he did not make money out of war. Nothing has ever simply fallen into his lap. His career is worth looking at, for before he became a banker he was a lawyer, and before he was a lawyer he was a worker about a railroad station, and before that he was a schoolboy supporting his family by odd jobs. And he is worth looking at as a human being—as a whole human being and not as a mere succession of dramatized incidents. For there is a deal to be learned from the way he has gone about the business of his life.

"Do you know," he said to me one day, "I think most of us have much fear of making takes, or errors of ju ment, or whatever yo want to call them. T simple error amounts something, of course, should be recognize owned up to, and corre ed. It need not be tal about, but should never denied. The compo error really matters. 'simple error' I single error. It is always possible to an error of this kind before it has gone By 'compound error' I mean a train of brought about by trying to cover up of acknowledging and correcting the first Then we may get a situation which it is possible to correct excepting at great expe Most failures are due to pyramiding errors."

That is a perfectly obvious statement; one can possibly disagree with it. And yet course of the obvious is the most difficult to follow. If a little man makes a mistake is so afraid that some one will discover it underrate his abilities that he tries to cover up, and thus quickly gets himself into a complex situation. A larger man—more of himself—will, if he does the wrong make a sharp turn about and do the thing. And although he does not buy adv tising space to tell the world that he has he does not spend a penny or waste a mome of thought in covering his tracks.

It is also perfectly obvious that the work this world has to be done by men, and that better the men, the better the work. There fore, if one has to have assistants,

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Samuel W. Reyburn, just turned fifty, is president of The Associated Dry Goods Corporation, which comprises a chain of department stores in New York City, Buffalo, Newark, Minneapolis, Baltimore and Louisville. He is a native of Arkansas and lived there all his life until he was invited East in 1914 to undertake the financial reorganization of Lord & Taylor's.

In private life Dorothy Dix is Mrs. Elizabeth Gilmer of New Orleans. A few years ago she planned to retire, but found it impossible because letters continued to follow her at the rate a thousand a week. Mrs. Gilmer devotes five hours a day to those requiring personal replies.

Is There a *Real* Dorothy Dix?

For nearly thirty years Mrs. Elizabeth Gilmer has been answering newspaper readers' questions about their most intimate problems. She comforts, scolds, and advises out of a depth of understanding acquired in a life beset with anxiety and care

by Beatrice Washburn

A GENTLE, well-bred, elderly woman with white hair and laughing eyes and hands so small you wonder they can manipulate the typewriter, is the highest-paid woman newspaper writer in the world. She started newspaper work at five dollars a week when she was in desperate need. Wealth and success, following on years of poverty, disillusionment and despair, have but enriched the sympathetic interest that she takes in other people's troubles.

DID you ever wonder: How to hold your husband's love? How to keep your boy from drinking? What to name the baby? How to reduce? How to make your will? What to do with your flapper daughter when she stays out till 2 A.M. in a neighbor's automobile? How to hold your position? Whether or not you should marry your first cousin? How to get along with your mother-in-law?

And if so, did you ever think of writing to the daily paper about it? If you haven't, you are unique, because almost everybody does, according to the veteran heart columnist of the country, Dorothy Dix, whose mail runs into something like a thousand letters a week and who is literally bombarded with queries like these. In private life Dorothy Dix is Mrs. Elizabeth Gilmer of New Orleans. She has been answering folks' questions for nearly thirty years. Her answers to them run in seventy-eight newspapers throughout the United States and her mail comes in such quantities that the postman has to carry an extra pouch to accommodate her. There is scarcely a question in the world that she hasn't answered or, at least, that she hasn't been asked. Every state in the Union contributes its quota, to say nothing of Australia, Japan, India, England and South Africa. Representatives from every stratum of society appeal to her for advice on their most intimate problems—shop girls, debutantes, burglars, shop-lifters, housewives, society matrons, business women, grandmothers and young wives.

There isn't a small town in the country, if it boasts but a signal tower and a rail fence, where Dorothy Dix couldn't stop over between trains and be on intimate terms with every one, from the school teacher and the farmer's wife to the station agent and the boy who drives the flivver. The chances are that she has helped most of them.

"The one thing we are all interested in above everything else is our family affairs," is how she explains it, and incidentally it may be said that Dorothy Dix is not as imposing or awe inspiring as the picture that appears at the head of her column in the papers for which she writes. She is small and dainty, with white hair and laughing eyes and hands so small that you wonder they can manipulate the typewriter. She is reputed to be the highest-paid woman newspaper writer in the world. Her salary runs way up into the five figures, but she doesn't mind saying that she was paid three dollars for her first article and that she started newspaper work on the old *Picayune* in New Orleans on a salary of five dollars a week.

She lives on the edge of Audubon Park with her ninety-year-old father in a big cream-colored house which has just been completed. It stands window deep in trees—sycamores, live oaks and magnolias. It has been built up quite literally of tears and confessions from young girls she has interviewed in county jails, jealous wives who have killed their husbands, mothers weeping for their sons, lonely women marooned on farms who had no outlet but the daily paper —all the people she has advised and scolded and comforted and listened to in her long career.

"It is no particular credit to me that I am interested in other people's problems," she continues. "It is due not only to long training in newspaper work, but to the fact that I have had a variegated and troubled life myself, so that the problems they put up to me are often those I have experienced. There is no doubt that we all depend for happiness, in the last analysis, upon one thing—the people we love. When something goes wrong with our intimate relations, when we are worried about our husbands, daughters, wives, the whole fabric of our lives is twisted. The oil magnate is just as worried when his flapper daughter breaks the speed laws as is the grocery man when his stays out late to the movies. Mr. Midas loves his wife no less than the street-car conductor does his. The bank president's wife is as interested in holding her husband's love as the postman's wife is in holding hers. The governor is as ambitious for his children as the milkman. I get as many letters from the highly educated as from those who never saw the inside of a high school. And fully half of them begin something like this: 'I know you can't help me in this, but it is a relief to talk to some one.' It is the old impulse of confession, you see, the impulse we all have at times to break out and tell some one about something that has been festering in our lives for a long time. I don't pretend to write literature, but I have the knack of being able to talk to people in their own language. And don't think it came by accident. It has been developed by long years of hard work and bitter experience."

One Letter Averts a Tragedy

In one morning's mail came this letter from a girl, a country school-teacher, who had let herself be persuaded by a man: "I love him so. He promises me that if I will come and live with him for six months, at the end of that time he will marry me."

The letter was written from the extreme northern edge of a Northern state. Dorothy Dix did not wait for her secretary or her typewriter or even for her breakfast. She sat down and sent a special delivery letter telling that girl to leave the town at once and get as far away from that man as possible.

"Why should he marry you at the end of six months if he will not do so now?" she wrote. "Do you think a man who is base enough to propose such a thing to a woman is going to marry her after he has got what he wanted and is tired of her?"

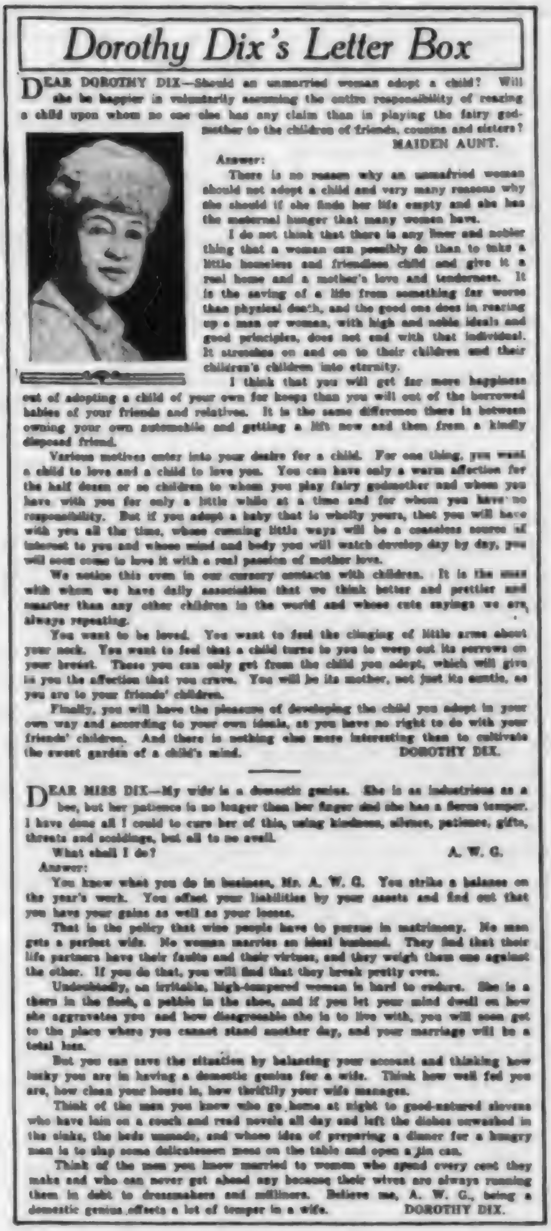
Well, this letter at least had a happy sequel. The girl left town, got a job somewhere else, recovered from her infatuation and is leading an interesting and self-respecting life. Hundreds of letters are answered through the daily papers, but thousands of them are not. These are the ones that are sent with real names and requests for a personal reply. They are letters that her secretary never sees, that she never shows to any one and that she takes the trouble to answer personally, every one. She works from nine o'clock till noon every day of her life and again for two hours in the evening. No one need ever accuse her of making up her letters. There are baskets full of them in her room, letters with every kind of stamp and in every kind of handwriting. She receives on the average about a hundred letters a day and her morning mail contains much more drama than you could see in the movies if you went every day for a week, many more heartbreaks than the jails, more suffering than the hospitals, more news, if she could print it, than the daily newspaper.

What gives a person insight, intuition, sympathy, and a sense of humor sufficient to get a bird's-eye view of another's life, to scan what lies on top and read below the surface? Hard training and strenuous reporting aren't all. Dorothy Dix, like the excellent reporter she is, has "covered" about every human activity from women's clubs to murder trials, from vital statistics to political conventions. But more than that she has been a country girl and a small-town woman. She can sympathize with the problems of the average housewife whose life is bounded on the one side by husband and children and on the other by the high cost of living.

A woman wrote to her one Christmas morning and said: "I wish I had the money to send you a real present in proportion to what you have done for me. But I am sending you this little incident hoping that you will accept it as a gift beyond all price for it represents the happiness of eight people. I am a married woman with three children. My husband is good and hard working, but unromantic and undemonstrative. During his absence I became acquainted with a traveling man who was married and had two children and whose wife did not understand him. We were crazy about each other and decided we could not live apart. We lived some fifty miles out of New York City, so one morning we each took an early train and met in the Grand Central Station, where we planned to take a train for the West and begin life over again. While he went to get our tickets he bought a morning paper and left it for me to read in the waiting-room. I glanced over it idly and my eye fell on your little article 'You Can't Build a Life on False Foundations.' Every word of it seemed to burn right into my soul. When my friend came back I handed him the paper and he read the article without a word. Then he laid it down, looked at me and said: 'Well, I guess we both better go back to our jobs.' And we did."

Another letter, and these letters are all typical and not exceptions, was from a little country girl who had come down to Philadelphia to look for a job. It is in her own words:

"I got work as a clerk in a dry-goods store but it was awfully dull and I only got a small salary. The work was so hard that I began going out in the evenings as much as possible so I could have some fun. Often I went with men I met over the counter who I didn't know any thing about. But they took me to handsome restaurants and to cabarets and it seemed wonderful to me because I came from a little town where there isn't a single restaurant and folks had never seen a cabaret except in the movies. One of these men I liked especially well. He was so good-looking and a dandy dancer. He hated to see me work so hard and said if I would only stop he would get me a little apartment and a car of my own. Of course I was dumb to fall for anything like that but ask any girl that works ten hours a day for fifteen dollars a week and she will tell you it's fierce. You get so tired it seems like you'd do anything to get a rest. Besides I was young and not bad looking and I didn't want to go back home and wash dishes and cook all the rest of my life. So one day I told him I'd come and I met him in a cafeteria for lunch with my suit-case all packed to go away with him. While we were eating I picked up a newspaper that some one had left in a chair and began to read it in the way you do when you're upset about something and pick up something without thinking about it. At the top of the page there was an article by you called 'Don't Pay Too High a Price for Your Fun, Girls.' Well, I can't tell you what that article did for me. It seemed to make everything plain. While my friend went to order a taxi—he was always classy about things like that—I grabbed my suit-case and ran out the side door and he never saw me again. I ran all the way to the station and got on the first train going back to my home town. Now I am married to a fine boy who owns the garage and we have two babies. I just wanted to tell you about it."



Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—Should an unmarried woman adopt a child? Will she be happier in voluntarily assuming the entire responsibility of rearing a child upon whom no one else has any claim than in playing the fairy godmother to the children of friends, cousins and sisters?

MAIDEN AUNT.

Answer:

There is no reason why an unmarried woman should not adopt a child and very many reasons why she should if she finds her life empty and she has the maternal hunger that many women have.

I do not think that there is any finer and nobler thing that a woman can possibly do than to take a little homeless and friendless child and give it a real home and a mother's love and tenderness. It is the saving of a life from something far worse than physical death, and the good one does in rearing up a man or woman, with high and noble ideals and good principles, does not end with that individual. It stretches on and on to their children and their children's children into eternity.

I think that you will get far more happiness out of adopting a child of your own for keeps than you will out of the borrowed babies of your friends and relatives. It is the same difference there is between owning your own automobile and getting a lift now and then from a kindly disposed friend.

Various motives enter into your desire for a child. For one thing, you want a child to love and a child to love you. You can have only a warm affection for the half dozen or so children to whom you play fairy godmother and whom you have with you for only a little while at a time and for whom you have no responsibility. But if you adopt a baby that is wholly yours, that you will have with you all the time, whose cunning little ways will be a ceaseless source of interest to you and whose mind and body you will watch develop day by day, you will soon come to love it with a real passion of mother love.

We notice this even in our cursory contacts with children. It is the ones with whom we have daily association that we think better and prettier and smarter than any other children in the world and whose cute sayings we are always repeating.

You want to be loved. You want to feel the clinging of little arms about your neck. You want to feel that a child turns to you to weep out its sorrows on your breast. These you can only get from the child you adopt, which will give to you the affection that you crave. You will be its mother, not just its auntie, as you are to your friends' children.

Finally, you will have the pleasure of developing the child you adopt in your own way and according to your own ideals, as you have no right to do with your friends' children. And there is nothing else more interesting than to cultivate the sweet garden of a child's mind. DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—My wife is a domestic genius. She is as industrious as a bee, but her patience is no longer than her finger and she has a fierce temper. I have done all I could to cure her of this, using kindness, silence, patience, gifts, threats and scoldings, but all to no avail.

What shall I do? A. W. G.

Answer:

You know what you do in business, Mr. A. W. G. You strike a balance on the year's work. You offset your liabilities by your assets and find out that you have your gains as well as your losses.

That is the policy that wise people have to pursue in matrimony. No man gets a perfect wife. No woman marries an ideal husband. They find that their life partners have their faults and their virtues, and they weigh them one against the other. If you do that, you will find that they break pretty even.

Undoubtedly, an irritable, high-tempered woman is hard to endure. She is a thorn in the flesh, a pebble in the shoe, and if you let your mind dwell on how she aggravates you and how disagreeable she is to live with, you will soon get to the place where you cannot stand another day, and your marriage will be a total loss.

But you can save the situation by balancing your account and thinking how lucky you are in having a domestic genius for a wife. Think how well fed you are, how clean your house is, how thriftily your wife manages.

Think of the men you know who go home at night to good-natured slovens who have lain on a couch and read novels all day and left the dishes unwashed in the sinks, the beds unmade, and whose idea of preparing a dinner for a hungry man is to slap some delicatessen mess on the table and open a tin can.

Think of the men you know married to women who spend every cent they make and who can never get ahead any because their wives are always running them in debt to dressmakers and milliners. Believe me, A. W. G., being a domestic genius offsets a lot of temper in a wife. DOROTHY DIX.

Thanks to her daily column in seventy-eight newspapers, there isn't a small town in the country, if it boasts but a signal tower and a rail fence, where Dorothy Dix couldn't stop over between trains and be on intimate terms with everyone, from the school teacher and the farmer's wife to the station agent and the boy who drives the flivver. The chances are that she has helped most of them.

Taken all in all, the letters have varied very little in the past twenty years. Easy divorce, economic independence and the vagaries of the modern generation are but surface currents compared to the old, prosaic, commonplace difficulties of human relationship. A question that women have asked since Penelope sat waiting for Ulysses and that they are asking yet is: "How can I make my husband love me as he used to?" It would certainly break your heart to see just how many times that recurs.

Another, asked so often that you wonder it does not echo to the very gates of Heaven, comes in every day and from every part of the country: "Do you think he will come back and marry me?"

"Men write me more frequently than they used to," says Dorothy Dix, "perhaps because they are becoming more articulate or perhaps because they have more to worry about. The tendency of masculine confessions generally falls into two main issues: 'Shall a man marry his mistress?' and 'How can I make my wife a good housekeeper?'

"In reply to the first I hold that a woman is no worse than the man who has made her what she is—probably a good deal better, since hers is the greater sacrifice. As for the second! If I could only make women see that housekeeping is the biggest job of all, the most respected, the most important and that it brings in greater returns than any salary that ever was paid. . . . Easily half the divorces can be traced to things like wearing a boudoir cap to breakfast, leaving the dishes unwashed, the beds unmade, the children dirty. And how men hate nagging! It ought to take its place where it belongs—among the seven deadly sins. Men will put up with almost every vice and inconvenience, but a wife who nags may as well invest her alimony money now, for she is certainly sure to get it in the end.

"On the other hand, I feel sometimes that I would like to take the Great American Husband by the neck and shake him into being more attentive to his wife. A little petting goes such a long way and often saves lawyers' bills. Women write me that their husbands never take them out, never notice when they have a new dress, never do anything at night but sit and read the paper, never talk, never say sweet things as they did during their engagement days. Little things, all of them, but of such things is marriage made."

A Friend of the Rising Generation

Dorothy Dix is actually a liaison officer between the young and old. She interprets them to each other. She doesn't believe the younger generation is going to the dogs, nor does she think that mother and father ought to be chloroformed at fifty. Older people have always been bewailing the immorality of the young.

"Morality is an affair of geography and of point of view," she says. "When I was a girl the men used to gather around the Flatiron Building in New York to watch the women's skirts flutter about their ankles. Now who ever notices a woman's ankles any more? Or for the matter of that, her legs? They have become so commonplace that they mean nothing now.

"I believe that many of the things older people object to in the young mean just as little to them. A kiss no longer compromises a girl. A woman who smokes is no longer considered a demi-mondaine as she was twenty years ago. Rouge and powder no longer signify a licentious life. They are as common as soap and water. There is more freedom between the sexes, unquestionably, but there is also more knowledge and understanding of life. Certainly no girl brought up in the present day and age has an excuse for going wrong. She knows too much about it."

In fact, the real enemies of the young people, Mrs. Gilmer thinks, are likely to be those of their own households. All over the country parents are becoming alarmed at the behavior of their children and shutting the lid down with a bang so that from too much freedom and independence, the flappers are getting too little. Letters are pouring in from young girls to the effect that their parents will not let them go out at night, will not let them go to parties, will not let them bring boys to the house. And from the parents comes the cry: "I am shocked at the way my daughter's friends go about unchaperoned in motorcars, staying sometimes till dawn. I have insisted that she remain at home and attend to her studies or athletics. She is too young to have beaux. And now I find that she is meeting boys on street corners, going to dances on the sly when we are away. What am I to do?"

Dorothy Dix is very positive about that. "Parents should wake from the trance in which they believe their daughters are different from the other girls of their generation and that they can prevent them from doing the things other girls do. These foolish older people are forbidding their daughters to have beaux, forbidding them to bring boys into their own homes, forcing them to remain in the nursery and treating them like small children. I am not discussing whether sixteen is old enough to have dates or not, or the ethics of dancing and motion pictures. But the point is that now sixteen is often more sophisticated than sixty. She reads 'The Sheik' instead of 'Alice in Wonderland.' It is literally and terribly true that a girl who slips away from home to enjoy forbidden pleasures nearly always slips into the pit. If you close the front door on her she will sneak out the back. How are you to know what kind of boys your daughter is associating with if you do not let them come to the house to see her? Young girls are going to have dates, they are going to places of amusement. They will go openly if they can, secretly if they are forced to."

If you are interested in personality (and who is not?) it may be well to add that Mrs. Gilmer has a charming one. There is nothing bizarre or exotic about her. She doesn't collect perfumes or go in for pet pumas. She is a gentle, well-bred, elderly little woman with a twinkle in her eye and a sparkle on her tongue, just such a woman as you are always hoping to meet at your mother's teas and somehow never do. Dorothy Dix is a living contradiction of the old adage that clever people never talk cleverly. She does. She is cultivated in the true sense of that much-abused word, from contact with cultivated minds. Newspaper work has not succeeded in making her "hard-boiled," as they say it does us all. It requires a stretch of the imagination to realize that such a gentle and witty little lady is a specialist on murder trials. There is scarcely a big one she has not covered from the Thaw trial to the Hall murder. She is a specialist on interviews, as who with the ability to see the other person's point of view so well would not be? Primarily she is a specialist on women.

"When I first started in newspaper work it seemed to me that everything that had ever been known about women had already been said. Everything, that is, but the truth. They had been told they were angels when they knew they weren't; that they were clinging vines when they were tired of clinging; that they must suffer and be strong when all they wanted was a little joy out of life. So I decided to open up a column for all the little homely things that make up the life of most of us—how to keep house on nothing a week, how to keep your husband home in the evenings, how to keep your children from quarreling with the neighbor's children, how to attract men when you hadn't any beaux, how to get on in your job. And it worked. I don't claim to be the first person who started a column like that in this country. I don't know that I am, but I don't know of any other that has been running so long as mine."

It may take murder trials and jails and newspaper assignments to show you the bitter, tragic contents of the human soul, but it takes humdrum, domestic and routine living to show you what most women are up against. And Dorothy Dix has had both. She started life as little Elizabeth Meriwether on a big racehorse plantation on the border between Kentucky and Tennessee. There were just she and her brother and sister to run about with their dogs and horses, their faithful negro servants and their devoted parents. The little girl and her brother learned to read in a library that had never heard of "children's books." Instead of "Pollyanna" and the Bedtime stories they were spelling out their letters with Dickens and Thackeray and Scott, Bulwer Lytton, Fielding, Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot and Shakespeare and Milton. The children learned, like the ancient Persians, to ride hard, to shoot straight and to speak the truth. They roamed wild on the big plantation, climbed big trees, played with the dogs and horses, lived out of doors so completely that they established for themselves health enough for a lifetime.

"The one thing we are all interested in above everything else is our family affairs," is how Mrs. Gilmer explains the correspondence that floods her desk from every stratum of society all over the world. "There is no doubt that we all depend for happiness on the people we love. When we are worried about our husbands, daughters, wives, the whole fabric of our lives is twisted."

LITTLE Elizabeth married young, so young that her hair was scarcely piled on her head in those days before bobs. She settled down, or thought she did, in a small Tennessee town, to all intents a placid small-town wife destined to the end of her days to housework, babies and embroidery. But then fate, in which she so strongly believes, stepped in and took a hand. Soon after her marriage her husband developed a disease which culminated in his having to be placed in an insane asylum. For thirty years she had not only to support them both but also to nurse a man who was sick in mind and body and torn by all the moods and unreason and mad rages of the mentally unbalanced. Do you wonder that she writes of marriage with a deep and bitter understanding?

Faced with poverty, with disillusionment, with despair, she was suddenly forced into making her own living. What could she do? She had been reared in the dependence and helplessness of the Southern women of that day. She couldn't even make a fire, to say nothing of making a living.

"I didn't know enough to teach school," she confesses, "and in those days teaching was the only job a perfect lady could indulge in."

This early experience started the conviction which she now holds and expresses on the lecture platform—that every girl, no matter how well born or well endowed, should be taught how to earn her living. Let her learn stenography, photography, dressmaking, tending babies, anything that will enable her to gain a salary—and let her learn it well in case she should ever need it.

During the time, thirty years ago, when the young wife was torn with anxiety and care, her family sent her to the little town of Bay St. Louis, on the Gulf of Mexico, to restore her shattered nerves.

"Fortune placed me in the house next to Mrs. Nicholson, the owner of the New Orleans *Picayune*. We became friends and I confided in her that I had literary aspirations and thought perhaps I could write. 'Show me something you have done,' she said kindly and I pulled out a little story about an old negro we had up in our Kentucky plantation. Whether out of kindness or because she saw promise in it I never knew, she offered me three dollars for the manuscript. It was the first money I had ever earned. It was a dazzling sum to me. And after it had appeared in the old *Picayune*, the finest paper in the South and one of the best in the entire country, she offered me a steady job doing women's news for a salary of five dollars a week."

A Pioneer "Sob Sister"

Dorothy Dix started out doing vital statistics—the births, marriages and deaths on which every newspaper cub cuts his teeth. She did the obits so well that she was promoted to the recipes! The cookery column gave her the idea that clothes and food did not represent the whole range of female activity. Out of the experience of her own married life the little wife knew that other women had problems that tortured them, husbands that mystified them, children that worried them, in-laws that nearly drove them crazy. If they could find an outlet for the daily wear and tear of domestic life it might do them as much good as learning how to make coconut cakes. And so it proved. She opened a column for letters and little daily talks and the correspondence began to pour in. Letters came in by the tens, the hundreds, and finally by the thousands, until the *Picayune* was fairly swamped with letters. In self-defense she had to find a pen name and compromised on Dorothy Dix, partly because it was alliterative and easy to remember and partly because Dick was the name of an old man they had on the Kentucky plantation who had taught her her letters and who, like his famous prototype in Dickens, was always going to write an entire book on the Judgment Day.

Along with the letters Mrs. Gilmer did straight reporting. Her love of newspaper work was so great that she carried editorials home with her and learned them by heart, hung around the copy desk until she knew how to write heads, asked for extra assignments when she had finished her own and, any editor will appreciate this, came to the office on her day off to see if she couldn't find some little thing to do.

"Women are natural born newspaper men," is what she claims, "they are the greatest gossips in the world and eternally interested in human affairs. What is a newspaper but a very great shop always interested and always sympathetic toward the other fellow's business."

All this time she was keeping house and taking care of her husband on the side. When women write her that they can't manage a job and a house, too, she replies that it can be done. She has done it.

It was not long before her daily letters to contributors, with their sympathetic understanding, their flashes of wit, their bits of pathos and their undoubted literary quality attracted the attention not only of readers, but of editors the country over. One of the first to appreciate her work was William Randolph Hearst. He wrote and offered her a position on the New York *Journal*. She lingered in New Orleans for six months after this summons because Major Burbank, her city editor who had trained her, was ill and she could not bear to leave him short handed. When he died she left New Orleans and made the decisive trip North into a strange and alien country.

"No one will believe how green I was when I struck New York," says she. "I had never seen the skyscrapers or the elevated, and the roar of traffic absolutely terrified me. My city editor was Foster Coates and he immediately rushed me to every 'human interest story' he could find. I believe Mr. Hearst was the first big editor to see the possibilities of 'sob stuff.' He wanted every item on the police blotter covered like a melodrama, which of course it was. He was the first to inject human sympathy, description, character analysis, and interviews into a murder trial. I staggered around the unfamiliar streets to the Tombs and Bellevue, through Broadway dives and lodging-houses, Bronx tenements and Westchester country houses, losing my way to New Jersey whenever I was sent there, a little eighty-five-pound country girl, pitifully green and unsophisticated among all those seasoned and expert reporters. But they were all kind to me and of course it was magnificent training.

I attributed my ease in concentration and swift work now to the twenty years I spent on the *Evening Journal*, when you worked at top speed, under brilliant editors, when no assignment was considered too hard and there was no coming back to the desk with the wistful plea—'I couldn't get it.' You either got it or you got out. I never could have accomplished what I do now without it."

She kept up the Dorothy Dix letters and found the problems of New York and New Jersey not so very different from those of Louisiana and Mississippi. Wives were wives and women were women the world over. She became expert in murder trials, Florence Burns, Nan Patterson, Mrs. Patrick, Mrs. Carmen, Josephine Terranova, Becker and a dozen others. She knew the way to Ossining almost as well as the route to the Park Row *Childs'* where you could get ham and eggs after the paper was put to bed and the last edition over. She saw reporters come and go. Some rose to editors, some to feature writers, some to publicity men. Some broke out of the game entirely and became business men. She saw what drink could do to brilliant men and what brilliant men could do without drink. She knew a city editor in a near-by office who murdered his wife and was sent to Sing Sing for life. He is there yet. She numbered among her newspaper acquaintances Frank O'Malley, Martin Green, Irvin Cobb, Will Irwin, Chester Lord, Lindsay Dennison, Charley Michelson, Nellie Revell, Richard Harding Davis, Arthur Brisbane, Frank Swinnerton, all the galaxy of stars of ten and twenty years ago.

In 1917 Dorothy Dix transferred from Mr. Hearst to the Wheeler Syndicate so that she could carry on her column of letters unhampered by the demands of daily reporting. A few years later she switched again to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* Syndicate, for which she writes today. Then, all at once, when she took stock of things and realized that it was no longer necessary to report at an office, she found that she was rich enough to do all the things she had always wanted to do. Rich enough to live any place she liked. The twenty-dollar salary had grown into four and then into five figures. She had published two books of magazine articles—the famous Mirandy dialogues, and a book of travels—besides her letters.

She looked about her for a place to live and decided on New Orleans because it was where she had started out and the place to which she had always wanted to return. So with her old father and the negro maid she had brought with her from Kentucky she moved back to Louisiana and planned to give up work entirely. And like most people who try to do that, she found she couldn't. The letters followed her; they clamored for answers. She had grown from an amateur scribbler into the highest-salaried newspaper woman in the country, from a cub reporter into a director on the paper where she started. Yet here they were still, the same old letters—"How can I make my husband love me again?" "How shall I keep my boy from drinking?" "Do you think eighteen is too young to marry?"

She sat down and answered them, of course, as she is still answering them and will continue to do as long as she lives. From the broad gauge of her own observation she realizes that each crisis, while it is different, is also alike—that underneath them all lies a great kinship and a great bond. Mrs. Brown, the milliner of Willmar, Minnesota, or Snohomish, Washington, who writes that she is in love with her husband's brother is in much the same predicament as were two people who lived long, long ago called Paolo and Francesca. The flapper who runs out the back door to meet her sixteen-year-old swain because her parents will not let him come in the front, receives nothing but criticism from her neighbors, but doubtless the neighbors were saying the same thing when young Juliet climbed out on her balcony to spoon with Romeo. And each of us, be it Father Montague or Helen of Troy or you or I has the conceit to think our own affairs the only ones really important or significant in a world that has already seen more than twenty centuries of men and women kiss and grow up and fall in love and die. It is this inestimable difference, the little angle that makes your wife seem more desirable to you than ever did Galatea to Pygmalion, this human element, that Dorothy Dix catches on the end of her pen and conveys to nineteen million people. She does it with a zest, a spice, a sense of humor that lifts it from the realm of Polyanna and Bertha M. Clay into something that closely resembles art.

She Avoids the Limelight

In New Orleans she leads a quiet, inconspicuous life. Most people don't even know that Mrs. Gilmer, the gentle, dignified woman whom you meet at teas and who speaks occasionally before women's clubs, is one and the same with Dorothy Dix, whose column is read alike on St. Charles Avenue and in the Parish prison. She has very little taste for the limelight and quite obviously avoids it. Her taste in books, in furniture, in clothes is conservative and unerring. She still regrets, a little wistfully, that she can't write literature.

And yet, doesn't she? What else would you call a faculty that makes the commonplace seem significant and the every-day routine of life interesting and beautiful, just as it once seemed to each of us when we exulted in our first sunset, our first kiss, or our first baby?

People make fun of the heart column. The intellectuals say that it is sentimental and often absurd. And it is. So are we all.

What was their relationship? He still didn't know, couldn't guess. Why did a woman of

The last outgoing suburban train

Of a woman who knew that her beauty

Strangers *of the* Night

ERIC MACKEAN had the carriage to himself on the last train dôwn; he usually did except on the days when they issued cheap tickets. He had not long lived on the line—he liked it; it had the best rolling stock in the world.

But the compartment was over-warm somehow, though it was a winter's night; perhaps it was that he had had more than his share of champagne. At any rate he turned off the head, opened the windows and sank in a corner, flinging his legs along the cushions.

And then the train started moving slowly out, and he lounged there smoking the last half of a cigar.

A hell of a night it had been. Thirty-two men had dined together in a restaurant with the set purpose of recapturing the past. All had served in the same battalion, most at different times; some were complete strangers to each other, others were comparative strangers; and so they had "binged" to try and bring back the bloody war. Bloody, but jolly though, for its very bloodiness had made comrades of men temperamentally at opposite poles. Two such had been Eric Mackean and "Biffer."

position call on a woman of none?—and at such an hour? For what was she waiting now?

provides the setting for a story

was an invitation to dangerous men

by Guy Fletcher

Illustrated by Gerald Leake

Meeting "Biffer" Lord Cortauld, for the first time since, Mackean had felt the thrill that had somehow always been absent. For "Biffer" had not changed.

He was the roast beef of England; he looked it. An animal man, a simple man. Red-faced like the sirloin he loved underdone, "Biffer" boxed and hunted and worshipped Bacchus and Venus and a lewd joke; and he could sing "John Peel" and bring tears to your eyes and "the men" had loved him.

"Hullo, Mackie."

"Good God, Biffer!"

And so, they had met.

Thinking over it now, Eric Mackean was quite sure they had come as near to recapturing the past as any one could. Boiled shirts round a table, and forced conversation to begin with; but "Biffer" and he had picked up the threads without the help of alcohol.

This jolly chap with the deep voice and whole-hearted laughter was the same man, no whit changed, who on a glorious occasion had lain out with him in a French orchard between Cassell and St. Omer one romantic summer of the war. Side by side in flea-bags because it was stifling hot—too hot for a tent; and a drone of insects and a canopy of stars. And "Biffer"

—like him!—had talked of stars—the two-legged variety he loved so well.

So, the dinner had flown; and the King had been toasted; then cigars, cigarets or pipes, speeches and then horseplay; for every one had recaptured the past now. It had seemed to Mackean swallowing port that they were all back there—had just come out of the line—that lit candles were in bottles and any one any moment would put a record of "Arizona" on the old battered Dekka that they might forget the dead pals they had left behind them. For "Biffer," unsteady, had risen to his feet, swept the table with his dilated eyes whose whites were yellow and started to sing the famous song, "D'ye ken John Peel" in his rich bass voice. . . .

The train stopped at a station; Mackean mechanically rubbed the misted glass with his hand and looked at a name on a lamp; and his eyes were as misted as the windows. Because "Biffer" had never finished "John Peel;" he had uttered a groan, crumpled up, died before the M. O. from the other end of the table had reached him.

Yes. . . .

Mackean tried to forget it. Trying, he pulled out an evening paper and endeavored to read. But he couldn't read. He was infernally depressed. He was quite certain they were happier who had died out on the battlefields in France.

Life was too strenuous today. It was so difficult to live that every one turned to amusement of some kind to forget it was difficult. And such unamusing amusement!

No excitement, no romance.

All the girls one met were bored, too; one had asked him the other afternoon, taking a cocktail for tea, if he knew of a night-club where everybody wasn't half-asleep. He didn't—he had given up night-clubs. Jazz, drinks—it was make-believe of a kind that made no one believe but in its own inanity.

He was aroused from his thoughts by some-one shouting the name of his station, and mechanically he rose, mechanically opened the window, then the door, and got out. It had been raining; the lamps of the little country place were all but extinguished, as usual. Slamming the door behind him, he sauntered along the platform.

Bored. Very. . . . A whistle blew; he reached the stairs.

Then up from the black tunnel under the lines rushed, if not romance, at least a woman. And there was an S. O. S. in her eyes flashing to his from the half-light—they wanted desperately to catch that train.

Why not? It was the last. He glanced at it—it was beginning to move. As she reached him, he grabbed her arm and ran her toward it. It gathered speed—so did they. Still running, still holding her with one hand, he opened a door with the other; but, though he guided and gently pushed her, she seemed unable to jump in.

A voice yelled "Stand Clear!" but he was hanged if he was going to stand clear. Still running, he lifted her bodily with both hands and pitched her up and forward—and, by luck, she was safe in the carriage. And then, just as he should have receded the chain of her stole which had fixed itself to a button on his sleeve changed the currents of their lives.

He didn't know that—how should he? He only knew that he was caught. He swung himself in after her, and the wind closed the door.

IN ONE glimpse he knew they were alone in the compartment, and, as he appraised her to whom he was linked, he thanked God that he was linked to her and alone with her, for she was very beautiful.

A flower-white face almost touched him as he said with a laugh:

"We seem attached to each other."

She laughed, too, and unfastened the stole from her shoulders. He now sat and held sables on his lap while with head lowered he breathed in a perfume faint of gardenias, and tried to loose the button from the chain.

And all the time he felt that from the opposite seat she was staring at him, summing him up. He was right. She thought it was extraordinarily clever of him to have kept a topper on his head; it still hung there, perilously tilted backward, showing hair thinning from the forehead—a man not in his youth.

"Done it!" he exclaimed, and returned her property.

She flung it skippingrope-wise over a little black shimmery hat, a beige ostrich feather quivered with her lips, but her eyes laughed most. And gazing at her who was so essentially Eve, Eric Mackean couldn't help thinking of "Biffer," now cold in a mortuary. How "Biffer" would have loved her. How easily and expertly he would have handled the situation.

She laughed again.

"Thanks," she said. "I never dreamt of finding anyone so useful on an amalgamated railway."

"You never know your luck."

"No."

On crawled the train.

"You poor thing," she said sympathetically, "you'll have to walk home."

"Oh, I like walking."

But he couldn't help thinking that "Biffer" would have very easily turned it to a compliment.

He looked at her frankly; she invited it. Her red lips challenged him; her blue eyes mocked him; her white throat, whiter for the sables that caressed it, aroused in him a wonder—the wonder of a man for a beautiful woman—a wonder and a desire.

"Well?" she asked suddenly. "Do I please you?"

He colored.

"I do, of course," she added with contempt. "Are you a dangerous man?"

He made no answer; but she brushed his answer aside.

"Naturally you are. It's my fault. I'm like that."

He replied seriously: "I wasn't thinking that way. I was wondering why."

"Why what?"

"Why I caught this train quite comfortably though I ought to have missed it; why your furs and my button—why everything in the world you see."

She smiled tiredly. "Do you look for a meaning in life? It has none."

"No—I've often thought that."

Thus they came to silence and a tunnel; it was a long one, but the other side of it was the next station—separation from her, his Eve. For every Adam has his Eve. Each knows it, happening on the other; she knew it subconsciously, he knew it consciously. That caused his silence; she was thinking, too.

And the train roared on; and "Biffer" lay cold—"Biffer" who loved life so much, understood it so well. No meaning to it. No, absolutely none.

They emerged into the night, slowing down.

He rose, opened the window. "Well, so glad to have been a surprise on an amalgamated railway."

She touched his hand. "Thank you very much."

It was not until he stood on his platform that she added: "I get out here, too."

His heart beat stupidly as he gave her his hand; she pressed it lightly and then jumped out.

"More rain," she said, for the uncovered way glinted as they walked along it. At a door she gave up a ticket, he paid the excess. They passed out into the yard, both knowing that there was no train back.

He looked round. "Your car's late."

She laughed, walking on. Presently she glanced over her shoulder; the train like an illuminated worm was progressing through the night.

"I may see you home, of course."

She stopped under a lamp, her lovely face was laughing. "It's a long way—the very deuce of a way."

"May I come?"

"You want to?"

"Of course."

"Of course!" she echoed with amusement; then told him: "I live five miles on—half a mile from the next station."

His eyebrows lifted, for it was half-an-hour after midnight.

"Do you mind?" she said.

"No—but why get out here?"

She shrugged.

He tingled all over. No excitement, no romance, he had thought. Had he happened on adventure?

"Round here," she said. "I know the road well."

He followed eagerly.

THEY walked on in silence under luminous clouds, for there was neither moon nor a star visible. What was she thinking? He had as little idea as he had of her intentions. Had she any, or was this a whim?

So, he wondered, walking along. Here and there, for a mile of their road, a lamp; often a drench of rain-drops from overhead boughs; black hedges, trees half-dissolved in mist, mud under foot.

"I'm beaten completely," he said at last. "I've tried to think of a reason. I give it up."

She laughed softly; then answered with cynicism: "A reason. Haven't we decided there's none in life?"

"But sometimes in a woman's actions, surely?"

"You know a lot about us!"

"Look at your shoes."

She laughed merrily. "I can't see them."

"They're as thin as paper."

"Yes, my feet are wet."

"Shall I carry you?"

"Do!"

There were no lamps now; they heard rain-water running, and their own footsteps squelching and gritting on the hard dirt road. He tried again.

"I want to know desperately if you chose a long walk because you liked my company, or chose my company just because you had to walk?"

"Egotist!" she mocked.

"Tell me."

"I should have walked in any case."

He was silent.

"I've hurt your pride?" she said.

"No."

"You like me?"

"Yes."

"True to type!" she threw.

"To what type?"

"Man's."

And on they trudged. And presently she whisked off the stole.

"Let's slow down," said he.

"No—I like walking fast."

"Then let me take that—and you take my arm."

He touched her with both hands now; for the sables were warm with her warmth. So, they swung along.

"You want to know why," she said.

"I've never stopped wondering."

She laughed. There was a gate her eyes could see; he found it, following her.

"Packs off," she said lightly. "And fall out on the right of the road."

"You had a brother in France?"

"Two."

"Where are they now?"

Her voice broke. "Still out there."

"I'm sorry."

But she told him it was the kind of death one shouldn't be sorry for.

She looked at him. Just a pale oval he saw in this mysterious darkness, and the shine of her eyes. And her perfume came to him faint of gardenias, and the mist enclosed them, and the moisture gleamed on the gate and the ground, and the raindrops dripped on crisp leaves on the ground.

And he laughed to himself. Eve sitting on a five-barred gate at one in the morning with a man. How like her!

"You want to know," she repeated, "why I brought you?"

"Yes."

She said earnestly: "I gave you every invitation to make love to me."

He wondered exactly what she meant. Was she pleased that he hadn't? or determined that he should? And suddenly, as he wondered, he somehow no longer saw her with his eyes but with his mind; rather, felt her acutely—her presence, the romance of her coming as from nowhere into his life, her spiritual beauty. And the words slipped from him:

" 'Though all the stars make gold of all the night.' "

A silence; and then her voice, silver but full:

"Why do you quote that?"

Dew was now upon her; she had been lovely in the train's light, she was much lovelier in the night's.

"You—just you," he breathed.

"You see me, so?"

And now she looked past him, her gloves each side of her showing white on the gate while she peered into the shadows. "Listen," she said.

" 'My heart in me is a molten ember and over my head the waves have met.' "

HER heart *was*, the waves *had*, the way she said it. And spontaneously, as a brother or a pal might have done, as anyone might have done but a complete stranger, he drew her face down to his. Not to his lips.

She let it stay there for moments of time—her flower-white face. Thus he received on his cheek the splash of her tears as the earth round them was receiving the splash of the rain-drops. He wondered the nature of her sorrow that it made her cry. Was her lover dead, or his love? Or her love for him?

Then gently she pushed him away, and laughed—a laugh with a sob in it.

"Blame Swinburne," she said, and dropped from the gate.

And again they were tramping with their left eyes to the North star.

Her mood was gone. She seemed to know every inch of the road, often describing it in advance. He still held her stole, but left both her arms to swing. He had touched her face—that contact was enough.

So, another mile was covered; he walking slightly behind, that he might see her and breathe that perfume faint of gardenias.

A strange march. Incandescent gas-lamps at long intervals threw black shadows from telegraph poles; and now, somewhere aloft, an invisible night-bird, an owl he divined, made bizarre laments—seeming to throw questions at them.

"*How* are you? . . . How *are* you? . . . How are *you?*"

So, she translated it.

And the bird, or spirit, screamed on the night again.

"Well," she said, "how *are* you?"

"Curious and fascinated."

"Besides being curious and fascinated?" she asked.

"In love with the night."

"And me?"

"Thank God!"

"No, my stole," she said, laughing for joy. "And what kind of a man is it who loves the night and me?"

"A wise one."

"Independent?"

"A dilettante."

"An idler," she corrected.

"I'm walking at four miles an hour at any rate," was his defense.

And as she laughed again, he had the strong feeling that she was making use of him.

Weird it was! Passing with her in and out of blackness and comparative radiance, Eric Mackean began to imagine that she and he were people in a play—puppets of the great playwright Fate, who, master of his craft, keeps his ending a profound surprise. That idea caught hold of him; in the lamplight tree-trunks on high ground to the right looked flat and gray, for all the world like trees on a stage. And that invisible bird that kept calling, calling, seemed a flesh-creeping effect from "the flies." Where could it end, and how?

Wondering, for she had lapsed into silence again, he became conscious of a conversation taking place in the black dip in front of them to the left of the road. It grew as they approached it; not that he could distinguish words,

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she stopped.
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r. The lady visited the
a winter night. Why?
arned it was to startle
of their acquaintance.
since they had entered the cart-shed, two since they had met. He was still thrilled.

"Eve" was smoking his last cigaret; she had flung her hat down, and candlelight from a lantern hanging on a nail lighted her hair. Chestnut-brown it was, dressed and shining like that of a woman whose life is a bed of roses.

Seated between the shafts of a cart and pulling at his pipe, Eric Mackean, his top-hat tilted back from his forehead, wasn't conscious how bizarre he must have looked himself. He gazed with wonder from "Eve" to Jenny, from Jenny to "Eve." His lady of romance in her sables sat on an upturned bucket; the derelict knelt at a spirit-lamp heating a kettle.

Hairs from her chin shone silver in the glow of the flame. She wore an old blanket coat, unkempt and in holes; and her skin was as rough as a brick and her eyes as bright as a child's. Yet they had red rims; not from crying, he opined, but from lying out o' nights when she was bored with her home—her home—a cart-shed which she shared with slugs.

Astonishing! For there was one on the wall—a long, soft, outstretched thing the color of the feather in that black shimmery hat. A beige slug—he gazed at it. And the kettle steamed for their second lot of tea.

"The watched pot never boils—so they say. But they're liars. God makes it boil all right."

The weather had got at Jenny's voice, as it had got at her—at her clothes and boots and body, and, surely, her soul.

What was their relationship? He still didn't know, couldn't guess. Why did a woman of position call on a woman of none?—and at such a strange hour? What attracted her? For what was she waiting now?

Because she was waiting for something.

He could see that. There was no hint of an intention to go. She hoped to hear something or see something which would appeal to her or humor her. For this she had made a habit of coming; for his company she had brought him. That spirit lamp he felt sure had been a gift from "Eve" that she might have tea here in the dead of night for some inscrutable reason.

He turned to Jenny.

"It's close, but you must find it cold sometimes?"

And the high-pitched, cracked voice answered:

"Cold doesn't trouble me—I take no notice of it. God sees that I shan't be frozen."

God. . . . She seemed to dwell on God. He remembered it had been God she was talking to.

They sipped tea—very good tea, even if leaves floated on it and got into their mouths; very hot and sweet and stimulating at three in the morning.

"What brought you to this?"

As he asked that, he noticed that "Eve's" eyes were set upon Jenny. Who answered: "Happiness."

HE KNEW she was mad, then. For anything might have brought her to this but happiness.

"Yes," she said, "I'd a very nice home and a very nice man; he was always drunk. And he bashed me about, and once he broke my arm, and I longed for his death."

And she said all that in a voice as rusty as the nail on which the lantern hung.

He wondered; for out of the corner of his eye he glimpsed "Eve" waiting—for what? She was motionless, staring at Jenny; a white-gloved finger held the handle of a cup, but it had revolved half a turn, so that tea trickled to the floor. She did not notice it.

And Jenny went on:

"They all knew my very nice life in the town I came from; and my man was so strong and healthy that they all pitied me. . . . One evening a sister of charity came and told me God would find a way out. I laughed at her, but my man was hanging on a tree in the garden while I was laughing."

He gazed at "Eve." Her mouth was twitching; her body and limbs were motionless, but there was a tremor over all her face.

"Yes," said Jenny, "God came down from heaven and hanged my husband."

And the cup dropped, and "Eve" cried out:

"God 'ull never come down and hang mine!"

That startled him; for he had never thought of her as married. He might have done, he ought to have done. Her loveliness was mature; and now it was lovelier for the despair that swept her.

He remembered "Itylus"—those lines of utter hopelessness she had quoted from it. Surely, as she looked now, she could never smile again.

And then she exclaimed passionately:

"Neither the war nor God nor the devil could hang 'Biffer'!"

He clutched the shafts of the cart.

"Biffer?" She couldn't have said that. Yet he knew she had. Life, he thought, doesn't hold such extraordinary coincidences as this—but he knew her "Biffer" was his. "Eve," as he had called her, had been "Biffer's" wife—she was his widow.

And she wished him dead—"Biffer" who *was* dead. "Biffer" who had loved life and women and wine, who could bring tears to your eyes singing "John Peel," whose men out in France had loved him, who now lay cold in a mortuary. . . .

He rose. She was shaking, shaking.

All sickened him—his knowledge, her hat on the floor, the slug on the wall; the old woman in her madness kneeling on the ground, the young one in hers sitting on an upturned bucket.

"Come," he ordered her.

She shook her head.

He picked up her hat, raised her up--led her out.

So, they were walking again, and the mist enclosed them. Like any jack and his lass, they walked, for his arm was round her; she was exhausted.

Supporting her thus, he became conscious of the stillness of the morning; rain-drops clattered on fallen leaves, a cock-crow crashed on the air. Then the wet, bare boughs of the hedge, gleaming as they passed along, attracted his attention. And then, quite suddenly, it came to him that not by noticing such things would he find out a way to tell her; and he began to think.

But he could think of no way.

As they turned into a wider road she said abruptly:

"You must forgive me. I'm not as generous as Jenny; my life's not very nice—it's hell."

And because he didn't know how to tell her he lost his temper.

"You've no right to do this kind of thing," he said. "No right whatever. Damn it, you're not strong enough. What the devil d'you mean by it?"

And she took that like a lamb. A complete stranger he was—an acquaintance of hours; and she let him bully her.

"You don't know," she said presently, "what I endure."

"Does this kind of thing help?"

Her voice came faint. "A miracle happened to her—it might happen to me. Mightn't it?" she added pathetically. "God might come down—"

He couldn't stand it. "I knew 'Biffer'," he said. "We were in the same regiment."

"Well?"

"Lady Cortauld, he won a bar to his D. S. O., two to his M. C."

"Brave as a lion," she flashed, "and as primitive."

He bit his lips.

"Oh, you know nothing about him," she said, "nothing. You admire him, I daresay. Men do—yes. I loved him once. But he's shown me the other side, the beast's side—and I loathe him—"

He removed his arm from her waist, he gripped her above the elbow because he couldn't bear this.

"Stop talking like this for God's sake," he said. "He's dead—he's dead."

She stopped, with white face lifted; then a little dry laugh she uttered. For she didn't believe it.

Then he told her everything.

And she walked on again. "In the night—last night," she said presently, and then, "Like Jenny—I laughed like her."

And he let her say these little things. And, stening, he remembered what he had thought hen he was linked to her at midnight. "How Biffer' would have loved her!"

Now the hill scarped sharply up. There ere pine trees, and soon they looked down on he lights of a town. She took his hand, and er voice came soft and trembling:

"You—you must forget what I said. It must ave sounded indecent to slang the dead."

He said something comforting, not knowing hat it was.

And then, with another transition of mind: Don't think I'm excusing him," she said ercely. "I'm not. Death doesn't wipe out, ly sets you free."

He put his arm around her again; for she was ying like a child. "Biffer's" widow. And Biffer" had shone in life—huntsman, soldier, an of the world. Loved, respected—it was traordinary. Yet, was it extraordinary? . . "So much good in the worst of us, and so uch bad in the best of us." . . . Who had id that? He didn't know who had said it.

So, he spoke to her—in words suggested by at thought.

And she saw "Biffer" again as she had seen m once—magnificent. And presently, somehow, she knew that this man who had come into her life from nowhere a few hours ago was making her healthy again, was making her sane again, was making her decent. Decent to the dead.

"Biffer" who had succeeded as a man and a lover had failed as a husband. But somewhere in a nebulous sphere his ghost and John Peel's were hunting together. Gray like the mist.

It wasn't all "Biffer's" fault; it was hers too.

His men had loved him; she had loved him. She loved the best in him now. . . .

And so they walked through the lightless morning, Eric Mackean and the widow of him who had slept with him one glorious night of the war—and they reached her home.

Both knew, as they parted, that something had happened which neither could forget as they lived—that he mattered to her, and she to him.

She didn't know his name, though he had defended his friend and might have kissed her; but she knew, both knew, that it wasn't the end. Though she was heavy with tiredness, though she was sorrier than glad that her wish had been realized, she was conscious that the heart in her was no longer a molten ember and that the waves over her head no longer met.

So, in the dark of the morning, she smiled at him; and, lifting his hat, he gazed at her flower-white face, then went on his way.

When Pirates Roved the Spanish Main

ONE of the most colorful periods in American history—a time rich in material for the historical novelist—provides the setting for "The Man They Hanged," the new Robert W. Chambers serial to begin in EVERYBODY'S for November.

It is a story of the days when New York was young, when the ships of notorious irates arrived at the port on every tide and when many a respected citizen shared a quiet ivision of the spoils. Captain Kidd, that much misrepresented arch villain of tradition, figures n the rôle that authentic records prove was his own—that of a master seaman, a gentleman of ubstance and the enemy of freebooters. There is a delightful foreshadowing of the modern spirit n his foster child, Sancia, who was too much of an individual to wear the conventional stamp of ny particular time. Devoted, loyal, dutiful, yet she was capable of flashes of fiery independence nd spirited defiance that were more than a match for the cocky superiority of her champion, oung Dirck Hazlett. You will like this youthful master of the fence, with his grave assumption f responsibility and his scorn of maids and their blandishments.

The fortunes of this little company—Captain Kidd, his lovely wife, Sarah Oort, Sancia and Hazlett constitute the story. It is a story that not only involves romance and adventure aplenty ut runs the gamut of love and friendship, defeat and despair, high hopes and tested courage as lt and experienced by stout hearts and loyal souls.

America's Most Quoted Man

Hundreds of familiar slang terms, wise cracks, conversational gags, wheezes and nifties may be traced to Bugs (Arthur) Baer. In a characteristic interview he denies being originator of a new cuckoo school of American humor

by J. K. Winkler

THE snappy conversationalist who can hand you a fast line of chatter might have difficulty strutting his stuff if it were not for Bugs Baer. His brand of humorous slang is original and inexhaustible. Every day he turns out enough nonsensical phrases, pungent paragraphs, irrelevant allusions and illogical conclusions to fill a newspaper column. Then he has an ample supply left over for motion-picture titles and his occasional after-dinner speeches.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago Arthur "Bugs" Baer was an office boy in Philadelphia at "no dollars a week." Now he is head master of a new and as yet unnamed school of American humor. His shimmering similes are enjoyed and employed by millions in their daily speech. But he remains most modest of geniuses.

One hot summer afternoon, in the early days of the European war, Arthur Aaron Baer, now known to millions of lovers of eccentric humor, as "Bugs" Baer, noticed a kitten, meowing piteously in the doorway of a boarded-up mansion in Washington, D. C. He was on his way from a furnished room to his place of employment on a Washington afternoon newspaper. His pockets were comfortably lined—with pennies.

The young man, he was then twenty-eight, earned twenty-five dollars a week. His newspaper tasks were triple. He drew a daily cartoon. He ran a sport column. Also he contributed anonymous paragraphs to the editorial page. He hadn't much leisure, this youthful journalist. But he took time to rescue the starving kitten, purchase a saucer of milk and install his ward, as an embryo mouser, in the service of a lunchroom proprietor of his acquaintance.

Next afternoon this paragraph appeared in Baer's paper:

"The woman who thinks the atrocities of war are just too terrible for anything will soon go away for the summer and leave the cat a can of condensed milk and no opener."

A few weeks later th observation was reprint in a national weekly wi an accompanying editori beginning: "We are i debted to an anonymo writer for, etc."

The pungent bit of sati was taken up everywher

Finally, it reached th author. He determined t remain anonymous n longer. Arthur Baer came to New York, g a job at forty-five dollars a week and loosene the flood of paragraphic wit and philosoph that has projected him into the forerank o American humorists.

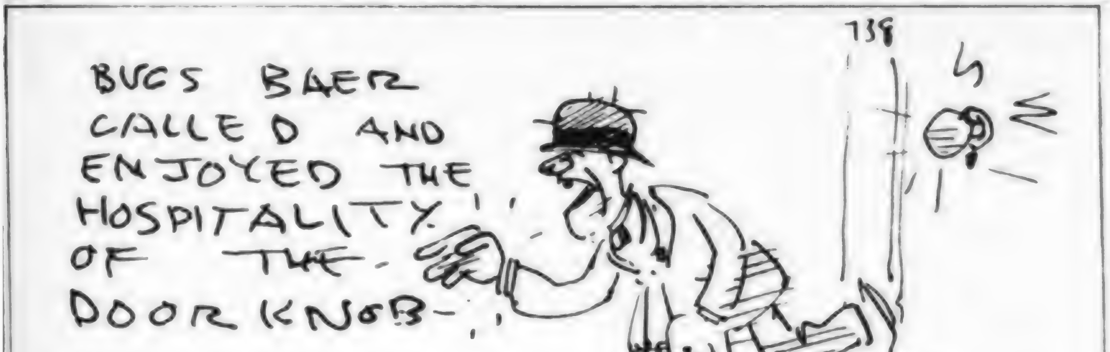
Now, after ten years, Arthur Baer is tel graphed, like flowers, all over the earth. H is read by millions. He is paid five hundre dollars for a ten-minute after-dinner talk, a amount approximating this for six short syndi cated articles each week, and, recently, accord ing to informed film authorities, was offere fifty thousand dollars for a month's work titlin and "gagging" a famous comedian's s picture.

Beyond this, he is the most widely quot man in America. At the Friar's Club, in Ne York, actors say: "Talk to 'Bugs' five minut and come out with a new act. And he gi lines to you."

Who is this astonishing genius whose ver choice lines become slang argot and are toss back at us from stage, screen and cartoo What is his background? Whence came th gorgeous sense of contrast that has transforme his so-called "wise cracking" into a new scho of American humor?

[*Continued on page 164*]

Bugs Baer shows the effect of the Democratic Convention on dumb animals and loud speakers. Both grew gray beards.


BUGS BAER CALLED AND ENJOYED THE HOSPITALITY OF THE DOOR KNOB
739
JUMP THROUGH THAT
B. B.

Arthur Baer's home town is Philadelphia, where he made his début in the world of art as a designer of lace curtains. Later, his cartoons and comments in a Washington, D. C. newspaper led to his present national prominence. His visiting card is a pen-and-ink sketch with a hole for filing.

Thomas D. Murphy was a young man first out of college when the Red Oak, Iowa, County Court House was new. He and his partner supplied pictures of the building combined with a calendar pad and the advertising of local merchants. That was the first step in the art calendar industry, which has since been the making of Murphy and of Red Oak.

Murphy *of* Red Oak

It paid Thomas D. Murphy to stick to the small town in the Iowa corn belt which has since become known as the birthplace of the art calendar. How Red Oak has prospered along with its leading industry

by Earl Chapin May

ART calendars for advertising purposes are a characteristic product of American enterprise. The story of their evolution from the first crude wood-cut surrounded by merchants' "cards" is inseparably bound up with the story of Thomas D. Murphy. He has built up a pioneer industry in a rural community where there is a Murphy employee in every other home. In him the small town has an enthusiastic advocate—and he tells you why.

IN THE country town of Red Oak, Iowa, Thomas D. Murphy and Edmund B. Osborne terminated their seven years' partnership one day back in 1895. And thereby hangs a tale. Each had determined upon a definite field for his business career. Osborne believed the big city would afford greater scope for his ambitions. Murphy was convinced that his future lay in a rural community.

These two young men—each twenty-five years old when their paths diverged—had first met at Indianola, Iowa, while students of Simpson college, then a small struggling "fresh water" institution. The two youths—still in their 'teens—had become cronies. They belonged to the same fraternity, boarded at the same club and were confederates in the characteristic bits of student deviltry that rocked the staid little corn-belt town. So when Osborne left college for Red Oak to assume management of a wabbling county paper, thrust upon them by the death of its owner, his father-in-law, it was only natural that Murphy, upon completing his college course a few months afterward, should join his pal in publishing the Red Oak *Independent*.

But the publishing business was not so good in Red Oak, Iowa. There were three papers in a town of only 3,000. The young partners were forced to adopt various expedients for raising cash.

Red Oak, following the customary county-wide fight, acquired a new court house. That was the big news of the day. Everybody wanted a picture of the building. Osborne conceived the idea of putting a woodcut on a card and surrounding it with small advertising spaces. A Red Oak business man suggested attaching a calendar pad to give the card permanence. This suggestion was adopted. Thus the famous Red Oak court house calendar came into existence. It was the precursor of many millions of date reminders turned out in Red Oak and in other towns and cities both by the original firm and those that later went into the calendar business.

The partners were jubilant over the success of their scheme. They could see no reason why other towns with prospective court houses should not pay money for their bright idea. But other towns did not. The first outside effort—at Beatrice, Nebraska—met with flat failure. The partners' scheme to capitalize the interest in the new Colorado state capitol building was equally disappointing. The Red Oak calendar idea might have perished then and there had not a package of calendar samples from Boston drifted into the forlorn little newspaper office. About the same time a sample book of stock half-tone illustrations, among the first made in America, also arrived—and the modern art calendar became a reality.

The Boston calendars were costly steel engravings and photogravures on heavy plate board. The necessary selling price was almost prohibitive in those days, though far more expensive calendars sell readily now. But Osborne and Murphy decided half-tones could be printed on cheap coated cards with the meager equipment the firm already possessed.

"And so," says Mr. Murphy, surviving member of the original firm (Mr. Osborne died a few years ago), "it was arranged that I should edit the newspaper and conduct the calendar business in Red Oak, while Osborne, who had had more experience in canvassing, should invade Colorado as trial territory. His success was not phenomenal. In two months his sales were only sixteen hundred dollars. This did not pay the overhead, let alone a profit. But it convinced us that calendars could be sold, and we planned to operate the next year on what seemed to us a tremendous scale.

"New machinery was required. In those days a little cash went a long way if backed by fair credit and a mortgage. We bought new printing gear. Numerous new plates made from photographs were added to the line. Our selling force comprised four men. The year's sales totaled eighteen thousand dollars, half of it due to Osborne's salesmanship. I officiated during the year as general manager, estimate-maker, chief correspondent, credit man and collection clerk; kept up with the paper cutting and for good measure did most of the editorial work on the *Independent*. I began each day at 7 A. M. and seldom stopped before midnight.

"Many trials and difficulties were experienced. We knew little about suitable inks and papers and had much trouble in getting competent workmen. I realized that much of our output was rotten. Once in a while a customer did, too. The first one we heard from—a banker—refused the shipment, declaring the calendars were not fit to use. It was one of my darkest moments when I read that man's tirade against our high-art productions. Would every buyer do likewise? I feared so. But, fortunately, most of our customers were more lenient or less discriminating. They took our stuff and the checks began to roll in.

Nobody Wanted Calendars

"Our concern had been styled the Hawkeye Art Printing Co. But in 1891, we incorporated as the Osborne & Murphy Company. We were equal stockholders for the next three or four years. and the business made slow but steady progress. When you consider that we started without capital, plant or salesmen and almost without market, you can apperciate the heavy handicaps under which we labored. A salesman of today cannot realize the attitude of advertisers toward calendars back in the 'nineties. One would think that with practically no competition and with the whole country as open territory, an ordinary salesman would have acquired writer's cramp filling out order blanks; that it would simply have been a question as to whom we would favor with our goods. But that wasn't the way it worked out. Nobody really wanted calendars. The few who bought did so in December and were disposed to regard the early-bird salesman, who called in October or November, as too previous—a nuisance at best. However, our sales did increase.

"After the second year Osborne did little personal selling and when we were both on the job in the factory there gradually grew up between us a wide divergence of ideas on the conduct of the business. From what I know of subsequent developments I cannot say which of us was right—perhaps neither. At any rate, the difference between his ideas and mine culminated in 1895 in a give-or-take proposition. Here my ultra-conservatism kept me from becoming the rich man I might have been had I purchased the concern and stayed right on the job in Red Oak. People were just waking up to the value of calendars. There was little competition. Our local bankers offered me sufficient backing. Many of our factory people were insistent that I remain. But the impending burden of debt frightened me out. I sold my interest for what seemed to me a fairly snug sum then, though it wouldn't go very far in these days.

"I agreed to remain out of the calendar game for five years and thus lost the big start which I would have gained had I purchased the business at that time. Osborne also lost his advantage when he removed to the East where it took him several years to re-establish the business and adapt it to the new conditions. He made this move in 1898, three years after my retirement, when my agreement still had two more years to run.

"I was still engaged in conducting the same Red Oak newspaper which I now control. But I retained a fixed idea of re-entering the calendar business upon the expiration of my contract.

"My opportunity was at hand when a special train of twenty-five cars pulled out of Red Oak in 1898 bearing the belongings of the Osborne Company to its new home in a big Eastern city. Osborne's parting message was a lot of blotters broadcasting the intimation that the small town had too many limitations for a big business, but that did not discourage me. Neither did his refusal of my offer of $5,000 for a release from the last year of our contract. Osborne's pet obsession was fear of competition. I doubt if $50,000 would have won my release. But it was just as well he did not release me for I had to hustle to launch my new enterprise by 1900.

"Fortune smiled on me when William Cochrane, my brother-in-law, joined me as sales-manager. His was some job with the material we had in hand. Our initial sales force was a motley group of local men who thought they saw easy money in selling calendars. Most of them were sadly disappointed. A few stuck with us and eventually became the nucleus of our present selling organization.

"By the end of 1901, we had salesmen in every part of the country although it would be stretching the truth to say we 'covered' it. The progress of a business is generally measured by the growth of its manufacturing plant. In such a case as ours, where the growth was the direct

Judgment in picture buying is everything in the calendar business. Adjoining the executive offices is a beamed and paneled art gallery where original paintings are preserved. The array of subjects on the walls tells the story of changing public taste reflected in the varying popularity of different kinds of pictorial subjects from heads of pretty girls to the works of well-known members of the Royal Academy

result of increasing output, I suppose it is not a bad criterion.

"By the end of the third year it became apparent to us that our old newspaper building and the various stores and workrooms scattered about the town were hopelessly inadequate for the business we were doing. To finance a one hundred thousand dollar structure we sold optional ten year notes to the citizens of the town. A thrifty New England bank then loaned us $25,000 on the completed building with a seven year maturity. All these obligations were paid in full long before the final date on which they were due.

"Our new factory—the present main building—was and is three stories in height, two hundred and fifty feet long by seventy feet wide, with annexes for stairways, vaults and front entrance—giving us about fifty thousand square feet of floor space. We moved into it in the fall of 1905 and settled down with the comfortable feeling that surely the building problem was disposed of for several years, at least. We were doomed to an agreeable disappointment, however, for less than two years later another hundred per cent increase in business made a large addition necessary. This served our needs very well, despite some congestion at certain periods of the year, until the boom just following the war overwhelmed us and made necessary another addition, bringing our entire floor space up to approximately three acres. I believe we now have a model plant. The machinery equipment has fully kept pace with our building. It is in a model country town, for Red Oak of today is not the Red Oak of thirty years ago."

Outside of his business Murphy is especially interested in the Country Club and good roads. He also does a great deal of traveling and has written half a dozen travel books. But he never was much of a joiner—doesn't belong to any secret society, Rotary Club or anything of the sort. He is a Methodist, but modestly says he doesn't work at it much. His name usually heads subscription lists for any public enterprise or charity. When Red Oak's Country Club house required financing, Murphy and his immediate associates advanced four thousand dollars as a starter. His brother-in-law, William Cochrane, is more prominent in civic, town, public and social matters. Both men spend most of their time, while in town, at the calendar plant. It is always open to visitors, who find it fascinating.

How Calendars Are Sold

Mr. George Wood, in charge of the sales force, gave me an insight into the workings of this great organization, but I already knew from a little personal experience that the Murphy men "comb" the country; that few hamlets are too small to receive their attention. Some years ago I lived in Auburndale, Florida, a village of about a hundred and fifty population in the highland lake country famous for citrus groves. Outside of grocery and fertilizer "drummers," traveling men were few and far between, but on a hot summer day a new one breezed into my office and greeted me like a long lost brother with, "I'm the Murphy man from Red Oak, Iowa, where they make the famous calendars." He proceeded to flash a few samples on me.

"Save your breath, young man," I protested. "You'll find few buyers for those things in this burg."

"I won't, eh?" he replied. "Well, cast your eye over this, and this"—and he ran through six order duplicates with the names of our leading firms attached. Nearly every business man in the town had signed up. He had sold those Florida folks calendars in July for delivery in December. That experience opened my eyes to the omnipresence of the Murphy Man. But for all that I was surprised to learn in Red Oak that the concern employs over one hundred regular traveling salesmen, and at peak periods of selling there are one hundred and fifty. They are not the fly-by-night variety, either. Many of them have been with the company ten years or more. The dean of the force has seen twenty four years' of service. Several have become well-to-do. At least two are wealthy.

Famous Artists Enlisted

"One of the pleasantest features of our business," said Mr. Murphy, as we sauntered through the big beamed and paneled art gallery adjoining the company office, "has been my contact with art and artists. A few months ago I was asked to give a talk on 'Artists I Have Met' and I was surprised at the list compiled. It included many notable names on both sides of the water, among them, Thomas Moran, the dean of American landscapists and the late John McWhirter, the great Scotch Royal Academician of whom I personally bought several pictures during my several motor tours through Europe. I have always kept my eye open for pictures that I thought might make calendar hits. It was thus that I discovered the most successful picture ever published by the Murphy Company. I found it in an exhibition in a three-hundred-year-old palace in the village of Conway, North Wales. It was entitled 'The New Arrival' and was painted by H. J. Dobson, a distinguished Edinburgh artist. This picture, a simple portrayal of peasant life in Scotland, added more than one hundred thousand dollars to our sales the year in which it was published and paved the way for a number of successes by this artist whose work we control in America. The pictures of Dobson and Moran are about the only ones that have not waned in popularity during the past fifteen years.

"Fashion seems to change in calendar pictures. Once the pretty-girl head was all the rage. Now it is rather passé. Once ladies in the 'altogether,' as Trilby put it, found many admirers. We have carried nothing along that line in several years. Judgment in picture buying is everything in the calendar game—and for all our experience we get stung many times. The highest art is not always the biggest success; the public taste is capricious. Just the same I believe there is a trend toward greater appreciation of good pictures by the general public. Certainly nothing has contributed so much to this improvement in taste as the circulation of millions of art calendars bearing pictures of real artistic merit. To aid this we attach a descriptive leaflet to the calendar pointing out its beauties and telling something of the artist who painted it.

"Relatively I believe our employees are as well paid as city workers in similar lines," says Mr. Murphy, "and I am sure that conditions in our little town enable them to get more enjoyment out of life. None of our employees live more than a mile from the work and they do not have to depend upon street cars or subways. Long ago, though there are no labor unions in the town, we voluntarily shortened work hours to a city basis with a Saturday half holiday. The State Factory Inspector tells us that in cleanliness and ideal working conditions our factory is equal to the best in Iowa. Our people during the noon hour use our art gallery as a lounging place and eat their lunches there. The company furnishes free hot coffee to all. The latest magazines are kept on file for such as wish to improve the hour by reading.

"There is no caste or class among our people. At half the houses in the town you will be told that some of its members are or have been in the employ of the Murphy Company. This suggests one of the outstanding advantages of the small town manufacturer, especially if his product is one that requires an unusual amount of intelligence, neatness and good taste. He will be able to draw on a much higher average of these qualities among his potential employees than he can in a larger city. There is also less shifting of employees—less turnover. We get the benefit of the experience which comes to the people who stay with us year after year. We seldom bring in outside people, finding that the boys and girls raised in the town readily develop into skilled workers. I submit there can be no better color printing, for instance, than that turned out in our pressroom by country-town boys who learned their trade in our shops.

"Although Red Oak enjoys a certain prestige as the 'birthplace of the Art Calendar,' we must keep constantly developing new ideas and mechanical improvements. When our goods are shown we are not asked whether Red Oak is a great industrial center or not. Merit, backed by salesmanship, wins. Of course customers are frequently interested in knowing that our calendars are made in an Iowa country town. Such interest in the earlier days often enabled a salesman to get an audience with a new prospect. We have suffered little disadvantage from manufacturing in a small town with but a single railroad. Being the largest shipper in Red Oak, our business is given special attention by the railroad, and during the

"The New Arrival," by H. J. Dobson, a Scotch artist, is the most successful calendar picture ever published at the Red Oak plant. Mr. Murphy found the original in an obscure town while motoring through North Wales. This simple picture of peasant life in Scotland added $100.000 to the calendar company's sales the year it was published and its universal popularity has never waned.

congestion of the war period we fared better than some of our city competitors.

"Our borrowing requirements have often been more than the total capital of any bank in our town, but we never were handicapped on that account. We found city banks just as anxious for a good customer in a country town as in the city, and if we could have used all the offers of money that have voluntarily come to us we might have financed a dozen businesses.

"And so, taking it all in all, I have little regret that our business was founded in an Iowa country town and that it has consistently refused offers of substantial concessions from many larger places which sought to add our plant to their industries.

"When in 1920 we spent two hundred thousand dollars in enlarging and improving our plant we gave the most emphatic evidence in our power that we expect to continue to do business at the old stand. The younger generation now coming into the business feels that its future lies in this same country town. In addition to pushing the business,these recruits are 'getting under' to make Red Oak a still better place in which to live."

If you mention Murphy to one of the older business men about town, he will probably voice his slant on the town's leading factory as follows: "Yes, it's a big thing for Red Oak. You can imagine that a payroll of six thousand dollars or seven thousand dollars a week, all coming from the outside, materially increases our prosperity. From two hundred to three hundred of our people are employed. They are all good people, too. Only a half dozen of the salesmen live here, but one of them, Walter Wilson, has made a fortune in selling calendars."

A typically prosperous corn-belt town is Red Oak—home of a pioneer business the success of which helps support the contention that it pays to stick to the small town. And this same small town is surely a pleasant place to linger in. Set down on rolling hills flanking a lazy little river, its twenty miles of paved streets bordered by long lines of stately trees its handsome homes and its neatly kept lawns and gardens make a pretty picture of rural content.

Red Oak's residences would suffer little by comparison if they were located in Des Moines or Kansas City. Its public and business buildings are handsome and substantial. It has a one hundred thousand dollar post office. The famous court house in red brick and tile still stands, as youthful looking as when its reproduction adorned the first calendar. The leading hotel, where the Murphy convention banquets are held, is a famous Iowa hostelry which attracts discriminating travelers. Its four banks—Murphy is vice-president of the largest and director in another—have combined deposits of $3,000,000, thus placing Red Oak as a financial center well ahead of most towns of its size. It has all the churches and schools that one should find in such a town, in better than ordinary buildings. Its country club course is a delight to the golfer. The new clubhouse is about the finest to be found in any small town in the state.

Around Red Oak lie miles and miles of the richest and most beautiful farming country in all out-of-doors, land that produces fifty to seventy-five bushels of corn to the acre and everything else such farms should produce. This land sold during the boom days of 1920 as high as four hundred dollars per acre but it certainly has a conservative value any day of from two hundred dollars to three hundred dollars. It is dotted by large, well-kept farm houses and barns, with blooded pigs and fine cattle galore. And these farmers have their automobiles—there are four thousand five hundred cars in a county of fifteen thousand population—their pianos, radio sets, individual lighting systems and all the other amenities and improvements of modern life.

In these days when so many people are discussing the danger of concentrating too much business in large centers, Thomas D. Murphy has some interesting testimony to offer. He has demonstrated that a manufacturer may prosper on a large scale by sticking to the small town, and that the small town is not such a bad place to stick to.

His Kingdom

by Harold Vinal

BEYOND the yard he takes the cows,
  Into a pasture red with clover,
He walks a king under the boughs
  While birds are going gravely over.
He makes a whistle from a tree,
  To match the matchless whippoorwill,
The cows stir small bells placidly,
  An echo lunges from a hill.
Then, where the brook curves to the corn,
  He sits beneath the willows green,
A king as sunny as the morn
  Waiting to greet a freckled queen.

The Deadly Dud

It takes a spirited girl and a gun to crack the shell of the Canoe Brook Golf Club's mystery man

by William Slavens McNutt

Illustrated by Ray C. Strang

DUDLEY MACALARNEY was the only man ever elected to the Canoe Brook Golf Club without so much as having been seen by any one on the membership committee.

Bugs Farnsworth requested his election by letter from Vienna.

"I've rented the Masterson place for MacAlarney by cable," Farnsworth wrote to Jim Duncan. "He'll be with us for at least a year. Put him through and treat him right. He's a friend of mine."

Duncan read the letter at a meeting of the membership committee early in the spring.

"Just as a compliment to good old Bugs, what do you say we put his man through now, sight unseen?" Major Cartwright, the chairman, suggested.

"I make that motion," Duncan said, grinning. "Any friend of good old Bugs suits me."

No one but a vouched for friend of Bugs Farnsworth could have sifted through the membership committee of the Canoe Brook Club in such a fashion. Farnsworth was the club pet. In all the world there were but few outside the old and tried members of the club who could call him Bugs and get away with it. To others he was Dr. J. Montgomery Farnsworth, a world famous nerve specialist, with a string of degrees that occupied a line of type in a newspaper column.

A few days later MacAlarney appeared at the Canoe Brook club house. He was an erect, nervous man of medium size in his late thirties, a quick-moving, short-spoken fellow with thin sandy gray hair and a thin sandy gray face, a large firm nose, a thin, wide slit of a mouth and eyes of a peculiar light gray with a greenish touch, eyes that looked like bits of polished granite.

Duncan welcomed him effusively and told him of his election to the club.

"We'd do anything for good old Bugs," he assured MacAlarney. "When's that old duffer coming home again?"

"Not for six or eight months, I believe," MacAlarney replied shortly. "He's conducting some lengthy investigations with a number of European psychiatrists. And now, will you be good enough to tell me, briefly, what I have to do to get to playing this damn fool game?"

Duncan stared, uncomprehending.

"I never played golf before," MacAlarney explained with a sharp little edge of irritation to his tone. "What do I have to do to get at it? Who do I have to see? What do I have to buy?"

Stunned, Duncan led him to Loughborough, the club pro.

From the beginning he was an irritating man of mystery. He needed no words to spread the news that he wished to be left alone. His manner did that for him. His insistence on solitude could not have been more evident to all who came near if he had had signs reading "Don't Speak To Me" hung all over him.

He came to the club each day, rain or shine, and played two rounds of golf. Twice a week he took a lesson from Loughborough. He came alone, dressed alone, played alone, ate alone and went away alone. In the Masterson place, two miles down the Hillsboro road, he lived alone with two tight mouthed, foreign looking men he had brought with him, a chauffeur and a manservant. The club members who wanted to be nice to him because he was a friend of Bugs were first amazed at the man's frigid aloofness, then curious and finally just plain downright sore.

It was Jack Kramer who gave him the nickname that stuck. Jack was one of a gay group at tea on the club house veranda one afternoon early in June. At the far end of the veranda, alone as always, sat Dudley MacAlarney, smoking a long black cigar, staring at nothing in the general direction of the horizon, apparently oblivious of all about him.

"Dudley!" Kramer exclaimed significantly. "What an appropriate name. Dud for short. The Deadly Dud. I wonder what's biting him?"

"I don't know," Emily Jordan said thoughtfully, studying the lone figure at the far end of the veranda. "But I'm going to find out if I can. I'm going to introduce myself."

"Don't be a fool, Emily," Jack Kramer said harshly.

Emily looked at him and raised her eyebrows. "Don't be a boor, Jack," she answered quietly.

KRAMER flushed and mumbled an apology. Emily rose and walked the length of the veranda to where MacAlarney sat. She was a tall, strong, calm, free-gaited outdoor girl with black hair and eyes and a lovely underflush of vigorous health in her smooth tanned face. MacAlarney looked up as she stopped, smiling, before him.

"Mr. MacAlarney, I'm Emily Jordan," she said, holding out her hand.

The Deadly Dud rose, his hard granite eyes cold and expressionless, inclined his head a stiff trifle and barely touched the outstretched hand.

"Miss Jordan," he repeated, and stood stiff, repellent, waiting.

Emily continued to smile. "You *are* difficult," she chided him gently. "Won't you ask me to sit down?"

"I beg your pardon," MacAlarney said coldly and motioned her to a chair with a slight gesture.

"I've been wanting to meet you for weeks," Emily said when they were seated.

"Yes?" said MacAlarney unhelpfully, staring out over the course, his face devoid of expression.

"Yes!" Emily said emphatically with a sudden hard note in her voice. "If I'm intruding unwanted, will you be good enough to say so frankly?"

MacAlarney turned and looked at her. "Since you speak of being frank," he said in a slightly gentler tone, "will you tell me why you have wanted to meet me?"

Emily nodded. "You interested me."

"Interest?" asked MacAlarney. "Or curiosity?"

Emily flushed. "Both," she admitted, courageously meeting his gaze. "I'd be untruthful if I said I was not curious. Oh, let's quit fencing! You seem to me to be horribly lonely and depressed and I want to talk to you and cheer you up. What about it?"

MacAlarney smiled. All the severity faded from his face when he smiled. "I think you are a peculiarly discerning, remarkably kind and altogether charming young lady," he said. "I was both lonely and depressed and already I am much cheered up."

"Good," said Emily. "Would you like to meet some of the rest of the crowd?"

The mask of severity dropped over MacAlarney's face once more. "No," he said flatly. "I don't."

"All right," Emily agreed pleasantly. "That's that!"

MacAlarney's rare smile came back. "You play golf," he said. "Do you like it?"

"I love it," said Emily fervently. "Don't you?"

"I hate it!" he said hotly.

"Why!" Emily exclaimed. "You play every day!"

"Two rounds," he admitted with a grimace of disgust. "Rain or shine. Will you play a round with me some time?"

"Any time."

"Tomorrow morning?"

"Gladly."

"Splendid. It'll be lots easier to take with you along. I'll meet you here at—say—ten o'clock?"

"I'll be here."

"Good!" said MacAlarney. An expression of sardonic amusement showed in his face. He looked at his watch and he chuckled. "Your friends at the far table will all be dead of curiosity if you don't return and tell them what you've learned of me," he said, rising and holding out his hand. "I'll run along now and give you the opportunity."

"All that I can tell them is that you're much nicer than they think," Emily declared.

The round of golf that Emily Jordan and Dudley MacAlarney played together the following morning was the beginning of a companionship that furnished juicy meat for the club gossips.

There were times when Emily was afraid she was falling in love with her mystery man. There were other times when she was forlornly afraid that he was not falling in love with her. She liked him, and yet she was afraid of him. She would resolve to treat him formally and then, at their next meeting, exert all her charm in voluntary effort to establish a warmer familiarity. She was alternately depressed and elated by her association with him and always, in all moods, vaguely troubled.

Young Jack Kramer was frankly jealous and in the end it was he who involuntarily brought the affair to a head. There had been an epidemic of highway holdups in the neighborhood and Kramer had in consequence secured a license to carry a gun and bought a thirty-eight automatic. After lunch one afternoon late in July he was sitting on the rail of the veranda near the main entrance to the club house, showing the weapon to a group of which Emily Jordan was one, when MacAlarney appeared in the doorway. He saw the weapon in Kramer's hands and crouched down suddenly, shielding his face with his arms as though some one was threatening to strike him. In this pitiful posture of fear he backed away, trembling violently and moaning.

"Oh, put it away," he begged piteously. "Don't hold that where I can see it. Please! Oh, please put it away. Oh, my God!"

He vaulted over the rail to the lawn, hurried across the drive at a half run and jumped into his car. As he was driven away those on the porch saw him crouched low in the back seat with his face hidden in his arms.

"Well!" Kramer exclaimed, breaking the silence of astonishment that followed the scene. "What a jumpy little nut he turned out to be!"

"Jack Kramer," Emily said furiously. "If you make any more cheap fun of Dudley MacAlarney, I'll never speak to you again!"

"Seriously, I think we ought to find out what ails this fellow," Duncan declared when Emily had left. "He's always made me feel spooky and after that exhibition just now—I don't know."

"Farnsworth will be back in a few weeks," Major Cartwright said. "Let's not do anything till he comes."

"I agree with Duncan," Kramer said belligerently. "We ought to find out something about him. I know you all think I'm jealous of him and maybe I am. Whether or no, I don't think it's safe for Emily to go around alone with him and I'm going to find some way to stop it."

Kramer's threatened intervention in the affair proved unnecessary. MacAlarney appeared at the club the next morning as usual, his face a little more sternly set, his expression a trifle more forbidding, and went out alone for his customary morning round. Emily Jordan saw him coming in near to noon and crossed from the club house to the eighteenth green to meet him.

"Well, how were they dropping this morning?" she asked gaily when he had holed his putt.

He straightened up and looked at her stonily. "Our acquaintance began abruptly," he said. "Let's end it the same way! Now!"

Emily recoiled, astounded. "Why—why Mr. MacAlarney!" she stammered. "I—I—"

"That's the way I feel about it," MacAlarney said brutally. "Good-by!"

He turned and walked stiffly away toward the club house. Emily's cheeks flamed red as she stood looking after him.

"Good-by!" she muttered furiously. "Good-by is right!"

She hurried to the club house and found Jack Kramer.

"I've come to apologize, Jack," she told him. "You were right about MacAlarney. I should never have had anything to do with him."

For the next three weeks the Deadly Dud was a complete pariah around the Canoe Brook Club, a lonely, stubborn figure, daily plodding twice around the course, drearily playing his shots as though condemned to the pastime as a punishment, dressing alone, eating alone, looking at no one and furtively stared at by all. Then of a late afternoon when he was having tea at his accustomed place at the end of the veranda Major Cartwright drove up, alighted from his car, and shouted gaily to no one in particular: "Just had a phone from Bugs Farnsworth. He's back in New York and he'll be here tonight."

There was a confusion of question and comment as the Major came up the steps that died in silence as the erect, lean figure of the Deadly Dud approached.

"You say you've heard from Farnsworth?" he asked eagerly. "He's coming here—tonight?"

Cartwright nodded. "About nine," he said, shortly.

"I guess we'll have something to say to Farnsworth about him," Jack Kramer growled. "I think he had his nerve to load us with the Deadly Dud. He ought to be called for it."

THAT afternoon, for the first time, the Deadly Dud stayed on for dinner, which he ate alone at the most remote table obtainable. After his meal he retired to the comparative obscurity of the window seat on the landing of the big stairway that led up from the main hall. He sat there alone, staring out into the night while the crowd gathered in the hall below to welcome Bugs back.

Near nine o'clock one of the girls was playing a fox trot on the piano and several couples were dancing when two masked men, each with a gun in either hand, stepped suddenly in through the front door.

"Steady now!" one of them called out sharply. "Hands up everybody! Put 'em up. We'll shoot if we have to. Don't make any mistake about that. Hands up!"

For an instant the people in the room froze in the postures they were in when the hold-up men entered. Then, some silent, some giggling hysterically or grinning, others swearing softly, they raised their hands over their heads. One girl gave a little moan and slumped to the floor in a faint.

"Let her lay," one of the stick-up men ordered sharply when her escort made as if to kneel to help her. "Keep your hands up there, young fellow, or I'll stretch you out alongside her so's it will take more than smelling salts to bring you around."

A low steady moaning attracted the attention of one of the intruders and he looked up to see MacAlarney standing on the landing in a crouching position, his hands held high over his head, his eyes fairly starting from their sockets, their gaze riveted on the guns. He was

He saw the weapon in Kramer's hands and crouched down suddenly. "Oh, put it away," he begged piteously. "Don't hold that where I can see it. Please!"

shaking like a man stricken with the palsy and giving vent to a low, steady singsong moan of abject terror. The hold-up man grinned.

"What are you singin' about, old-timer?" he chuckled, pointing at MacAlarney. "Want a mouthful o' lead to chew on?"

"Oh, put it away!" MacAlarney groaned. "Please! Put it where I can't see it."

"I'll put you where you can't see it if you don't shut up," the hold-up man growled. He turned to his companion.

"Keep 'em covered, Bill, an' shoot if any one of 'em makes a move," he said. "I'll pass the plate."

As he went through Major Cartwright's pockets, the latter saw over the robber's bent head a sight that made his eyes glow. Jack Kramer, on the far side of the room from where the Major stood, had been sitting in a window seat half hidden by a curtain when the hold-up men entered. He had risen and drawn back so that he was still out of the line of vision of the gunman in the doorway. As Cartwright caught sight of him he was steadily drawing his gun from his pocket.

He was unobserved and armed! The Major's warrior heart beat fast with hope. And then he saw Kramer begin to tremble; saw him slowly, stealthily replace the gun in his pocket, and, still unobserved by either of the hold-up men, slowly raise his hands above his head. An involuntary exclamation of disgust escaped the Major's lips.

The thug who was going through his pockets whipped out a gun and jammed the muzzle into the Major's abdomen.

"What's that?" he growled.

"Nothing," said the Major.

"Better be nothin'," the thug snapped. "No funny business now!"

"There won't be any, worse luck!" the Major said furiously. "I don't wonder so many men go in for hold-ups these days. The white livered cowards you have to deal with!"

"Easy pickin's," the hold-up man chuckled, and turned to Emily Jordan, who stood immediately at the Major's right.

"Now then, sister," he said, with a leer, "what have you got to give a poor young man with a large family just tryin' to get along in the world?"

He glanced up and saw the ring on the third finger of her left hand.

"Here we are!" he chuckled, taking her wrist in his left hand. "This'll help."

He plucked at the ring. Emily gave a little exclamation of pain.

"It's very tight," she said. "I always have to use a lather of soap to get it off."

"I'm all out of soap," said the hold-up man. "Hold still. I won't hurt any more than I have to."

He wrenched at the ring and Emily cried out.

"Stop that!" MacAlarney called sharply.

"One more yip an' I'll stop you," the hold-up man growled, looking up at MacAlarney standing on the landing.

The thug gripped Emily's wrist firmly and took a tight grip of the ring with his thumb and forefinger.

"It'll come off this time without soap!" he said grimly, setting himself for a brutal wrench.

A flying weight struck him and bore him violently to the floor. MacAlarney, the Deadly Dud, had sprung upon him head first from the landing, sprung as a football player springs in a flying tackle, sprung through the air in a vicious dive and struck him head and shoulders first.

The hold-up man in the doorway shouted threats and trained his guns on the threshing pair on the floor, but dared not shoot for fear of hitting his partner.

"Kramer!" Cartwright shouted. "Give it to him!"

But Kramer was not in a giving mood. Still shielded behind the curtain he kept his hands high and did nothing.

The hold-up man rolling on the floor with MacAlarney was screaming like an animal in pain. He had cause! The Deadly Dud was working on him with tigerish ferocity and a terrible knowledge of the science of life-and-death rough and tumble, working with thumbs and knees and feet and teeth, lacerating, maiming, stunning in one furious explosion of directed destructive force. His terrified antagonist gave one great scream and went limp.

As this happened the Deadly Dud, lying on his back with the unconscious man on top of him, snatched one of the automatics from the man's pocket and fired from where he lay at the man in the doorway. The hold-up man fired back twice and then threw up his hand, spun half way around and collapsed on the floor face down, limp and curiously empty-looking.

THE Deadly Dud leaped to his feet laughing exultantly. His face was radiant with a great joy. He tossed the gun into the air, caught it dexterously as it came down and pressed the steel muzzle fervently to his lips.

"It's gone!" he shouted hysterically. "Oh, thank God, it's gone!"

A man in a motor cap and long dustcoat appeared in the doorway and stood looking in astounded. MacAlarney rushed across the floor and threw his arms around him.

"Bugs!" he shouted. "Oh Bugsy, old boy, I've whipped it out. I've beaten it. I'm all right again, Bugs! I'm all right. It's gone!"

When the confusion had subsided and the police—and the coroner—had come and gone, the members of the Canoe Brook Club gathered

clamoring about Farnsworth, demanding knowledge of the Dud who had proved so amazingly deadly in a crisis.

"I thought you'd know who he was," Farnsworth said. "His name was prominent enough during the war."

"Good Lord!" said Cartwright reverently. "He's *that* MacAlarney."

Farnsworth nodded. "He fought in revolutions pretty much all over the world prior to 1914 and joined the Foreign Legion the minute the big war began. Clear through with them and then, after the Armistice, he went with the Poles under Haller."

"General with them, wasn't he?" Cartwright asked.

"Brigadier," said Farnsworth. "He was badly wounded and captured by the Bolshies. Prisoner in Russia for nearly three years. They used him pretty terribly and when we finally got him out his nerves had snapped. A species of shell shock. The sight of a weapon of any sort would send him into a fit of terror. That preyed on his mind. Courage had been the keynote of his life and he felt that he had gone yellow."

"Yellow!" Major Cartwright exclaimed.

"He felt that way about it," Farnsworth went on. "It made him terribly ashamed; made him feel that he wasn't fit for human companionship. I had him under observation in Vienna for a time and finally advised him to come here where it's quiet and play two rounds of golf every day, rain or shine, until further

"Steady now!" one of them called out sharply. "We'll shoot if we have to. Hands up!"

orders. I thought the quiet and the steady concentration on the game might bring him around. And after all he found his cure in battle with a gun in his hand and lead flying around his ears! It seems legitimate to make the paraphrase that he who lives by the sword may be healed by the sword!"

There were tears in Major Cartwright's eyes. "The way we've treated him!" he exclaimed. "I can't sleep till I've made my apologies."

"Never mind the apologies, Major," said a cheery voice.

MacAlarney stood in the doorway. Emily Jordan was by his side. His arm was around her waist.

"Apologies are out, but—if you've congratulations to offer, they're in order," MacAlarney continued, smiling buoyantly.

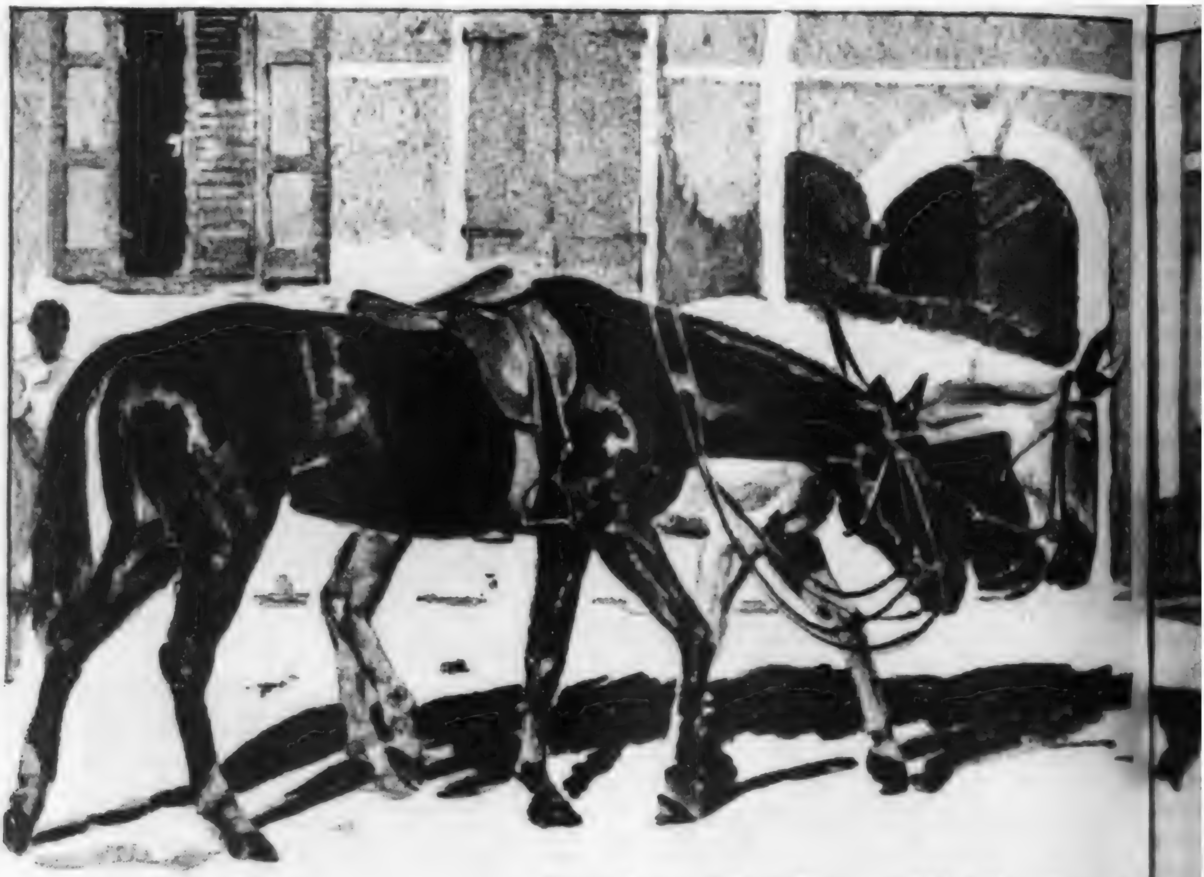
When the babble of congratulations had ceased the Major took MacAlarney aside. "Thank God you got her instead of that coward Kramer," he growled.

MacAlarney shivered under the cold breath of humiliating memory. "Don't crowd him," he begged. "A coward doesn't merit any worse punishment than the knowledge of what he is."

Farnsworth approached, grinning broadly.

"Well, old socks," he said, throwing his arm about MacAlarney's shoulder, "What do you think of golf now you've had a try at it?"

"Wonderful!" MacAlarney exclaimed fervently. "Greatest game in the world. Nothing like it. I'm going to buy the Masterson place and get married and settle down here and do par on this cussed course some day, if it takes a leg!"



Later they saw that white man striding down the street,

A Complete No

A story of black ivory, smuggled diamonds and

The Candle Bid

"*BAAS*, we have done many foolish things, we two, but all that has gone before is as the wisdom of gray beards compared to this folly you now plan."

The speaker, a squat, ungainly Hottentot, looked up with a scowl at the white man who sat his mount—a coal-black stallion—with the graceful ease of a man born to the saddle. But the scowl became a grin—a good-natured, mirth-provoking grin—as the white man he called *baas* hunched up his shoulders and cowered in his saddle as if to avoid a blow.

An elephant trumpeted loudly somewhere in the thick bush to the right of them and an excited babble of voices broke out along the trail behind them.

The Hottentot turned in his saddle.

"Silence," he commanded sharply. "Get in line."

The excited cries died down to a vague whisper, became one of the mysterious noises of the bush, and the motley crowd of natives—old men and young boys—who straggled along the winding trail attempted to adopt some sort of military formation, carrying their weapons, an assortment of assagais, knobkerries, axes and hoes at something remotely resembling the "slope."

But even as he watched they broke their formation and became a gesticulating, purposeless mob once again.

"*Tchat!*" The Hottentot exclaimed in disgust and turning away from them drummed his bare heels on the fat ribs of his mule, urging it to a better speed so that he could catch up with his *baas*.

rrying in his arms a black man, who hung limply, as one dead.

ovelette

licit traffic in arms in Portuguese East Africa

by L. Patrick Greene

Illustrated by O. J. Gatter

"I said we were fools, *baas*," he said loudly.

"Yes, Jim. I heard you," the white man swered. "But I do not see this with your es. It is not the work of fools to save a peoe from great evil."

"What are you to them, or they to you?" e asked. "They are born to die. What tter then if they die today or tomorrow?"

The white man ignored this.

"If you saw a man drowning, Jim, you would tch him out?"

"Not if there were crocodiles in the river, *baas!*"

"I have known you to do even that, Jim," e white man said softly.

"*Au-a!* That was the bark of another dog, as!" Jim expostulated. "Was I to stand by d see my *baas* drown? Besides, I knew how deal with those *schelm* of the river. There s no danger."

"And I know how to deal with these *schelm* of the bush, Jim—and there is no danger."

The white man spurred his horse a little ahead, then looked back at the Hottentot, a half-mocking, half-affectionate smile on his face. The rays of the sun caused his monocle to gleam like a ball of molten gold.

Cursing softly, Jim urged his mule on again, groaning at the beast's awkward gait.

"Not so fast, *baas!*" he pleaded, then, as the mule resumed its normal pace, he went on in grieved tones:

"I said we are fools, *baas*. We go to our death, but hurrying to it does not make us any the less fools. *Au-a!* We see it before us, yet we rush into it! *Au-a!* Walking is not fast enough; you needs must make me ride this misbegotten beast."

"It would not be seemly for the captain of an impi to walk, O Grumbler," remarked the major.

Jim was silent for a moment.

"Just the same, *baas*," he went on as a memory of the happenings of the past few months came to his mind, "we have played the part of fools from the beginning."

"You mean that I have been a fool, Jim? You have always been wise, is it not so?"

"Truly, *baas*. But I have fasted with you and feasted with you; we have faced death together many times; your kill has always been my kill—and so now, your folly is my folly. *Au-a!* I say that we were fools from the time the *baas* met the white woman at the city of diamonds, for that woman's eyes made my *baas* forget that he was the Major, the man who trod only in a path of his own making. Yet that of itself was nothing. A man cannot always escape the snares of women. The folly began when the *baas* took the diamonds she gave him so that the *Nonquai*—the mounted policemen—who was coming to search her would not find them. And then, when those two men who called themselves Portuguese tried to steal the diamonds from the *baas*, he was content to play a trick on them; content to laugh at them and let them go."

"And what should I have done, Jim?" the white man interposed.

"Killed them, *baas*. Dead snakes are harmless. Yet that is not the end of the folly. The *baas* needs must remember that he promised to take the woman's diamonds, the ones she had stolen, to Lourenço Marquez and we trekked for that place. It has been a long trek and a hard one. And not yet are we done with this cursed place."

Jim hit out viciously with his sjambok at a tangle of vines which looped themselves and fell like dangling nooses above the trail.

"But I had given my word, Jim! I couldn't steal the diamonds!"

"Truly, *baas*," Jim agreed sarcastically. "The Major has taken many stones, but he has never stolen—no!

"And so we leave the open veldt and come to this country where a man breathes with difficulty, where there is no air. And still the tale of folly is not all told. When we come to a kraal and the people there tell of an evil white man and a man who is neither white nor black, together with fifty black soldiers, who have carried off the young men and maidens to sell as calves, the *baas* must needs follow the spoor of those evil ones. He is resolved, he says, to punish them. And with those—" Jim jerked his thumb contemptuously over his shoulder—"weaklings—the men the slavers would not trouble to take with them—he intends to do great deeds. We are like fools who walk into an uncovered elephant pit."

The white man smiled and then began to sing softly.

"At least the spoor is easy to follow, Jim," he said presently.

"Truly, *baas*. But they are at least a day' trek ahead of us, and soon it will be night an we will have to camp again without fires fo fear that we should be seen; so we will suffe the torments of insects and danger from th beasts of the bush. And I am hungry, *baa* Between my belly and my back is nothing but great emptiness. And to what end? Death a the hands of the Portuguese dogs—if we do no all die of fever first."

"What would you have me do, Jim?" th major asked softly. "Turn back? And befo you answer, think of the kraals these evil on have burned down. Think, too, of the on armed children back there and the bleedin backs of the old men and women. And be su you remember the warrior, the man who muscles were mightier even than yours, wh blindly sat in the gray ashes that had been h kraal, a broken, helpless thing. Think—"

"*Au-a! Baas*," Jim interrupted quickly "I do remember and am ashamed. We will on, *baas*, we two—even if those others shou turn back. What we will do is past my unde standing. It may be that the *baas*, by holdin up his hand, can dam a mighty river. I kno not. But we will go on and if we must die—it better to go now than to wait until old age an regrets come. As I have said, *baas*, we a fools!"

"Fools enjoy life, Jim. Wise men regret it so be content."

A GRAY-BEARDED native, the ring of petty chief on his head, naked save for loin-cloth about his middle, stepped out of th bush directly in their path.

"What is it, Simba?" the major ask sharply. "Why are you not with your scouts

"I hastened back to tell you, white man, th the evil ones we seek are camped only a litt way ahead," he panted. "By sundown yo will reach the place. The white man and th black soldiers talk loudly as men talk who a near to blows."

The major smiled, then his eyes hardene the lines about his strong jaw tightened.

"And what are the scouts doing, Simba?"

"They are watching the camp, white ma I have also ordered that they should try and in touch with my people who are the prisone of the evil ones; that should be easy, for guard is set over them. What need of guard They are leg-ironed and yoked together."

The major nodded. Then:

"You are hurt, Simba."

The old chief's left arm hung helpless at side.

"It is nothing," he said. "I am old and bones break easily. So, when I fell into an e phant pit, my arm under me—" He broke

"You are playing with fire, dear Miss," he said, "and I'm afraid you'll get your pretty fingers burned. And that would be a pity."

with a chuckle. "At least my right arm, my killing arm, is good. I can still fight to free my people."

The white man dismounted quickly and expertly strapped up Simba's broken arm. While he was thus occupied the natives crowded around and watched him with curious eyes.

When the bandaging was finished he gave them terse, explicit instructions of the part they were to play.

"*Bwana!*" They chorused when he had made all clear to them. "In all things we will obey."

They raised their weapons in silent salutation and then the bush swallowed them up; they became black, flickering shadows in the African bush, and presently the shadows vanished, as shadows will when commanded to do so by the sun.

"They may be poor soldiers when it comes to drill," the major drawled in English, "but, by jove, they know how to lose themselves in the bush!"

"The *bwana* says?" the old chief questioned wonderingly.

"Hush, old one," Jim said sternly. "My *baas* makes a charm. He is a great man. He is the Major—and I, I am Jim, his servant. An' if I don't see you s'long hullo!" the Hottentot babbled in conclusion, greatly pleased at the effect his own little patter of English had on Simba.

"We tarry here too long," Simba said, and refusing to ride the horse or the mule went on along the trail.

The major mounted and followed closely after him, with Jim riding at his side.

"Take heart, black one," he said to the Hottentot with a low chuckle. "Did you not hear the old chief say that he had fallen into an elephant pit? But he got out alive! It is an omen!"

But Jim refused to be cheered up.

"He broke his arm, *baas*," he said lugubriously. "An evil omen, surely!"

THEY trekked on in silence until, about half an hour later, Simba halted at a bend in the trail and held up his hand.

The major and Jim reined in their mounts and listened.

A confused murmur of voices came to them—voices raised in hot dispute. A shot echoed weirdly through the bush; it was quickly followed by another, and then another.

Simba's eyes blazed exultantly.

"They fight amongst themselves," he cried. "Our work will be easier."

The major nodded agreement.

"Go and join your men, Simba," he ordered. "Do not forget to wait for my signal—and there must be no killing, no bloodshed if that can be avoided. It is an order."

"It is an order, *bwana!*"

Simba left the trail and hurried swiftly through the thick bush. Here and there the tall grasses quivered at his passing, but he made no sound.

"Now we go on, Jim," the major said cheerfully.

"*Au-a!*" the Hottentot replied with a grimace. "Now I know how feels a goat which is used as bait to snare a lion."

The major laughed.

"If I did not know you very well, Jim, I should say you were afraid."

"The *baas* does not know me—I am."

They rode on and came presently to a large clearing in the center of which stood a cumbersome tent. About the tent swarmed some fifty excited natives dressed in the uniform of the Portuguese black soldiery.

Beyond, at the opposite side of the clearing, two or three hundred natives—men and women—huddled helplessly together. They wore leg-irons, their hands were tied behind their backs and yoked to each other by a short length of heavy chain.

At the tent opening stood two men. One, he was very tall and thin, wore gaudy colored pyjamas and a large sun helmet, the other, a heavily built man with thick pouting lips and broad-bridged nose, was dressed in a gorgeous uniform—the blue of the cloth of which it was made served only as something on which to hang medals and gold lace.

Both men were very drunk and frightened; they tried to bolster their courage by drinking from the bottles they held in their left hands and threatening the soldiers with their revolvers.

The major and Jim halted just at the edge of the clearing and watched; apparently their presence was not known.

"The black soldiers will spring the trap," Jim murmured softly, "then we can walk in unafraid."

The major nodded. His eyes were fixed on the thin white man at the tent opening and his half-caste companion.

"Perhaps it would be better," he mused, "to leave those two to the mercies of their own men. I think, before the night is over, they would be made to suffer enough pain to pay for the torture they have caused the natives hereabouts. The devils!" His eyes glinted coldly. "But no; we still have to think of the prisoners over there. The soldiers are a little drunk now; later, after they have killed their officers, they will get very drunk and then—"

He knew to what terrible extremes of brutality a savage will go when under the influence of white man's liquor—especially when that savage has been under the tutelage of degenerate whites.

One of the natives, a big fellow with a sergeant's chevrons on his sleeves—stepped forward from his companions. He held his hands above his head to show that he was unarmed.

"Let us talk this over," he said in a deep, bellowing voice. "Listen to our commands so that bloodshed may be avoided."

The thin man at the tent staggered a few paces forward.

"What mean you by 'commands,' dog?" he called in a piping falsetto voice. "Come crawling on your hands and knees, licking the dust from my shoes—beg for mercy. Then I will listen to you. It is enough, I have spoken. Only, think of this: you forget that behind me, Don Felix, is all the power of Portugal. Harm but the tip of my little finger and a thousand white men will come searching for your blood."

The major nodded approvingly.

"He understands natives," he murmured as the big sergeant turned sheepishly toward his companions. They crowded about him, talking rapidly, heatedly, and presently he turned once again to face his officer.

"Sir," he said humbly, "my brother there tells me to say this: We are tired of burning kraals and the killing and torturing of our own people. We will have no more of it. We are men—warriors—and that is not the work of men. Neither will we any longer be the dogs of Carlos—that man who is neither white nor black. He is beneath us; he is fit only to cook food and carry water. He is neither white nor black, but a sneaking bastard. Yet, because you have given him authority, we have daily bent our backs to the lash of his whip. Therefore, we demand—"

"Demand," screamed the white man in a frenzy of passion and fired.

"Ah! He does *not* understand natives," the major corrected his first impression. "And now what?"

For a moment the soldiers stared dumbly at the sergeant—he had gone down with a bullet through his shoulder—and then at their commandante who stood there, a mocking smile on his face.

They then took a step forward—forty-nine of them moving as one man.

The white fired again and a soldier fell—his ankle snapped by the shot.

But the others did not halt. They came on, slowly, their bodies bent forward, their eyes gleaming. There was something terribly grim and implacable about their slow movement.

"Come!" said the major shortly to the Hottentot. "It is time for us to take a hand."

He rode across the open space, Jim close behind him.

Three shots sounded in rapid succession; the thin man had fired twice—and missed. The third shot came from the half-caste's revolver—and did not miss.

With a strangled sob, a strange look of hurt surprise on his face, the thin man spun round and then pitched in a lifeless heap to the ground.

This halted the soldiers for a moment and the half-caste yelled,

"See! I am on your side. I have killed—"

Then he ran from the place, the soldiers, yielding fearful threats, close on his heels.

"Stop, warriors!" the major's voice ran out commandingly, but it was startled surprise rather than obedience to the order which halted the soldiers.

THEY looked up at the white man—and he was a man; they could see that—who had appeared so suddenly.

Carlos ran to the major and clutched frantically at his stirrup.

"You're just in time," he panted. "They have killed the commandante and now they would kill me. The mutinous dogs."

"Give me your revolver," the major said coldly.

"But, *senhor*—"

"Give it to me."

With a shrug of his shoulders Carlos handed it to him.

"Now get behind my horse and keep your mouth closed."

"Give us that half-caste dog, stranger," a native cried, "and then you may go your way. We have no bone to pick with you."

"But I have one to pick with you," he answered. He took out his monocle and polished it carefully with his handkerchief.

They watched in awed amazement; never before had they seen a man who could take out his eye.

"You have forgotten that you are warriors and men," he said at length, sure now that he had their attention. "You have become like unclean beasts; you go up and down the land devouring your own kind."

"We acted not by ourselves," the sergeant shouted. He had risen slowly to his feet and made his way to the front of his men. Blood streamed down from the wound in his shoulder but he seemed indifferent to it. "We are soldiers of the Government—we only obeyed the order of the man in authority over us."

"And he is dead—he cannot give you the lie. He cannot say that the evil things you have done were done in defiance of his commands. You were wise to kill him before he could bear witness against you."

"We did not kill him; the half-caste did that."

"So? And if you kill Carlos—then what? Who will believe your story? No one. They will say that you rose up against your officers and killed them because they rebuked you for the evil you did. Every hand will be against you."

"*Au-a!* It is true, stranger. What then?"

"It is well for you that the Great White Overlord, having heard of the evil in this district sent me to take you and your officers in chains to Lourenço Marquez; it is well that he sent me, I say, for all things are known to me. I know Carlos killed Don Felix and I know you had no stomach for the things you were ordered to do. Therefore I will speak to my friend who is the Great Overlord and undoubtedly he will deal gently with you. But Carlos I take in chains to Lourenço Marquez, and there you must go too that the governor may hear the full story and order such punishment as he may think best."

"If you promise to speak softly for us, stranger, we will go," the sergeant said stolidly after talking with his men. "But we will not go in chains. We are free men—you are alone save for that grinning ape of a Hottentot. Therefore, we tell you not to try us too far lest we kill you and the half-caste, then lose ourselves in the bush."

"But I am not alone," the major said. "Listen!" He put his fingers to his mouth and whistled shrilly.

Immediately loud shouts sounded in the bush all about the clearing. Again the major whistled and the shouting ceased.

The soldiers whispered together uneasily.

"I am not sure that I will take you in chains," the major continued. "If you obey my commands—"

"What are your commands, *bwana?*"

"Your name, sergeant?"

"M'Linda, *bwana*,"

"THEN listen to my commands, Sergeant M'Linda. First the people who are bound yonder shall be returned to their kraals."

"That is to our way of thinking. That we were prepared to do. Is that all?"

"Nay. You must help rebuild the kraals you have destroyed."

"That, too, we will do, *bwana*," the sergeant said slowly and groaned. He saw ahead weeks of fatiguing labor. But it was just—most just.

"Does he speak for you all?" the major asked.

"Truly, *bwana*," the others replied in chorus. "He is our mouthpiece. To what he gives his word, we give our word."

"What then?" the sergeant asked.

"Then—" a smile flickered over the major's face—"then when the fat of soft living has been sweated out of you, I will make you real soldiers."

"And you give your word to speak for us to the governor?"

"My word has been given."

The sergeant hesitated a moment, sighed and then—

"We are your dogs, *bwana!*"

"Then file before me and stack your rifles here."

They obeyed without hesitation.

"Now two of you take the half-caste and guard him closely. But he is not to be harmed. The rest of you, release the men—the women we will attend to later—you have taken prisoners, and bring them here to me. Make haste! Soon it will be dark and there is much work to be done."

Again his orders were obeyed without question.

"And now you shall see my army," the major said slowly to the soldiers.

He whistled three times and in response to the call natives broke from the cover of the bush all around and converged slowly on the tent.

The soldiers looked at them wonderingly—the wonder gave place to anger. These newcomers, the army of the white man, was composed of old men and beardless youths. They had no guns—they—

It was a mock of an army!

The soldiers turned wrathfully on the major—they had been tricked—they would retract the promises they had made—

And then they saw that the men of the kraals—the prisoners they had just released—a hundred and fifty of them—encircled the white man in a ring three deep. And each one of the fifty in the front rank held a rifle in his hand.

They had been tricked—but it was no shame to be tricked by such a man.

"*Bwana!*" they cried happily. "We are your men!"

There were many curious spectators of the procession which wound its way along the dusty thoroughfare which was the main street of Lourenço Marquez—the fever-infested seaport of Portuguese East Africa. Before each ugly, whitewashed, square hut, made even more hideous by a broad band of vivid brown paint around the doorway and windows and along the outside edges of the buildings, sat a little group of men and women who watched with sleep-laden eyes this strange interruption of the noonday siesta.

Here and there their appearance was greeted by a lazy ripple of applause; elsewhere there were low mutterings. It occurred to many of the onlookers that these native soldiers formed the advance guard of an invading force from Rhodesia. That invasion had long been feared. Lourenço Marquez would be a most valuable asset to the new colony and several schemes had been instigated to annex the seaport by peaceful means. They had failed. Very well, then. Why not occupation by force of arms and then, possession being nine points of international law, how would it be possible to oust the British lion once he had esconced himself?

Consequently certain citizens—American, German, French and English traders—seeing an end to the present criminally lax administration,

The major was listening for Jim's signal—hoping that the candle would last until then—hoping to avoid the situation he would be called upon to face should the candle go out too soon.

applauded, while others—officials of that administration, gambling hell proprietors and certain ladies—thinking of their imminent loss of revenue, sighed, cursed and covertly shook their fists.

The belief that this was an invading force was heightened by the fact that, following the detachment of police, slouched a Goanese—a half-caste—dressed in the tawdry remnants of what had once been a much gold-belaced, flamboyant uniform. He was weaponless and evidently a prisoner, for on either side of him marched two of the police.

"It is Carlos!" the whisper marked his passing. "They've captured Carlos!"

"I hope they string you up so high that your neck reaches to your heels," a red-headed, pug-nosed man yelled. "An' sure that's better than you deserve, and so it is."

The prisoner scowled and turning slightly swore venomously, ending with:

"My time's coming soon. You—"

One of his guards prodded him in the back with the butt of his rifle and he stumbled on.

"You bet your time's coming," the red-headed one yelled, "and I'll be on hand to see it, so I will."

After the prisoner and his guard came a rabble of natives carrying loads on their heads. They all gaped in astonishment at the white men, most of whom were barefooted and wore gaudy colored pyjamas, and the kraal they had built for themselves. The women stared with a mixture of envy and dismay at the native women of the town who were dressed in gaudy cotton prints. Somehow the comparison between the women of the town and those of the bush greatly favored the latter, made their nakedness essentially modest. As for the men—*Shenzis*—the two natives shouted contemptuously—naked save for a loin-cloth, they were as gods compared to their mockers who had sold their heritage of splendid physique, a knowledge of Nature and all her ways, for a mess of pottage, for the sops and dregs of a white man's civilization.

"Fine lot of ivory those niggers are carrying," commented a lean, long-shanked American. He and his companion, a fat little cockney, were seated at a table outside one of the saloons. "I'd like to get a chance to buy it without greasing a lot of palms."

"Well, yer won't," the cockney replied in a low, cautious tone, looking around to make sure that he was not overheard by the proprietor of the saloon—a greasy-skinned, villainous looking Portuguese—who was hovering near-by, watching the procession with despair. "You ain't such a bloody fool as to think them coveys are part hof a Henglish force, surely? Can't yer see they're hall Portuguese niggers—an' I've recognized one or two of 'em. That big sergeant, there. 'Is name's M'Linda. No, Yank! There's somefing bloomin' funny abart all this, but it don't mean the Portuguese are going ter be kicked hout. You'll be payin' palm oil ter a lot of greasy Dagoes fer a long time ter come, I'm finkin'. But, blimme! Look wot's a-comin' now! Ain't 'e the darlingest pet? Ain't 'e too sweet fer words?"

"That's a mighty fine horse he's riding," the other said slowly, "an' he sits him as if he knew how a horse should be ridden. If I were you, Cockney, I wouldn't let him hear me call him names. He's no momma's pet. I'm willing to bet he's upward of six foot and weighs over two hundred—or I never won a soote at a county fair."

"Well, wot abart about it, Yank? Two 'undred pounds an' six foot ain't nothin' at all if 'e ain't got guts. An' 'e ain't. 'E can't 'ave, else 'e wouldn't wear a monocle."

AT THAT moment the object of their conversation, an immaculately attired white man, raised in his horse, a coal-black Basutu stallion which had in him a strong leavening of Arab close to the two men and drawled:

"I say, old chappies, can you tell me if the bally governor's in town?"

"In a manner of speakin' 'e is, Percy, dear boy." Cockney's drawl was very labored, and making a ring of the thumb and forefinger of his right hand he squinted through it while with the other hand he tenderly twirled an imaginary mustache. "And hin a manner 'e ain't. Haw!" he concluded.

The rider turned to the American whose face was purple with poorly suppressed mirth—Cockney's burlesque of the monocled dude was very funny—and taking out his monocle polished it with a white silk handkerchief then, satisfied that it was clean, replaced the monocle with a flowery gesture, returned the handkerchief to the sleeve of his well-fitting tunic coat.

"I say, old bean," he said, "I wish you'd elucidate the riddle propounded by your humorous friend—'e is, an' in a manner 'e ain't—if you know what I mean." His imitation of Cockney's nasal twang was perfect and the American chuckled.

"Sure! I know what you mean. But about the governor. Cockney was right. He is and he ain't. He died two weeks ago—black water fever they say. Poor devil."

"Dead, eh?" the other said gravely.

"Yep! An' they buried him at noon the same day. He didn't have a chance to live—"

"Who—er—is—in charge of things now?" the horseman interrupted.

"Ferdinand de Paulos. He—"

But the other did not stop to hear more and rode off after his charges, followed closely by a grizzled Hottentot who rode a mule and seemed to be mutely protesting that he should be forced to ride anything so immoral as the result of a donkey's mismating.

"Hi! What's all this about?" the American shouted.

"Can't stop now, old dear. See you later!"

"But wot's yer name, Percy, me love?" Cockney screamed.

"Aubrey St. John," the drawl floated back, "but most people call me Major."

"Oh, hell!" Cockney exclaimed lugubriously, and pulling out a red bandanna handkerchief he mopped his red face. "An' there I was a flirtin' wiv death as hinnocent as a bloody baby lamb. Oh migawd!"

He pounded vigorously on the table. The rat-faced saloon keeper came running vigorously in answer to the noisy summons and filled up the two empty glasses.

"That is all right, *senhor*," he said hastily as Cockney put his hand in his pocket. "You will drink this one on Manuel, no? We must celebrate this day—this so great day. An' the *senhor* will not forget," he added with a leer, "to speak of my poor place when the white soldiers come. We must—what do you say?—stick together. No?"

He looked up and down the dusty street.

"Soon the army will be here, no? It must be a great many soldiers, eh, for see, they have captured the so great and cunning Carlos—"

"They'll be 'ere soon, Manuel," Cockney said solemnly. "Ten thousand of them—an' all thirsty. You'd better bring hus some more of yer stuff so we can sample hit. For, mind yer, if it ain't, they'll fill yer so full o' lead that it'll be heasy ter give yer a burial at sea."

"*Por Dios!* I will do it!" And Manuel, the saloon keeper, hurried away, yelling orders to his Goanese and native servants.

"Ain't it a treat to 'ear that yeller 'ound tork to a white man fer once as a white man ought ter be torked to? But won't 'e be wild when 'e finds it all ain't so? Course there ain't no harmy coming, and, also o' course, this is one of the major's little games; he did it all on 'is little own. Lord love 'im! But wot we've got ter do, Yank, is drink fast afore Manuel 'ere finds out wot it's all about and then hook it. I've seen Manuel throw a knife, I 'ave, an' throw it bloody straight. But 'ell! Wot's the use of torkin' an' lookin' fer trouble? 'Ere we are drinkin' free booze—an' lots more ter come—an' all because o' the major. Cheerio, Yank. Drink 'earty!"

"Down the hatch, Cockney. But say, ain't I heard of this major chap somewhere before? Who is he? He's no monocled dude for all he looks like one."

Cockney chuckled softly.

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised if yer 'ad 'eard of 'im, Yank, not a bit surprised. But there, there ain't no call fer me ter be so cocky abart it, fer I've seen 'im afore an' torked wiv 'im—not saucy like I did a little while back—an' I didn't reckernize 'im! Made fun of 'im, I did. Lumme!" Cockney made a wry face at the memory of his impertinence. "But then—oo would 'ave thought ter see the major in this 'ell 'ole? There ain't no diamonds 'ere."

The other frowned thoughtfully.

"The major—diamonds," he muttered. Then aloud, "Oh, I remember. He's the illicit diamond buyer they talk so much about."

"They don't tork about anything else—at least the police don't—down Kimberly way. Why, say, Yank, that damned lazy lookin' dude is abart heverything wot he don't look ter be. 'E's got brains an' nerve, an' 'e's the best shot in this whole blamed country an' can ride anything. 'E's a real sport an' got more friends among the whites an' niggers—"

"But he's a crook," Yank interposed.

Cockney spat in derision.

"Crook, 'ell! All wot 'e does is buy a few diamonds for which 'e ain't got no license. There's a rumor that 'e got stung once—w'en 'e first came hout 'ere years ago by the Syndicate. You knows wot the I. D. B. laws are."

Yank nodded.

"Don't see why you Limeys stand for them," he said briefly.

"Well then," Cockney said triumphantly, "that's all the crook the major is. 'E won't stand fer them lousy laws, that's all."

MEANWHILE the procession had passed on out of sight of the two men, and was now parading before a house, notorious even in a notorious section of a notorious town.

In the shade of an awning which had been improvised from a much patched piece of sail cloth sat a woman—her age was uncertain; somewhere between eighteen and thirty—and two men.

The woman was very beautiful; her large black eyes smoldered, ready to burst into flames of anger or passion; the color of her full, sensual lips made a vivid splash of scarlet against the ivory white pallor of her skin. She was a white woman—the only white woman in Lourenço Marquez—with all the outer shell of civilization, but primitive in her physical perfection and grace of carriage; primitive, too, in all her emotions. She languidly waved a dainty lace handkerchief, presumably to cheer on the procession, but as the handkerchief was drenched with jasmine perfume it served to disguise the stench of refuse which pervaded the atmosphere and which was one of the curses of the early days of Lourenço Marquez.

The two men, apparently whites and evidently twins, were vulgarly over-dressed. On their fat fingers flashed diamond rings. Both wore flowing, scarlet bow ties and diamonds glistened in their billowing, not over-clean white shirts. They were both very short and their shortness was exaggerated by their full, rounded stomachs about which they wore wide, crimson cummerbunds. Their upper lips were adorned by large mustaches, the ends of which were waxed and curled belligerently upward.

They viewed the procession with great alarm and turned angrily on the girl when she poked fun at their fears.

"You can laugh, yes, Lola," one of them snarled. "You're safe. You're a woman—and beautiful. But as for us—" he shrugged his shoulders—"we can't pay for safe conduct the way you can."

The girl's eyes flashed angrily and her hand closed about the butt of a small revolver which she carried tucked into her waistband.

"Have a care, Pedro," she retorted in a low, threatening voice. "You presume too far. And so do you, Ricardo—" she turned swiftly on the other and the sneering smile on his face vanished to be replaced by one of dog-like humility. "No man can talk to Lola de Sousa that way. No one!"

"Let us not quarrel," the man called Ricardo said suavely. "Pedro spoke foolishly—but take my word, he did not mean what he said. Is it not so, Pedro?" Pedro bowed grandiloquently.

"*Si.* Of course, Lola. We are friends. I would not do nothing to harm you—you work your way and we work ours. But I was disturbed. This—" he waved a pudgy hand toward the passing soldiers—"is unsettling. I think we should get away from here before it is too late."

"That is my thought, too, Lola," the other added quickly.

The girl looked at them scornfully.

"Pish!" she exclaimed and throwing the black lace mantilla from her head leaned forward in her chair so that she might better see and be seen by the passers-by.

The two men exchanged meaning glances, then tiptoed softly to the door of the house, intending to enter and make their getaway by the back door.

"You don't have to steal away like that," Lola said dreamily. "I would not try to stop you." They halted and looked at each other uncertainly. "But here comes Carlos," she went on. "First wait and see him."

Her English was charming. "You will come in," she repeated.

They came back hastily, their faces beaming. If Carlos was with these strange soldiers—then everything was all right.

And then they saw Carlos and their jaws sagged, their bugle eyes threatened to burst from their sockets.

"He's a prisoner!" the two men gasped simultaneously.

"Why, yes—of course!" the girl said amusedly.

The man Pedro grasped her arm frantically.

"This is no time for fooling, Lola. Come. Let's go before it is too late. Carlos a prisoner can mean only one thing—"

"It can mean many things," she assured him calmly. "Maybe it is time for us to go—but at least let us wait until Carlos has come nearer so that we may ask him things."

With a poor grace, fidgeting uneasily, they waited. When Carlos was opposite the girl called in a strong, clear voice:

"What is it, Carlos? Are the English going to take the town?"

He looked toward her quickly and a gleam of hope shone in his terrible dark, muddy eyes as he saw the two men who were with her.

"No," he snarled. "That devil they call the major captured us. He caused the commandante to be killed and he takes me, he says to the governor. Rescue—before it is too late."

"The major!" the two men exclaimed and their hands leaped to their revolvers.

"The major," the girl breathed softly, her hand to her heart.

"Rescue," Carlos pleaded forlornly—his guards held him by the arms now and were dragging him onward.

"No!" the girl cried imperiously. "There is no need for rescue, Carlos. The old governor is dead and Ferdinand de Paulos is acting in his place. Go on. Let them think you are beaten. Let the major play his game—and then we will play ours."

The half-caste's face lighted up vindictively and he cursed his two guards, threatening them, predicting awful tortures until they silenced him by jabbing him in the back with their rifle butts. He stumbled on, quite content to wait.

The girl turned to the two men and laughed merrily.

"You are so brave, my friends," she said scathingly. "You would run when none pursue and so miss many things."

"You are very clever, Lola. I'm glad we stayed. We have an account to settle with the *Senhor* Major, eh, Ricardo?"

"Yes. A big account, brother. And it will be settled—presently." He drew his forefinger across his throat.

"No, fools!" the girl cried sharply. "He is not to be harmed. Of what good is he to us dead? But alive—and on our side—"

The two frowned. Once the major had affronted their personal honor. That was no light thing! That could not be forgotten just because a woman ordered it.

"Why so soft, Lola?" Ricardo asked. "It is nothing to you, surely, what we do with him. He made a fool of us, and has made a fool of you. He took the diamonds you entrusted to him—you are not in the habit of giving things up so easily."

"I'm not soft," Lola said patiently. "Also I am no fool. I shall yet get my diamonds back, have no fear of that, and if not, it does not matter. The major has the reputation of being honest. But listen, how long have we sighed for just such a man as the major to help us? How many opportunities of making much wealth have we let go by because we had no one like him. Think of the Swaziland affair, and the black ivory waiting up north and—"

The two nodded eagerly.

"That is true, Lola, we had not thought of that."

"You wouldn't," she said contemptuously.

"But can you get him, Lola? Can you make him your man?'

"I shall get him," she replied arrogantly.

"And after you are through with him—he shall be ours, eh, to do with as we like? You will not interfere?"

"That's a fine horse he's riding, an' he sits him as if he knew how a horse should be ridden."

Again Ricardo passed his finger across his throat.

"When I am through with him," she said cryptically, "he shall be yours. Now hasten to the fort and warn Ferdinand that the major is to be unharmed; say that I, Lola de Sousa, have so ordered it. And tell him that the major has twenty diamonds in his pockets."

They looked at her wonderingly and were about to protest. They knew what would happen to those diamonds once Ferdinand de Paulos knew of their existence.

"Go!" she ordered, waving them away imperiously. "Say just what I have told you to say—no more, no less."

They departed quickly then, chuckling happily and congratulating themselves on their good fortune in having such a beautiful and clever partner in the many crimes to which they applied themselves with a zeal and courage worthy of far better things.

As the men departed, Lola drew her mantilla over her head so that it partly covered her face and pulled her chair back closer to the wall of the house.

The native carriers passed by and then, two or three minutes later, the major cantered up the road, followed by the Hottentot on the mule.

Just before the major drew level with Lola, she rolled her handkerchief into a tight little ball and tossed it into the roadway.

The major could not have failed to have seen it—Satan his horse, swerved a little to avoid it—but he rode on, looking straight ahead.

And so he did not see the Hottentot dismount and retrieve the handkerchief and inhale its perfume with a broad grin of ecstasy; neither did he see the beautiful, black garbed woman who rushed out from the shade of the house and, after threatening the Hottentot with a revolver, snatch the handkerchief. . . .

"I think you must be a little mad, *Senhor* Major." The speaker was so fat that he was a monstrosity and when he leaned back in his chair it creaked protestingly. "Yes, undoubtedly you must be mad and I—I confess it—I am afraid of you."

The major smiled—he looked surprisingly cool in the white duck uniform he wore—and smoothed the green pugaree of his pith sun helmet which was resting on his knees.

"I am far from mad, Don Ferdinand," he drawled, speaking Portuguese with the faintest accent. "And you have nothing to fear from me. Unless—" He shrugged his shoulders.

The other's eyes narrowed, disappeared entirely behind rolls of fat.

"I do not like that 'unless'," he said slowly. "It sounds as if you would threaten me—me, Don Ferdinand de Paulos, Acting Governor of Lourenço Marquez—'

"Soon, it is hoped," the major interposed with elaborate sarcasm, "the so brave and so wise Don Ferdinand's appointment will be made permanent."

Don Ferdinand bowed.

"But I am afraid of you," he insisted. "You have the reputation of being a bold, bad man. And I am alone with you here in my so poverty-stricken office; you could so easily kill me. You are armed—"

"Yes. I could easily kill you—and I would not need my revolver. You would—" the major scrutinized the other closely, shrewdly gauging his weaknesses. "I would only have to poke you with my forefinger there—" he indicated a point on the fat man's waistline—"and you would explode. You are only a rotten skin of bad wind. But why talk of killing? I am a peaceful soul. I ask very little of you but—" the drawl left the major's voice, his mild, blue eyes hardened, seemed on the instant to take on the quality of steel, his jaw muscles tightened—"but that little I ask you must give me."

Don Ferdinand coughed dryly.

"I have already said that the *Senhor* Major is a little mad; now, also, I say that he is very foolish. Yes. He comes here to the fort, to my office here, unannounced. He disturbs my siesta and puts to flight several ladies who were ah—busily engaged in work of state, and he tells a wild tale of having evidence that a high official of my government and his assistant—one Carlos, a Goanese—was engaged in the so wicked practice of slave running. The *Senhor* Major tells me that he put an end to the slave raiding. Says that he saw Carlos kill his commandante, and has taken Carlos a prisoner. Then to cap this colossal impertinence, he brings Carlos here, under guard of his own detachment of native soldiers, and asks that I punish Carlos—"

"I demand that," the major murmured.

"Demands, then," Don Ferdinand amended, "that I punish Carlos by a public whipping and then hang him; demands that I promote certain of the native soldiers whom he incited to mutiny against their commanding officer and demands, also, that I, my government, compensate each of the many natives he has brought here to witness to the crimes of Carlos and the late, greatly lamented high official. Is that it, *Senhor* Major?"

"That is enough to start with, gracious excellency. When you've done that, there may be a few other reforms I'd like to have you inaugurate."

Don Ferdinand scowled.

"Yes, you are mad, *Senhor* Major. Very mad. And suppose that I refuse to accede to your childish demands?"

The major sighed.

"Ah, then, in that case I would be compelled to take matters into my own hands. Yes, much as it would grieve me, I would become public executioner—and perhaps give you a taste of the lash too. Ah! You squirm. Well, well!"

"You forget my government—"

"When the truth is known, Don Ferdinand, I do not think that your government will treat me harshly."

"It is easier to predict the flavor of an egg before the shell is broken than to guess the judgment of a government," Don Ferdinand said sententiously. "But, forgetting that, is it permitted to know how you intend to depose me and take the authority into your own hands? The *senhor* forgets, it would seem, that the fort is manned by a garrison of white and black soldiers. They did not oppose his entrance because it was the time of the noonday siesta—and of what use bloodshed. But when occasion arises the *senhor* will find them good fighters."

THE major smiled and thrusting his hands into his trousers pockets looked approvingly at his well-polished riding boots.

"It is permitted," he said at last. "In the courtyard of this so-called fort—which is but little better than a mud wall—fifty native police stand guard. They have been drilled very carefully for many days. I drilled them and I do not boast when I say that they are superb. Each one knows his rifle—and how to use it—and, this is most important, Don Ferdinand, each one looks to me for orders. They have had their orders. Your own men—they were very drunk—are under careful guard and the fort is mine. So, my dear Don Ferdinand, should you be in any way mulish, or exhibit any trace of a hybrid degeneracy . . . why a few commands to *my* soldiers and then where would *your* fort and you be?

"Why, most gracious excellency—" the major waxed enthusiastic—"I could conquer a kingdom with those fifty black fighting devils. They are afraid of nothing, hard as nails and their knowledge of bush fighting is simply marvelous. Why even Jim—you should know

Jim, he's my Hottentot servant—admits that, and he could play tag with a herd of elephants and the big beasts would not know he was there. By Jove! A happy thought comes to me. I will keep those fifty men and we'll go up and down the land seeking whom we may destroy—if you know what I mean. I think, perhaps, I might even win a kingdom for myself—yes, that has been done. It is worth thinking about. I know—" He broke off with a show of embarrassment. "Pardon me, dear excellency! You are not interested in my dreams, are you? Of course not."

"No," Don Ferdinand exploded harshly. "I am only interested in what you will do with me if I agree to your so extraordinary demands. If I punish Carlos, as you insist, and reward the mutinous soldiers and pay compensation to the natives—what then?"

"Why then, dear old sausage," the major cried gaily, "I will leave this fair town of Lourenço Marquez, I will leave this territory in great haste and, more than that, I will leave you to stew in—er—your own grease. After all I cannot watch over you all the time. I fancy your government will take care of you in due course, and also, I imagine, there are some white men in the town who will see that you do not carry things too far."

A shrill whistle sounded.

Apparently neither man heard it, but Don Ferdinand's tense attitude relaxed, his big bulk seemed to flow all over his chair. As for the major, he quite casually toyed with the revolver that was lying on the deal table between them.

The whistle sounded again.

"It is a pity," the major commented softly, "that this room is windowless—though it's cooler without one, no doubt—I would like to know who is whistling and why."

"You shall know presently, no doubt," Don Ferdinand answered, then very softly hummed the tune of a ribald song at that time very popular on the East Coast.

The major absently polished his monocle and fixing it carefully in his eye became the complete, silly-ass dude; he looked incapable of saying a sensible word; his expression was one of vacuous inanity. More than that; it seemed as if he had become on the instant, a soft, spineless creature who was more at home in a lady's boudoir than in a place where men congregate. The steel-gray light vanished from his eyes; they were now a mild, questioning, baby blue.

"I have waited far too long for your answer," he said slowly.

"*Si!* Far too long," Don Ferdinand agreed.

"So? Then you are ready to give it now?"

"Yes—quite ready." Don Ferdinand rose grunting to his feet.

"And it is—?"

"No."

The major arched his eyebrows incredulously.

"You said, 'No'?"

"*Si.*"

The major rose languidly, yawned and stretched his hands high above his head.

"Oh, but this is magnificent," he drawled. "You have courage, you have—er—guts—nothing personal intended there, sweet excellency. You intend to take the field, alone, against my so brave and well trained black devils."

"I have already defeated your blacks, *senhor*."

FOR a moment the major was nonplussed then, with a chuckle,

"You are quite amusing, Don Ferdinand. By taking thought as it were, you destroy fifty men. Pouf! Like that. And they are no more. Magnificent. But—pardon me!—you are a little mad and also, I think, a fool!"

"Perhaps yes!" Don Ferdinand said complacently, folding his hands across his enormous stomach as if it needed the support. "But no doubt the *Senhor* Major has heard of the Chief Mzila who said that he did not fear the white men because two omnipotent generals always fought on his side—General Bush and General Fever? The *Senhor* has heard of that saying, hasn't he?"

"Yes," the major replied wonderingly. "Mzila was a crafty devil."

Don Ferdinand smiled triumphantly.

"I am a crafty devil too, *senhor*. I have an even greater general fighting for me. His name's—" He paused and leered provocatively.

"Go on," the major said testily. "I am no good at guessing riddles. His name is—?"

"General Gin, *senhor*. You would like to see? Of course."

He waddled to the door and flung it open.

"After you, *senhor*," he grunted with a mocking bow.

The major hesitated then snatching up his revolver hurried out of the room, followed by Don Ferdinand.

Passing along a dark passage they came presently to the courtyard.

For a moment, blinded by the fierce glare of the sun, the major did not fully comprehend the meaning of it all. Then, as his eyes adjusted themselves to the brilliant light, he saw that the courtyard was dotted with the forms of his fifty soldiers—broken glass and the smell of gin was everywhere. Occasionally one of the forms stirred fitfully; a voice was raised in a drunken song—its accompaniment was a volume of stertorous snores.

Sad faced, grieving deeply, the major stooped over one and shook him. The man did not waken and the major rising turned on Don Ferdinand with a fierce oath of disgust and rage.

He looked into the revolver which that man was holding.

"Your revolver, *senhor*," Don Ferdinand suavely holding out his hand for it.

The major hesitated a moment and then handed it over.

"Thank you, *senhor*. You were wise, I do not like bloodshed. And your soldiers—you must not blame them. They were very thirsty, they had marched far and the sun was hot. They will be much hotter and thirstier before they drink again."

The major turned once more to the courtyard.

"Fall in!" he shouted in a stentorian voice.

But there was no response, save that here and there an arm waved drunkenly.

"The drink was very strong," Don Ferdinand murmured. "They do not hear you. And even if they did they would be helpless. You see, fearing that they would do each other mischief—when the wine is in, wits are out, eh?—I ordered that all their rifles and ammunition should be taken from them. Did you not notice that? Ah, well! Now I will give an order: Carlos!" he shouted in a high piping voice. "I would speak to you."

From a room on the opposite side of the courtyard, Carlos, the Goanese, emerged. He was dressed in a gaudy uniform, but his face was dirty, his feet bare and his hair, lacking the grease with which it was usually plastered smooth, curled about his bullet shaped head. He carried an enormous sjambok in his hand. Behind him marched ten white soldiers in filthy, misfitting uniforms; behind them came a detachment of the native soldiers attached to the fort.

Between two of the latter, handcuffed and leg-ironed, was Jim the Hottentot. Jim swayed as he walked, but not entirely from drunkenness. His shirt was torn and the major could see that his back had been criss-crossed with the cutting lash of a sjambok. The major swore.

"A guard here for this white fool, Carlos," Don Ferdinand ordered. "Then throw these pigs in the cells. In the morning when they are sober—or dead—we will deal further with them."

Two villainous looking whites—undersized and diseased—came running over, bayonets fixed in their rifles, and halted a few paces from the major.

"We will return to my office," Don Ferdinand suggested. "I have listened much to you—now it is your turn to listen to me."

With a gesture of hopeless resignation—the gesture of a beaten man, the failure of the men he had trained so carefully hit him hard—the major turned and stumbled slowly down the passageway to Don Ferdinand's office. At the door he paused and his body stiffened as a wild scream followed the *thwack* of a descending sjambok. Then he entered the room and, as Don Ferdinand closed it behind them—having ordered the two soldiers to stand guard outside—slumped into a chair and moodily traced meaningless patterns with the toe of his boot on the dusty floor.

"It was all so easy," Don Ferdinand gloated. "I knew you were coming so my men pretended to be much drunker than they were, and they had orders not to resist. That was very humane of me. I averted much bloodshed. You locked them up. There you were wise. But you locked the prepared gin up with them—and it was so easy to pass a bottle out of the window to the native you had left on guard; more bottles followed— How could those black mutinous dogs refuse so much liquor?"

"Yes, it was very easy," the major said wearily. "I had overlooked that—I had forgotten that you—and white men like you—have always made a practice of enlisting General Gin on your

The "boulder" moved and showed itself to be a man. "That is folly, *baas*," growled Jim the Hottentot, standing up.

side. You couldn't win even a minor engagement like this one without his help."

Don Ferdinand pursed his lips and was about to retort angrily, then he shook his head sadly and cat-footed to the door which he flung open suddenly, surprising one of the guards down on his knees—evidently he had been listening at the keyhole.

The fat man's wrath was terrifying, and as he cursed and upbraided the eavesdropper his face became purple and his gross body quivered like jelly.

"Get ten paces from the door, you scum," he screamed in conclusion, "and if again I have occasion to reprimand you, I will have you beaten by Carlos."

He slammed the door violently and mopping his brow agitatedly returned to his chair opposite the major. For a time no sound was heard save his labored breathing.

The major looked at the fat man sitting opposite curiously, a little contemptuously.

"You are too fat to give way to anger, Don Ferdinand," he said presently. "You should get thin or cultivate a calm, placid disposition."

Don Ferdinand scowled; he was incapable of speech, breathing was all that he could manage.

"You see," continued the major, "you have put yourself completely at my mercy. It would be very easy to kill you now—and every one would say that you died of apoplexy. Your hands tremble so that you could not possibly use your revolver and you have no breath to call for help. I could—"

He rose and advanced menacingly toward the fat man.

"Don't be a fool," Don Ferdinand managed to gasp. "It would do you no good to kill me—you'd still have the others to face, and Carlos, I think, would be glad of the opportunity to do with you as he liked. He's a vindictive devil; sometimes I am afraid of him—he has so much power—too much power for a half-caste. Besides, I am not so helpless as you would imagine. See!" With an effort he aimed his revolver at the major who halted and endeavored to look into Don Ferdinand's eyes.

The fat man fingered the diamonds. "A man must have some compensation," he said.

"I'm not sure," he mused. "I think I could get you—you can't hold the revolver still. But, there's a chance I couldn't and, as you say, there'd still be the other to consider."

He returned to his chair and Don Ferdinand sighed with relief.

"Well!" the major continued. "What is the offer you have on your mind?"

Don Ferdinand's eyes opened to their widest.

"How did you know—" he began.

"Oh," the major waved his hand airily, "it's no witchcraft. You were afraid of eavesdroppers. What could the Acting Governor of Lourenço Marquez have to say to a prisoner that he does not want two of his soldiers to hear. Undoubtedly, the most gracious excellency has a greasy itching palm which—in some way totally inexplicable at this moment—he expects to be greased."

Don Ferdinand smiled. "The *Senhor* Major imagines vain things."

The major shrugged his shoulders.

"Then let us forget that and return—er—as it were—to our sheep. You seem to have me at a disadvantage, Don Ferdinand. What do you intend to do with me?"

The other laughed softly.

"You are so direct, so impetuous. What am I going to do with you, you would ask? Let me see." He placed his pudgy finger tips together and frowned thoughtfully. "There are so many things," he continued smoothly. "You understand, of course, that here my power is absolute, I can have you hung, drawn and quartered—but that," he made a gesture of disdain, "is so barbaric. That does not please you? No? I am not enamored of it myself. Well then, life imprisonment in one of our so comfortable cells—you have heard of them, yes? Of course they are a little damp and not exactly health resorts. But what would you? You are guilty of great crimes. Also, of course, in regard to the cells, once a man enters he is as one dead—he ceases to be heard of. And that would go hard with a man, like you, so prone to bask in the spotlight. And, also, men do not live very long in our cells. That is their greatest drawback. You have heard that, no doubt. Fever, and pestilent reptiles and—yes, I've known of prisoners whose stomachs were too weak to eat the food we gave them and they starved to death. Most ungrateful. Of course the food was a little coarse. But prisoners can't be choosers, can they? Yes, I think you would do our cells a great honor, *Senhor* Major. I think that that one a countryman of yours so lovingly named "Black Hell" is empty."

In spite of his belief that Don Ferdinand was only talking for effect and had no intention of carrying out his soft-voiced threats, the major could not restrain an involuntary shudder. He knew that the "Black Hell" was well named. Men imprisoned in it went mad—if they lived.

Don Ferdinand, noticing the shudder, chuckled maliciously.

"I only talk of these unpleasant things," he said, "to show you to what I could sentence you and, knowing that, you will better appreciate my leniency. I am, you see, disposed to be merciful. I am going to release you."

The major looked at him and laughed.

"And the conditions?"

"That you leave Lourenço Marquez within forty-eight hours and do not in that time attempt to incite another mutiny or proceed against me in any way. Also—" his eyes gleamed avariciously—"you must give me the twenty diamonds you have on your person."

The major started.

"You know a great deal, Don Ferdinand, I suspected when you showed that you were afraid of being overheard that you had orders from some one higher up. Now I am going to make conditions."

"You are not in a position to make conditions, *senhor*. If you don't like mine—I keep you here and the diamonds too."

"Oh, no you can't," the major exclaimed confidently. "If you could, you'd do it. But you daren't—dare you?" He looked sharply at the fat man and smiled when he saw that his conjecture had hit the mark. "Very well, then. I will give you ten diamonds—that's frightfully generous of me—and those I give you only on certain conditions."

Don Ferdinand started to bluster then, silenced by the scornful contempt in the major's eyes, he said:

"Name your conditions, *Senhor* Major."

"First give me my revolver."

Don Ferdinand tossed it on the table and the major's hand closed swiftly on it.

"I feel much better now," he said happily. "Less naked, if you know what I mean. And now for the conditions."

"You will not ask me to punish Carlos," Don Ferdinand interposed anxiously. "I am powerless to do that."

"No," the major replied slowly. "I'll attend to that man later—in my own way. First, then, Jim the Hottentot shall be released at once. Order him to be brought here that he may leave with me."

Don Ferdinand nodded and waddling to the door opened it and wheezed an order to one of the guards.

"What else, *Senhor* Major?" he asked, returning to his chair.

"The native soldiers must not be punished."

"For discipline's sake they must be sent to a difficult district," Don Ferdinand expostulated. "Here they are a danger."

The major nodded.

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"YOU are no fool, Don Ferdinand. If you would only exercise a little bit and get the fat from your body and your soul, I believe you would be almost a man. Very well, I'll admit that. They deserve slight punishment. They—" he smiled grimly—"got drunk. But no sjambokings—you understand?"

"*Si, senhor*. I give you my word."

"Also the native carriers shall be well paid for their trade goods, fed and returned to their kraals. That is all."

"It shall be done, *Senhor* Major," Don Ferdinand hastily assured him. "On my word of honor."

"I accept your word—but I shall watch closely to see that you keep it. If you fail—" he smiled significantly—"I know a way which will take many pounds of fat off your tub of a body—and the operation will not be a painless one."

Then, taking a small chamois leather bag from his hip pocket he emptied into the palm of his hand twenty fair-sized uncut diamonds. Selecting the ten smallest he dropped them one by one on the table and pushed them over toward Don Ferdinand.

"Graft makes up for the small pay you officials receive, doesn't it, Don Ferdinand?" he said as the fat man lovingly fingered the diamonds.

"A man must live, *Senhor* Major. He must have some compensations for being an exile and living in this hell hole."

"Ah, yes, of course. You don't feel like telling me, I suppose, who ordered my release? No? I thought not. Whoever it is—I am their servant forever, in a manner of speaking."

There was a scuffling sound in the passage way beyond the door; the sound of a man walking slowly, dragging himself along as if in great pain.

"That must be Jim," the major said tersely, and a hard light came into his eyes. "I hope for Carlos's sake he has not been beaten very badly."

He jumped to his feet and running to the door opened it.

A loud exclamation of pity burst from his lips, followed by a string of curses uttered in a hard, metallic voice.

He went out into the passage way and a moment later returned, carrying the limp form of Jim, the Hottentot, in his arms.

He stood silently in the doorway for a moment, endeavoring to master his emotions, his face white with rage, his eyes hard, glittering.

"If you are a friend of Carlos," he said finally in a dry, harsh voice, "you will hang him."

Then he turned and strode swiftly from the place.

Coming to the saloon of Manuel, the major engaged a room and tenderly cared for Jim's wounds, dressing them with clean linen and salve. At last Jim opened his eyes and smiled faintly.

"How did I come here, *baas?*" he muttered faintly, and tried to rise.

Briefly the major told him all that had happened.

"They have gone from my hand, Jim," he concluded sadly. "Great things were in their grasp but they bartered them for the sick bellies which come in bottles."

"I have known other men to do that, *baas*."

"True, Jim. But to place a muddy stone against a muddy stone does not make either stone clean. Now sleep."

He left the room and quietly closed the door behind him; but not before he heard Jim murmur, as he wearily closed his eyes:

"Mud can be washed from a stone, *baas*."

The major found Manuel lounging against the wall in front of the saloon and, after giving directions for the care of the horse and mule said, "You will see that everything is kept quiet."

"*Si, senhor*."

The major looked at him amusedly.

"You'd like to say 'Go to the devil' wouldn't you? But never mind. Where is the little fat Englishman and the tall American who were drinking here this morning?"

"By the blood of Christ," Manuel swore angrily, "I wish they were here so that I could lay hands on them. They guzzled much of my wine, and now they have gone—leaving no money to pay for their drinking."

As the major turned away a lounger shouted, "You will find them at the wharves—they are always there."

The major waved his hand in acknowledgment and strolled leisurely down the street.

Coming presently to the sea front he stood for a moment in silent admiration of one of the best natural harbors in the world; and then frowned as evidences came to his attention of the gross mismanagement which made Lourenço Marquez a byword up and down the Seven Seas.

THE wharves were heaped high with cargoes; a confused jumble of goods; cases of crockery and other fragile goods of a perishable, flimsy nature were hopelessly mixed with barrels of cement and heavy mining machinery. Most of the stuff had been there for a long time; most of it, due to rough handling and exposure to the elements, absolutely ruined. A man who imported through Lourenço Marquez in those days was a lucky man if he ever received his goods—still luckier if they arrived intact.

Seeing the chubby little Englishman, sitting on a broken crate, eating the contents of one of the cans it contained, the major strolled up to him.

"Why, blimme if it ain't the Major," the little man exclaimed, springing to his feet. "My name's 'Awkins, Major. 'Arry 'Awkins, though mostly I'm called Cockney. It's a fair knockout the names they'll give a cove hout 'ere, ain't it?"

"It is, Cockney," the major admitted with a smile and took out his monocle. There was no need to pose now and he was content to let this man see him as he really was; not the silly ass, monocled dude known to so many, or the cold, hard killer he had seemed to Don Ferdinand and Manuel—but just a splendidly developed, intensely likeable man. "Where's your American friend?"

" 'E's over there." Cockney pointed to the far end of the wharf where the tall, lanky American was wandering disconsolately from one heap to another. " 'E's lookin' fer 'is consignment," Cockney chuckled, "but 'e'll never find it. Yer see," he continued confidingly, "Yank's a big business man an' 'e imported four 'undred cases of taller candles—an' 'e can't find 'em. But I knows where they are. Yer see that 'eap over there—yas, that one that's covered wiv coal dust. Well, that's Yank's candles. Yer see, when the cases was landed they left 'em houtside 'ere in the sun and the taller melted and ran hout o' the cases. And, when, later on, the Dagoes 'ad occasion ter move the cases, why the bottoms fell hout hand honly the wicks of the bleedin' candles was left. So they chucks the cases inter the bloomin' hocean and when Yank asks about 'is candles they shrug their shoulders and says they ain't seen them, an'—'Per'aps they ain't been shipped, yes, *Senhor*,' they says. But, blimme! I wouldn't fer the world let Yank know the truth of hit. He'd commit 'oly bloody murder, 'e would. Besides, 'e 'angs on 'ere, 'oping ter find 'em—an' I'd be bloody lonely wivout 'im."

The major laughed.

"Let's go and have a talk with him, Cockney. There's something I'd like to say to you both."

Cockney jumped to his feet and a moment later the three men, having sized each other up as men can whose natures drive them into far corners of the earth, were talking and arguing furiously like old friends.

"I must get back to Jim," the major said at length. The shadows had lengthened considerably. "But look here. First I'd like to

[*Continued on page 143*]

She's Mother to 50,000 Sailors

For thirty-five years Janet Roper has been at the service of sailors the world over. She writes their letters, saves their money, smoothes out their domestic difficulties and earns their devotion

by Alfred F. Loomis

SAILORS are a reserved lot, and few social workers ever get their full confidence. Mother Roper is the shining exception. For that reason this friend of deep water seamen has an extraordinarily successful record for finding missing men. She is so well known in all the ports of the world that fugitives who have gotten themselves into scrapes come forward freely and tell her of their whereabouts, knowing that their confidence will be protected.

WITH the skipper at the wheel and me reclining in the cockpit, we were rolling down the miles in an ocean-going schooner. The night was cool and moonlit, and the wind blowing off the land, jogged the little ship amiably along her course. Having a hearty dinner under my reefer, I felt comfortably conversational, and said to the "old man," "That's a fine seaman you have, and an exceptional cook. Where does he come from?"

"From the merchant marine," replied the owner. "Picked him up at 25 South Street."

"At the Seamen's Institute!" I exclaimed. "Do you suppose he would know Mrs. Roper, the House Mother?"

"I shouldn't wonder. Ask him."

So the next time the husky shellback came on deck I put the question.

"Know Mrs. Roper?" he echoed. "Every sailor knows her."

"They tell me," I suggested, "that she is called 'the Agnes Weston of America.' Did you know Agnes Weston back in England?"

"Aggie Weston! I knew her well. Ran away from the training ship when I was a nipper and she hauled me back. But Mrs. Roper ain't a reformer like Aggie Weston. Mother Roper is the seaman's friend."

"You like her then?"

"Yes, *sir*. She's *straight*, that's what she is."

And that is what everyone, seaman or landsman, thinks of Mrs. Janet Roper, of the Seaman's Church Institute of New York. She is straight. She is sympathetic, and friendly, and devoted to "blue water" sailors. She knows their needs, sees through their foibles, wins their confidence, and solves their problems. But as the greatest of her accomplishments, she finds them when they are lost.

As I sat in her curio-filled office in the most famous seamen's hostelry in the world, the telephone rang and Mrs. Roper picked up the receiver. My eyes ranged the walls of the tiny room. Here were gifts, many of them homemade, from sailors who call Mrs. Roper friend—two filigree picture frames, carved from teak; a wood interior painted, appropriately enough, on a short piece of plank; two Russian ikons; a harbor view; a ship under full sail; the portrait of a kitten done on a wooden slab; a bouquet of artificial flowers; and an excellent crayon, drawn by a sailor, of Dr. Mansfield, the superintendent of the Institute. Beneath the glass on the crowded desk were picture postcards from the farthest ports of the world, all of them conveying the news that the writers were fine and hoped Mrs. Roper was the same.

Suddenly my ears got the better of my eyes and I listened to one side of a typical conversation.

"You say," declared Mrs. Roper to the telephone, "that this sailor was last heard from in Galveston two years ago? . . .

"Naturally you are worried about him. Two years is a long time. The name, you say, is John Cherry? . . .

"Well, that is an unusual name, and we ought to learn something about him. What was he, deck-hand or one of the engine-room force? . . .

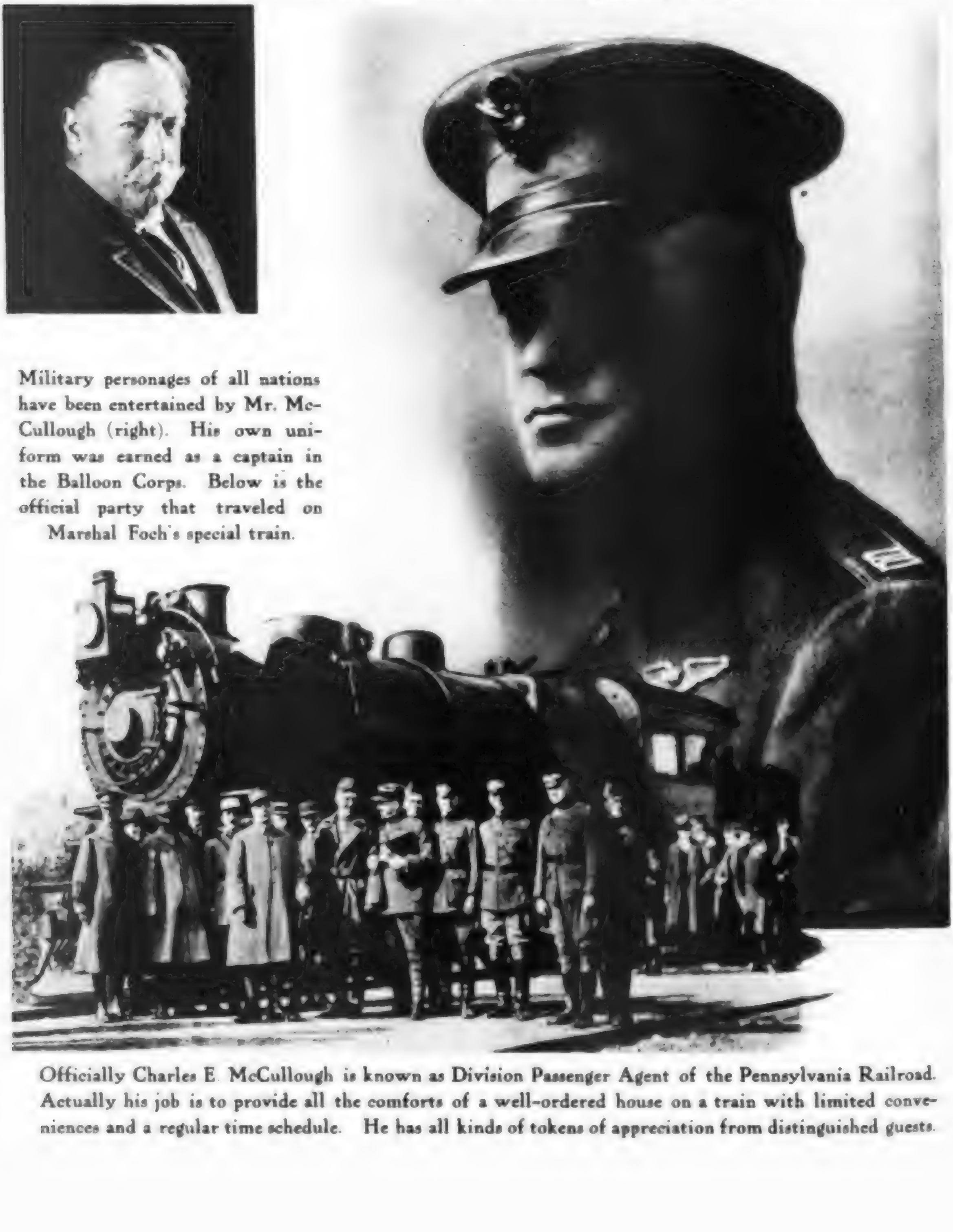
[*Continued on page 160*]

On a clear night, sailors fifty miles out to sea can distinguish a greenish-blue light on this tower. To them it is not only a memorial to comrades who have died at sea, but a symbol of the watchful house mother.

Mrs. Janet Roper is house mother of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. Her acquaintance with ships and men who sail them began in Boston.

These deep-sea sailors on shore leave are the kind of men who daily seek Mrs. Roper's help. In all her dealings with thousands of them she has never experienced any discourtesy

Three presidents of the United States have added to the train host's responsibilities and fund of personal anecdotes, and the Marshal of France took without mishap one of the longest tours on record.



Military personages of all nations have been entertained by Mr. McCullough (right). His own uniform was earned as a captain in the Balloon Corps. Below is the official party that traveled on Marshal Foch's special train.

Officially Charles E. McCullough is known as Division Passenger Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Actually his job is to provide all the comforts of a well-ordered house on a train with limited conveniences and a regular time schedule. He has all kinds of tokens of appreciation from distinguished guests.

A Host *on* Wheels

For twenty years Charles E. McCullough has been escorting celebrities about the country on special trains. Providing for their comfort and safety has involved him in scores of exciting and amusing experiences

by Samuel Taylor Moore

WHEN Mr. McCullough is on the job he outranks in authority the presidents, kings, princes and generals who are passengers on the special trains he supervises. His trips range from days to months, and often require ingenious solutions of all kinds of emergency problems. Curious crowds, cranks, souvenir hunters, well-meaning local big-wigs, reporters and cameramen add their bit to his trying responsibilities.

AT SOME time or other you have probably been one of a milling throng about the rear platform of a special train bearing a celebrity, maybe the President, or possibly a distinguished foreign potentate.

The notable, duly arrived, received your acclamations and departed. To you then, everything reverted as it was before the arrival. Not so to your recent guest. Official hospitality is at times wearying and the chances are that the famous one sighed contentedly as the coaches rattled over switches out of the station.

You retired on your accustomed couch at home. The celebrity most likely sought slumber in his car on some remote railroad siding. If it happened that the nearest station agent was a gabby individual it is extremely liable that a curious crowd was assembled to resume cheering where you left off. Even acclamations can be overdone. And not always are they well intentioned.

Such a gathering once kept a fruitless and lonely vigil at a siding in Danville, Illinois, determined to prevent the late President Roosevelt from enjoying refreshing repose. That the impromptu reception committee were the ones who lost sleep was a just retribution arranged by Charles E. McCullough, youthful transportation manager of the tour.

"Relations between Teddy and 'Uncle Joe' Cannon were strained to the breaking point at the time," relates Mr. McCullough. "Mr. Cannon, then speaker of the House of Representatives, was at the height of his popularity in Danville, his home bailiwick. Our itinerary provided for the Roosevelt special to remain overnight on that siding. Word of the event preceded us.

"At Peoria local newspapermen advised me that the Cannonites were preparing a warm reception. The male populace had spent the afternoon stringing tin cans and all the Danville stores were sold out of pans and horns, I was told. An old-fashioned early morning shivaree was being organized for the purpose of keeping Teddy awake and mindful of his whereabouts.

"In retrospect it seems like a petty political vengeance and it is even possible that my informants exaggerated some details.

"But it had been a hard day of campaigning and I could not afford to take chances. I arranged to occupy a side track many miles away from Danville where we enjoyed a night of unbroken rest and I have had many a chuckle picturing the cohorts of Mr. Cannon burdened like tinsmiths sleepy-eyed by the siding until dawn."

It is one thing to be a perfect host in a well ordered home; it is quite another to provide comfort on a train, with limited conveniences, frequent halts at towns and cities and the necessity for maintaining a time schedule. A knowledge of technical railroading is perhaps the least important requirement. It requires a special genius to be a capable host under such circumstances.

Such a unique and fascinating responsibility is that of Mr. McCullough, Division Passenger Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad. A prematurely grayed, husky six-footer with an infectious smile is Mr. McCullough. Except for two years of war service as a captain in the balloon section of the Army he has been escorting the Great and Near Great about the country for twenty years, since his graduation from Georgetown University, in 1906.

Presidents Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson, the Belgian royal family, the personable Prince of

Wales, Marshal Foch, Clemenceau, Cardinal Vannutelli, are a few of the more distinguished personages he has entertained for days and weeks at a time. How charming a host he has proved is testified to by scores of appreciative letters and gifts, autographed photographs and medals. King Albert of Belgium personally pinned on Mr. McCullough's breast the medal which made him a chevalier of the Order of Leopold, II. Ambassador Jusserand conferred on him the Cross of the Legion of Honor in behalf of the French Government, at the request of Marshal Foch. Prince Leopold of Belgium presented him with an inscribed cigaret case bearing the Royal Crest. Theodore Roosevelt sent him an autographed copy of "African Game Trails" to commemorate their associations over steel rails while stalking the wily American vote..

In his modest office in the Pennsylvania Terminal in New York City a few days ago, Mr. McCullough leaned back in his chair and mused for a moment. "What job gave me the greatest satisfaction?" he repeated. His eye brightened. Was he thinking of one of these famous celebrities? He certainly was not.

Foreign Guests Sleep in Mid-air

"In the fall of 1922 I was escorting a delegation of thirty-two European War heroes to the national convention of The American Legion in New Orleans. They represented an organization known as Fidac, which was a contraction of the longer name of Federation Interallies des Ancien Combattants. Veterans of the armies of Great Britain, France, Belgium, Italy, Serbia, Rumania and Czecho-Slovakia banded together to insist that young men should have a voice in government so that further wars should be impossible without first considering the will of those who would be called upon to do the fighting. The delegates were qualified spokesmen. All had won decorations for valor, all had been wounded, so many were pitiful wrecks of humanity. A British delegate was without legs. Another member was totally blind. Others had suffered the loss of either an arm or leg.

"They had disembarked together at New York the preceding afternoon and they first went to Washington where they were received by the President. Then they were headed for New Orleans. We were traveling on a close schedule to reach the convention before it opened.

"At three o'clock in the morning I was roused from a sound slumber in my Pullman section at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Inspectors had reported to the Station Master that the trucks on our coach were unsafe for further travel.

"It was a genuine quandary that faced me. Our special car was attached to a regular passenger train. If we were left behind we would miss the opening of the convention. And there were other complications.

"None of the visitors had before experienced sleeping on a Pullman, and as you know, American berths are vastly different from those in use in Europe. That fact, added to the physical disabilities of the veterans had made disrobing and retiring them for the night an occasion of mad and laborious confusion. Beyond the discouraging prospect of arousing and dressing the men and again undressing them, was a requirement for services of five interpreters to explain the predicament necessitating the transfer to another coach.

"To risk their lives traveling in condemned equipment was out of the question. Neither could I delay passengers on the other train while the transfer was made. It was an embarrassing situation.

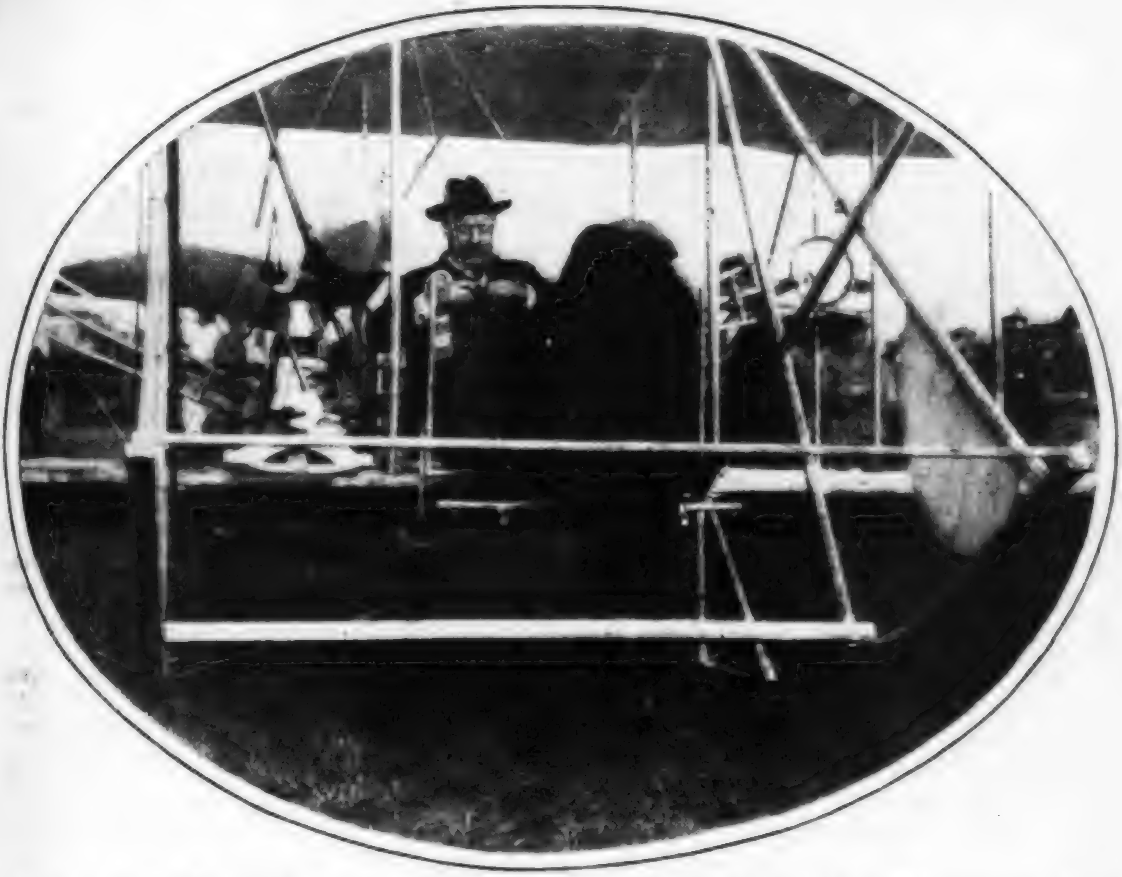
"Then I had an inspiration. A short distance out of Harrisburg is a car repair depot. I ordered our car cut off while the regular train proceeded on schedule. A switch engine hauled us slowly down to the shops where I explained my problem to a foreman and his repair crew, emphasizing the necessity for working quietly. Entering into the spirit of the emergency the workmen lifted the coach on a giant crane. While the foreign delegation slept innocently suspended in midair, new trucks were substituted for those condemned. In ninety minutes from the time I was awakened we were back in the Harrisburg station with the official O. K. of the inspectors. Attached to a special engine we broke some records to overtake our train. We caught up with it at Pittsburgh.

"At breakfast we informed the delegates of their early morning adventure. A French veteran rolled his eyes, 'Ah, zees terrible Americans,' he sighed, 'zey stop at nossing.'

"My 'first swing around the circle' was with the late President Roosevelt. He placed the details of his itinerary in my hands with full authority to act and then backed me up. While President Roosevelt would always greet local committees in his compartment with characteristic vigor he spent the greater part of his time on tour in the privacy of a library section, reading and writing.

"Frequently I accompanied the President away from the train on his personal invitation. It was always a joy to see him in action. I recall a campaign visit to St. Louis, which newspapermen declared broke all records for strenuousness. The program included a visit to the suburb of Kinloch where the late Arch Hoxsey was giving flying exhibitions. Airplanes in those days were particularly flimsy structures. I was standing with the President when Mr. Hoxsey was formally presented to him.

"When commonplaces had been exchanged the young flyer asked if he wouldn't like to



When President Roosevelt was on a campaign visit to St. Louis, the late Archie Hoxsey was giving a flying exhibitions. Airplanes in those days were flimsy structures and the President laughingly declined Mr. Hoxsey's invitation to make a flight. Then, suddenly, realizing that the newspapermen would flash the incident all over the country, he changed his mind, went up, and on landing was characteristically enthusiastic. The incident prevented publication of any comment reflecting on his courage.

make a flight. The President declined laughingly, which was a natural thing to do in those days.

"Then he noted some newspapermen standing behind him. I could see the change in his features when he appreciated that the incident would be flashed all over the country. It could reflect on his courage. Hoxsey had started back to his machine. The President took a few hurried steps and caught him by the arm. 'Bully, I'd like to go up,' he exclaimed.

"When he landed he was characteristically enthusiastic over his maiden flight but I noted cold beads of perspiration on his brow. If I had one guess I would say that he hardly enjoyed the experience.

"The way Theodore Roosevelt commanded the loyalty of those about him was always a marvel to me. Teddy never posed for a photograph. He wanted action pictures. Yet there were occasions when he desired a rest far away from cameramen. On one such occasion he was sipping a mint lemonade on a country club piazza. In a photograph the beverage might easily be construed by enemies as a more potent julep.

"Some cameramen lined up and trained the scene in focus. 'I say now, that's not fair,' the President called. 'I'm relaxing. I'd rather you wouldn't.' Except for one photographer the picture men put away their cameras. The single shutter clicked. There was only a flash of annoyance of Teddy's face to denote his displeasure. He said nothing. He didn't have to. The other picture hounds laid violent hands on their inconsiderate brother and dragged him around the corner. There they removed the offensive plate and smashed it beyond the possibility of recovery. Handing back the box they admonished the ambitious youth to henceforward respect Teddy's wishes.

"President Taft always entrusted his itinerary to the late Major Archie Butt and my personal contacts with him were slight. It was in the campaign of 1912 that I traveled with him and the strain of his hopeless battle against both Teddy and Mr. Wilson made him anxious and nervous. He kept much to himself. I recall one automobile trip I made with President Taft on that tour. Never have I experienced greater speed outside a train. At every turn in the road I closed my eyes as we skidded on two wheels. The President, unperturbed, only urged greater speed.

"President Wilson was a model of generosity and consideration for everyone in his official parties. He was particularly kind to me and insisted that the newspapermen as well as myself break bread with him whenever he ate on the train. Unlike Teddy, Mr. Wilson wanted company in his private car while on tour. He regarded traveling as a lark, or at least if he didn't enjoy it he was determined to get as much fun as possible out of the experience. Surrounding himself with congenial members of the party he would discuss each evening incidents of the day, with emphasis on the humorous happenings. He was never aloof and wanted to know everything going on in the train. I recall his hearty laughter when he listened to an account of the profane confusion when two newspapermen exchanged forty odd pairs of shoes in the correspondent's coach.

"I became well acquainted with Mr. Wilson when he was first campaigning for election. In Kansas one day I received orders from my general office to make certain changes in our itinerary on the request of the Democratic National Committee. I was in a delicate position. My first obligation was to Mr. Wilson. Yet an order from the chief of my own system could not be lightly ignored. I think in the background was the friction that later developed between the President and William F. McCoombs.

"After some hesitation I went directly to Mr. Wilson and laid the situation before him. It was the only occasion I ever heard him use a strong word.

When President Wilson Struck Fire

"'Damn!' he exclaimed, his eyes flashing fire. 'Do they think I'm a schoolboy? They can't do this without consulting me. Wire back to your office there will be no change.' And there wasn't.

"There has been much ado over the fact that President Coolidge recently traveled to Chicago in an ordinary Pullman coach. After his election and in his early days as President, Woodrow Wilson did not demand a special train either. He was quite content with a coach on the rear of an ordinary train and I recall he once motored from Princeton to Princeton Junction to catch a regular train, rather than inconvenience the other travelers who would have been delayed while a switching engine attached the special car. The train was a few minutes late and while he waited at the junction the President-elect was like a schoolboy about to embark on an adventure. He pretended to be worried as to whether the engineer would stop for him and he regaled the correspondents with a story which possibly epitomized his ideas of Washington social life.

"It concerned the wife of a newly elected Congressman from the wide open spaces. She struggled valiantly to cross the threshold of Capital society but her way was barred by the spouse of the representative who had been retired. At last the determined lady gained entrance to a reception. But her enjoyment was spoiled by the supercilious sneers of her *bête noir*. Finally the tension proved too great. Pointing an accusing finger at her nemesis the newcomer screamed. 'See that nasty red-headed hussy laughing at me. She's no lady.' Instantly she regained her composure and apologized to those assembled near her. 'Really, you must excuse me for pointing,' she said.

"King Albert of Belgium was also like a schoolboy at times. Riding in the engine cab he appeared to enjoy driving his train personally. He operated all types of locomotives across the continent, steam engines, both coal and oil burners, and an electric cab as well. It never ruffled his royal dignity when he was hailed as 'Al' and I recall that during a brief stop on the Kansas prairie the King and Queen democratically dropped into the shack of a homesteader where they mingled on terms of friendly equality with the surprised pioneer and his wife.

"The baggage master of the royal train was the busiest man in the party. Into his care were entrusted more than a score of trunks, chiefly devoted to the wearing apparel of the Queen and her lady-in-waiting. The contents of each trunk were indexed in a small book and every occasion demanded some distinctive costume, several changes in a day not being infrequent.

"That trip was just as strenuous as I want any tour to be. It was not the itinerary that wearied me but the notoriety seekers. Society-mad persons of both sexes were constantly attempting to invade the privacy of the royal compartment. Some would claim appointments, others would attempt to bluff their way in, no ruse was too contemptible to be employed. For a nation that prides itself on its democracy, small *d*, the onslaughts of America's local social elect on the royal couple were a revelation to me.

"The majority of European visitors have decidedly hazy ideas on the size and extent of this country. Cardinal Vannutelli exemplified the general misconception of foreign visitors in that respect. He expected to arrive in Chicago two or three hours after leaving New York City. He expressed the wish to visit every principal city in the nation and be back in New York within a week, or ten days at the outside.

"I make the generalization despite the fact that visiting notables display evidence of having refreshed their memories by consulting maps. Yet it seems impossible for them to visualize distances between our great cities after being accustomed to the comparative compactness of Europe.

Marshal Foch is a splendid advertisement for American railroad hospitality. At the end of two months' constant traveling, the Allied commander had gained four pounds and improved his general health noticeably. In that time he had accumulated a collection of souvenirs that filled twelve packing cases not to mention perishable food products, a lively wildcat and other pets. At the Marshal's request the French Government conferred the Cross of the Legion of Honor on his official host, Mr. McCullough.

"The Prince of Wales proved most democratic and I enjoyed several visits in his compartment. Someone had told him I was a free balloon pilot and he plied me with questions regarding spherical and observation balloons. He told me of his own experiences in airplanes and expressed the hope that he could some day experiment with lighter-than-air craft.

"Prince Leopold of Belgium was an equally delightful personality, remarkably dutiful to his royal parents and enjoying frequent visits hobnobbing with newspapermen in their special car.

"Marshal Foch was the only one of a large party on his tour who at some time or other did not suffer a cold or a digestive disorder. In fact, at the finish of two solid months of traveling the Allied commander had gained four pounds and improved his general health noticeably, despite strenuous reception programs.

"I never saw such a collection of souvenirs as were showered on the Marshal. It required twelve cases to pack them for shipment back to France and the baggage car was always filled to overflowing. He had enough gold swords to equip a regiment of cavalry, keys to cities, university degrees until he said he felt like a Mason, and choice native products from every section of the country, not neglecting live-stock. The latter furnished two hearty laughs during the trip.

"A baby wildcat was presented to the Marshal by the Montana delegation at the Legion convention in Kansas City. He took genuine interest in the animal, visited it in the baggage car and occasionally had it brought into the dining-car where he fed it choice morsels of food. It went back to France with him as a gift to his grandchildren.

"In a mid-western city one of the newspapermen in the party met old friends with disastrous results. A porter tenderly tucked him in his berth. A brother journalist of jocular disposition borrowed the wildcat from the baggage master and placed it alongside the slumberer.

"The wildcat settled comfortably, joining the snoring scribbler in refreshing repose. When in the wee small hours a craving for copious quaffs of ice water awakened the journalist he switched on the light. An agonized scream echoed through the sleeping car and with one wild leap he gained an upper berth. It was not until the wildcat was escorted back to the baggage car that the shaking, remorse-stricken youth could be coaxed back to his berth. The Marshal chuckled merrily over the incident when it was related in some detail.

A Convert to Grapefruit

"Diets of famous persons are sometimes a matter of concern. King Albert and the royal family preferred salads. Georges Clemenceau restricted his personal menu largely to onion soup, brussels sprouts and eggs. I recall that the French war premier became addicted to grapefruit while on tour. He had never tasted the big citrus before and several times

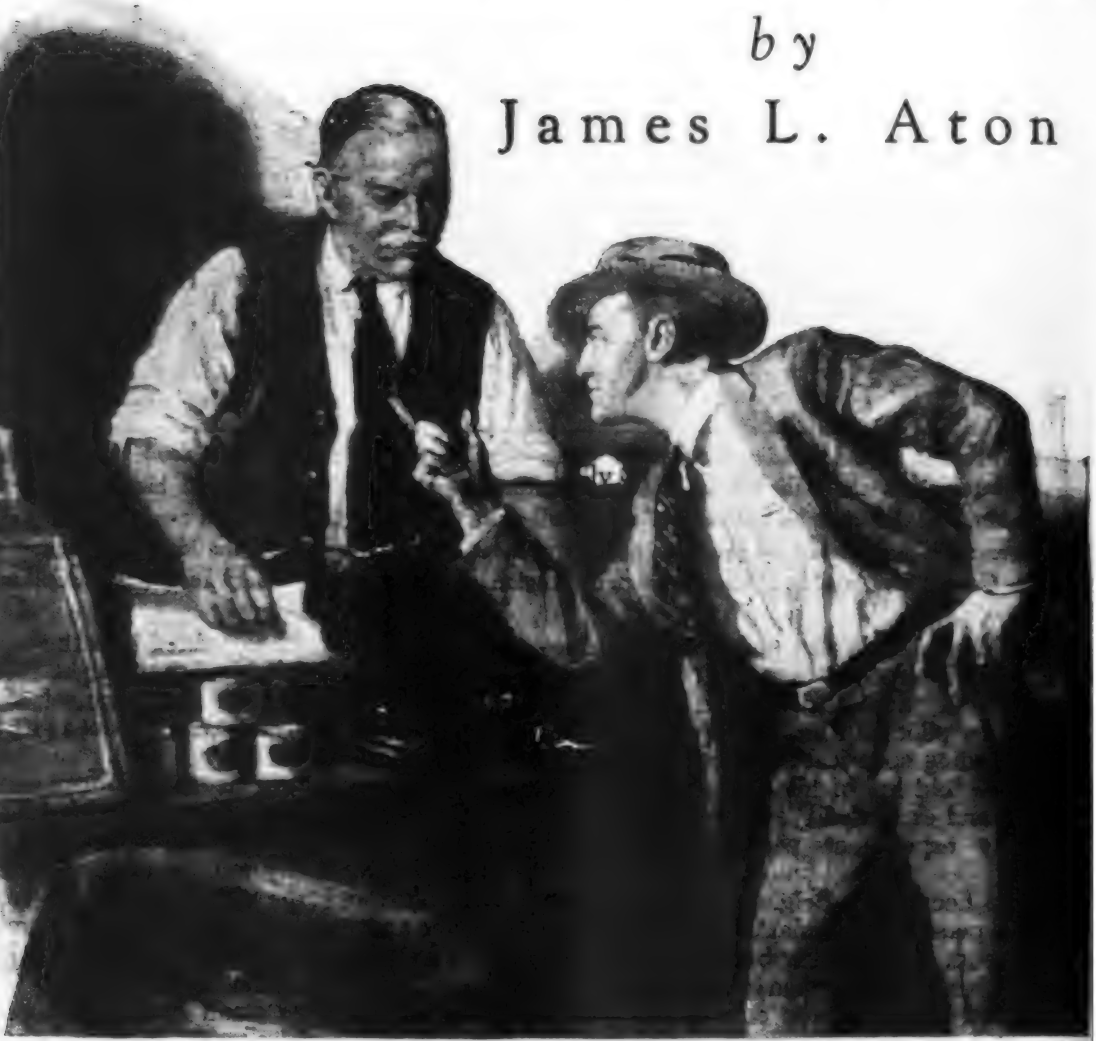
[*Continued on page 156*]

A mean little bill collector sees a new world

The Ethics

by

James L. Aton



His voice was pleasant, but penetrating; customers and clerks turned to stare. "I just

ON ONE side of the wide mahogany desk sat a very great man in the world of trade—John Chesterman, President of the W. W. Products Corporation. He leaned back at portly ease in his office-chair, assured of place, conscious of power.

Across from him on the edge of a narrow, straight, impolite little chair, that was psychologically calculated to speed up leisurely visitors, sat Terry Green. Terry was as small in the world of business as John Chesterman was great; his business title was The New State Collection Agency (not incorporated). Small store-keepers who had extended credit to plausibly impecunious wheedlers, turned their bad accounts over to Terry for collection—accounts which ranged usually from one dollar to fifty, and on which Terry charged twenty-five per cent. for collection.

In his small way he was a good collector—he knew how to say smarting and unkind things that got under the average debtor's skin and stung him into payment. He could write sizzling letters that fell just short of blackmail; he could nag a poor working-girl almost into frenzy with ugly telephone duns; he could stand calmly on a front doorstep and utter insulting and maddening truths to the hardest boiled housewife in Illinois. Such was Terry Green; he was as mean as they make 'em—and as fearless.

"He looks mean enough to do it," reflected

through the eyes of a freckle-faced country girl

of Terry

Illustrated by
S. George Phillips

dropped in to collect that money you owe the Evenson Wholesale Grocery Company."

John Chesterman. He looked across at Terry with the same benignancy of expression that he wore when dictating a notice of a ten per cent. salary cut in the shipping department of his company.

"Wonder what the big cheese wants of me," thought Terry and for once in his life felt a bit like squirming with diffidence. Never before had he been thus summoned to appear before the head of a three-million-dollar corporation; his dealings had been with poor, little, worry-wrinkled, suburban grocerymen who had extended credit not wisely but entirely too much.

"You do collecting?" demanded John Chesterman, leaning forward in his chair with decision.

"Yes," admitted Terry briefly. "Must have something pretty rank to call me in on," was what he thought inwardly.

"We have an account to turn over to you," said Chesterman. "What is your usual commission?"

"Twenty-five per cent. on amounts over five dollars," answered Terry glibly.

"U-m-m," the President of the W. W. Products Corporation reflected aloud. "That's rather a large percentage."

"Some dirty work all right," thought Terry and sat up more and more at his ease; evidently this president of a great corporation was merely a cheap dollar-chaser; here he was trying to jew Terry down on his price. "I get the poor accounts," he said aloud. "They hand them to me after they've tried every other way. Twenty-five per cent. is dirt cheap."

"That's all right for small accounts," said Chesterman. "This is something larger. However, I'm willing to be generous. If you collect it in full—in full, understand—we'll allow you ten per cent."

"How big is it?" asked Terry.

"Just over eighteen thousand."

Terry half rose from his chair. Eighteen thousand dollars! He wondered if he had understood correctly. The largest account he had ever had for collection had been less than five hundred. Eighteen thousand dollars! There was something rotten here; these big corporations didn't extend credit to nobodies. The firms on their books were responsible; if they failed to pay, they were sued, judgment was secured, it was squeezed out of them by due process of law. If the erring debtor wasn't worth the amount of judgment—oh, well, he was; this concern didn't take blind chances. Terry knew enough about the methods of big business to know that there was no place in their scheme of things for a little collector like himself. He grew curious.

"It must be a bad one," he said. "Tell me about it."

"I don't know that it's so bad," said Chesterman. "I imagine I could get it myself if I had time to go after it. Unfortunately our attorneys say that it's not collectible, and that there are no legal steps we can take. The whole thing has got under my collar—makes me mad enough to fight. We've been cheated, lied to; damn 'em, I'm going to make them pay for it. That's why I've offered you ten per cent. I'd pay every cent of it out for collection before I'd lose it."

The great man's voice was thick; the veins stood out on his forehead; his hand trembled as he gestured with his forefinger. Decidedly he was mad—fighting mad. Terry felt coolly at ease. He was always at ease when the other fellow was angry; an angry man wasn't efficient—he was always good meat for an alert collector.

Chesterman sat silent for a moment breathing hard. He regained a bit of his self-control. He picked up a sheaf of papers off his desk, ran them through his fingers.

"Here it is," he said. "The Evenson Wholesale Grocery Company at Pine City, Iowa. They're a close corporation—the stock is all in the Evenson family. We've done business with them for years. These past two years things have been bad in Iowa, and we've been giving some of our old and trusted customers ninety days' time to help them through. We've been watching them closely, of course—insisting on statements every few weeks. Here's a statement under Evenson's signature less than two months old. Look at it: 'Cash on hand nineteen thousand, net inventories fifty-five thousand, accounts receivable thirty thousand' —they haven't pushed their collections well, but he vouched for these accounts as being good. Their liabilities weren't too heavy—we're their biggest creditor, and they weren't in deep with the banks—practically all their purchases have to be paid inside ten days. Just look at it!"

TERRY GREEN scanned the paper which Chesterman—again purple with anger—pushed across the desk. "Looks all right," he commented, though as a matter of fact he didn't know how to analyze such statements, and his words covered ignorance. "What went wrong?"

"That was two months ago," went on Chesterman. "Three weeks ago without a word of warning they filed bankruptcy papers—left us holding the sack. We took it up through our legal department with the best lawyers in Pine City; they inform us that it's a legitimate failure and that we stand to lose—probably won't realize thirty per cent. on the account. We took it up again through other lawyers there—they all tell the same story—say we have no legal redress. I say it's crooked—all crooked. They couldn't change such a condition as that into bankruptcy inside seven weeks without some crooked work. I tell you it makes me mad!"

The great man banged his fist on the desk, rose to his feet, paced his office, leaned through the open window panting for air.

"I see you're mad," agreed Terry Green, with a certain dryness. "What was it you wanted me to do?"

"I want you to collect it!" thundered Chesterman. He turned away from the window, strode across to the desk, stood towering above the little collector. "If it can't be collected legally, I want it collected by cussedness. Understand? That's why I sent for you. I want you to go there to Pine City and get on that man Evenson's trail. Threaten him, call him names, be just as dirty to him as you know how to be. He has private holdings, some anyway, outside his grocery company—make him pay us out of them. I don't care if it takes the last cent he's got; he didn't play fair with me, and he's got to pay for it."

"I won't do it," said Terry quietly. "It would be a waste of time."

"Huh?" shouted Chesterman. He stood glaring down at the undersized Irish collector. "What do you mean?"

"I ain't half as mean and crooked as your lawyers are," said Terry. "If they can't do anything, it's a cinch I can't. I'd just go out there and spend a lot of money and get nothing back."

"You don't understand," reasoned Chesterman more calmly. "Lawyers have ethics."

Terry wondered what-the-h—ethics were. "When they get outside their regular legal procedure, they're helpless. A bankruptcy case puts them in the position. That's why this is a job for you."

"I won't do it," repeated Terry. "I might have to stay out there two or three weeks. My time and expenses and all would stand me nearly five hundred dollars, and if I didn't collect your money—that sum would be a dead loss to me."

Chesterman reseated himself at his desk and pressed the third button in a row of five that stood on a call-board beside him. A trim office-girl answered his summons; she was as quiet and efficient as a well-trained nurse.

"Make a check for six hundred dollars to the order of Mr. Terry Green," ordered the great man.

"What account?" asked the girl crisply.

Chesterman hesitated for the fraction of a second. "Legal expenses," he said. The girl withdrew noiselessly.

"You going to put me on a salary?" asked Terry.

"Not at all," answered Chesterman. "I want you to go after this thing—I've heard you spoken of for this sort of work. I'm making you an advance so that you can afford to go out there for a few weeks and go after it. If you fail to collect, you'll have that much pay for your time. If you do collect the money, we'll deduct this advance from your commission. The main thing is that I want this gone after—and gone after strong. Never mind what they tell you out there about the legal side of the thing. Just go after them like a wolf. Be as mean as you know how to be."

"I will," promised Terry. "I'd do most anything for eighteen hundred dollars. That's as much as I ever earned in my best year," he admitted honestly.

The two sat for a few moments wrapped in their varying trends of thought. The trim office-girl returned with the check. "Countersign," she commanded briefly and withdrew. Chesterman signed the impressively lithographed check and shoved it across the desk to Terry.

"There you are," he said. "Go after 'em. I want you to go out there and raise hell."

Terry did not pick up the check. He was looking at Chesterman appraisingly. In the few minutes that they had been together Terry had made a great discovery. He could not have put it into words, but he sensed it—he was a stronger man than Chesterman; he was stronger than any man who could not keep his temper. Chesterman was head of this mammoth corporation, while he was only a petty collector; and yet he knew that he could demand other concessions—and get them. He was the stronger man.

"I want a letter," said Terry, after a pause.

"What for?"

"Appointing me as your collector," answered Terry.

"Oh, no, no!" Chesterman brushed the request aside commendingly. "We can't do that. You'll have to go on your own responsibility."

Terry pushed the check back across the desk and rose to his feet.

"Do your own dirty work then," he sneered. "I don't know why I should go and get myself into a mess if it's such a rank deal that you're afraid to back me up in it." He picked up his hat.

"Sit down," Chesterman capitulated. "If you feel that way about it, I'll give you a letter. Of course I don't want you to do anything illegal."

"I never have yet," said Terry as he sat down.

A stenographer stood in the doorway; she held pad and pencil.

"Letter?" she asked.

"Yes," said Chesterman, then suddenly changed his mind. "No, I think not. Bring me a letterhead and an envelope; I'll write this one myself."

"He's a coward," thought Terry. "Afraid somebody else in the place will know he gave me a letter."

"WILL that do?" asked Chesterman presently. He pushed what he had written across the desk.

Terry read it carefully. "That's all right," he answered. He pocketed letter and check. "I'll start in the morning," he promised. "I got a Ford runabout in a trade and I think I'll drive. Ought to make it in two days."

"Yes," agreed Chesterman absently; he seemed a bit nervous. Terry knew what he was thinking—he was worrying because he had given the letter. He'd be worrying till Terry was back again in Chicago. "Write me how things come along. Better write me personally, send it to my residence; here, I'll give you the address."

"All right. Good-by." Terry made his way out of the president's room, through the big main office where twenty adding-machines were trying to drown the click of twenty-two typewriters, out onto the street. It had been his first close contact with big business; he had been in awe of big business-men as supermen above his crooked little world; now his awe had changed to contemptuous beam-eyed cynicism.

"He's just a crook," he muttered to himself as he ran for an uptown car. "Nothing but a cheap bluffer. He ain't no better than I am. Wonder how he gets away with it."

To Terry, after a thirty-year lifetime in

Chicago, Pine City with its forty thousand people and its one three-story department store looked provincially small. Complacent Pine Cityans who exulted in their city's cosmopolitanism, would have been furious could they have guessed how little their town looked to Terry.

"I'm bigger than any man in this burg," he said to himself. "I got a half a notion to buy out the town."

He registered at the magnificent (local adjective) Hotel Iowa and was given a room with bath for which he was to pay five dollars a day. He spent an hour enjoying the luxuries of his room and his opinion of Pine City grew more favorable. Never in Chicago had he lived in a room with private bath.

"This is the real stuff," he told himself as he washed off the dust that he had gathered in his drive through Iowa. "I'm going to take a bath every day I'm here."

Then he sat down in a rocking-chair by the window whence he could look far up Iowa Avenue. Beyond the town were rounded hills, greener in the Junetime than had ever been his dead mother's Ireland; their shimmer gave him the impulse to sit and dream.

"I don't need to hurry," he argued comfortably. "I got my salary paid for awhile anyway. I think I'd better talk with a lot of people here and find out all about things before I go after them in earnest. Then I'll know just what to do."

Already the leisureliness which was in the air of Pine City was creeping over him; it was not the habit of Terry Green thus to temporize on a matter of collection.

"Evenson?" said the hotel clerk. "Yes, I guess that was a bad failure; business has been rotten here for the last year. I feel sorry for old man Evenson; he and his daughter used to come here every Sunday night for dinner. He's a nice old chap. Very nice, indeed. I heard he was sick abed."

Terry didn't recognize the impulse that caught him low down in his throat and contracted his windpipe. Compunction and pity were not in his vocabulary—naturally he did not recognize their physical reaction nor understand that they were a part of the leisurely spirit of Pine City.

"I don't feel well," he told himself. "Guess I'll take a walk."

"Evenson Wholesale Grocery?" said the policeman on the corner when Terry asked him the way. "Oh, they're closed up you know; you won't find anybody down there now; they've gone into bankruptcy. What was it you wanted?"

Terry and the cop stared at each other with equal interest. A policeman who wanted to know a stranger's errand!—that was something new in Terry's life. He was kin to the country postmaster whom Terry had seen in the movies—the one who read all the postcards and held the letters up to the light.

"This is some hick town," mused the man from Chicago and liked it. "I'm thinking of making a bid for the plant," he lied aloud. "Wanted to have a look at it."

"Is that right?" asked the policeman with approval—he was a booster for native institutions. "That's a fine business—it would have been all right if the old man hadn't speculated. I'm sorry for his daughter; she's a nice girl. Two blocks down and then east to the railroad track. I don't know who has the key—maybe you'll find somebody there."

TERRY wondered as he went on his way about Evenson's speculations. Lucky he had talked to that cop. Those chaps were usually correct in their gossip. Surely that was criminal—to speculate with corporate funds. And yet two different lawyers in Pine City had written Chesterman that this was a legitimate failure. There was an inconsistency here to be explained; the collector grew mildly curious.

An old four-story warehouse of smoky red brick stood alongside the railroad track. All the windows in the top story were boarded up. Through the windows on the third floor Terry could see boxes of merchandise piled ceiling high; on the second floor he caught glimpses of great stacks of sacks—perhaps flour or, then again, sugar.

"Ain't this a slow burg?" he said impatiently. "Why don't they get busy and sell that stuff off—letting it lie there and rot."

His momentary wave of irritation at the complacent languor of Iowa subsided, leaving a fresh deposit of curiosity. He went on around the building, saw the two empty freight-cars on the side-track beside the loading platform, then went up the steps to the dirty door marked "Office." It was locked; on it there was tacked a typewritten notice, nearly illegible after three weeks of sunshine and rain:

All claims and payments should
be presented to the undersigned
Robert T. Morris, Receiver,
Room 324 Commerce Building.

It was past mid-afternoon; Terry looked at his watch and wondered where the Commerce Building was, wondered if he could get there before Robert T. Morris went home. His curiosity was growing; he did not want to wait until the morrow for further details.

"Right uptown," directed the flagman at the railroad crossing, "block from the hotel. Who was it you wanted to see?"

Terry did not answer; he was going up the street at double-quick, perspiring liberally beneath the kindly sun of early June.

"He ain't left his office yet," said the elevator boy. "He usually goes earlier than this. Clear down at the end of the hall."

Terry sprinted down the hall and into the office of Robert T. Morris. As he jerked the door open, he collided with a tall and ample man who was about to come out.

"Hello!" said the big man.

"Hello!" said Terry, cheerily. "Your name Morris?"

"Yes, sir," the tall man was slow and suave in his speech. "I am Mr. Morris. And you?"

"My name's Green," returned Terry. "I want to talk to you."

Morris favored Terry with a hearty and leisurely handshake. With old-world courtesy he placed a chair for his visitor, then sat down himself; the two looked at each for a moment across the desk.

The man and his office were both novelties in the eyes of Terry Green. Morris was evidently a lawyer; his desk was cluttered with a cloudburst of papers; there were sheaves on the chairs, in the window-sills; there were open lawbooks lying everywhere on the floor where the lawyer had dropped them after consultation; some of them were covered with dust, they had been left lying thus for weeks. The lawyer's hair was long and uncombed, his collar was awry, his fingernails uncut. He was Rip Van Winkle—eternally and good-naturedly sound asleep.

"It's rather warm today," proffered Morris with a smile.

"I hadn't thought about it," said Terry. He was whirling with new impressions. Morris looked to him like a lazy slowpoke, the sort whom yesterday he would have looked down on with contempt; today he found himself liking the man, his face, his littered desk; friendship with him offered itself as a thing supremely desirable.

"You are a stranger here?" suggested Morris interrogatively.

"I'm from Chicago," said Terry. "I'm here to see about the Evenson failure."

"That is a very sad affair," said the big man meditatively. "Mr. Evenson is one of my oldest friends."

"What made him speculate?" asked Terry, unconcerned.

"I do not think speculation is a kind word to use," replied the lawyer with dignity. "Mr. Evenson did not speculate. It is true that he overbought. He had followed the same policy for the three years previous and had made money each year; in fact his profits from sugar was the only thing that had carried him through those bad years; he had a right to expect that it would do the same for him again."

"Sugar?" puzzled Terry.

"Certainly; I thought you spoke as if you knew the circumstances."

"I didn't know anything; I just heard that he speculated."

"May I know what is your interest?" asked Morris.

"I represent the W. W. Products Corporation," answered Terry. "Evenson owes us eighteen thousand dollars."

THE big, leisurely, good-natured lawyer bristled on the instant with wrath. He rose to his feet.

"You—you bloodhound!" he said; his voice was cold, incisive, self-controlled. His was wholly unlike the apoplectic fury of Chesterman. A man who kept his self-control when angry was something new to Terry; he stared at Morris with interest. "I suppose you're out here to follow up that dirty letter," said the attorney. "You'll get no help from me."

"What letter?" Terry sat calmly looking up at the man who stood above him. His face expressed his surprise.

"The letter your president wrote to Evenson."

"Sit down and tell me about it. First I ever heard of it." Terry was wholly at his ease. He was always at his ease when the other fellow was angry—wary, of course, but always at ease. He might have been the lawyer's very best friend, discussing some matter of mutual harmony.

"If there had been three words more in it, I'd have sued your man Chesterman for blackmail," said Morris. He sat down, leaned his elbows on his littered desk, looked hard across at Terry. "He tried to bully Evenson into selling his home and turning the money over to you people. He came near succeeding. Evenson sent for me—he was sick in bed—is so now—asked me to sell his place and pay you people up with that money."

So Chesterman had written thus to Evenson—and hadn't told Terry what he had done. Terry understood why he hadn't—he was a coward, and he was dishonest. The little collector recalled his previous impression that he was a very much stronger man than Chesterman.

"What did you do?" he asked.

"I talked him out of it," said Morris. "Why shouldn't I? George Evenson has always conducted an honorable business. If he went into bankruptcy, it was the fault of conditions, there was no question of his honor. Why should an old man give his last penny to such wolves as you and then be dependent on charity?"

Why should he indeed? Terry had no answer. He felt guilty as if he had been halted in an attempt at crime—not at all a natural and good feeling to come to a hardened collector. He took his eyes off Morris and looked out the window—down the street swarming with crawling Ford beetles—Pine City going home from work. Had he come here to turn one of these slow hicks in this slow burg out of house and home? His guilty feeling grew stronger, his face reddened. He turned back again to Morris.

"Tell me about that sugar deal," he commanded. It would be well to change the subject until he could get back his nerve.

"There's not much to tell," began the lawyer. His anger had faded; he leaned back easily in his chair and gazed benignantly at Terry: manifestly he exempted this little Irishman from any complicity in Chesterman's bullying. "As I said, Mr. Evenson had bought heavily on sugar for several years. Bought in the spring, you understand, and then made a good profit when the price advanced through the summer. This year he bought a bit heavier than before—and the very next week the bottom dropped out of sugar."

"Oh, I see. How much did he buy?"

"He bought a lot. His purchases totalled one hundred thousand dollars. The same sugar today isn't worth fifty thousand. He had trade acceptances coming due for this hundred thousand, no way to meet them, there was only one way out, he took it—bankruptcy."

"Well that serves the sugar trust right," approved Terry. "They had no business to gyp him like that."

Robert Morris beamed agreement with Terry's sentiment. The two sat looking at one another for a few moments with growing friendliness. It came strongly into Terry's mind that he could never do the thing he had come to Pine City to do. He didn't much care. Here was something new in his life—a friendship that was worth more than money. He understood all at once what ethics were.

"Old Chesterman may be a big man, but he ain't got any ethics," he confided. "If he'd only told me what he knew, I'd never have bothered to come out here at all. How are you figuring on closing out the business?"

"We shall probably sell to the highest bidder at receiver's sale," was the answer.

Terry snorted. "You won't get much that way," he predicted. "That never brings what a business is worth."

"I suppose that is true," admitted the lawyer. "But it's the only thing I know to do."

"There was quite a bunch of accounts," said Terry.

"More than thirty-five thousand dollars," said the receiver. "Of course, I look on those as worth practically nothing. I've been receiver for more than a dozen firms in the past ten years, and I've never known very many people to pay their bills to a firm that had gone bankrupt. It would be impossible to sue—there are hundreds of small accounts—some of them are three and four years old. Mr. Evenson was too kind-hearted to be a good collector."

Terry sat forward with a fighting light in his eyes.

"You don't need to sue," he asserted. "I'm a collector, and I never saw an account yet so old but what it could be got if it was gone after right. These people that owe Evenson are all business firms—they can't go and hide. If you get a good man on these accounts, you can get ninety per cent. of them."

"I don't know any one I could get," said Morris thoughtfully. "There's certainly nobody right here in Pine City who could collect them."

Terry pointed his finger square at the attorney. "Why don't you wake up?" he cried impatiently. "Gee, this is the deadest town I ever saw. I don't pretend to be a big business man, but I know well enough how this thing ought to be handled."

Morris looked his interest.

"It's easy!" declared the little Irishman. "I could do it myself. Just go after these accounts and get them in. They ought to bring in at least twenty-five thousand dollars. Then carry the thing along for a while. The price of sugar ain't going to stay down forever; it's bound to go up in a few months. When it does, sell. Evenson don't need to stay bankrupt—not as far as I can see."

For a moment Morris made no answer. He rose to his feet and paced back and forth across the floor.

"I know it," he admitted. There was a tone of self-condemnatory bitterness in his voice. He stopped and stood looking down at Terry Green. "I've had the feeling that something like that ought to be done—if I only knew how. I'm too slow. I'm only a dead old lawyer. I'm so slow I can't even collect my own bills. Tell me, what position do you hold with the W. W. Products Company?"

"Nothing special," replied Terry. "I'm really just an independent collector. Chesterman hired me to come out here to see if there was any possible way I could get that money from Evenson."

"I know your time is valuable," said Morris; there was honest respect in his voice. "Is there any possibility of inducing you to take the time to help me out on this?"

"Sure there is," said Terry; he grinned confidingly. "I was just waiting for you to ask me to."

MYRA EVENSON was a homely girl; Terry told himself that the instant he saw her. There were freckles on her nose, and her gray eyes had a crooked slant. She was dressed tastefully enough, but she had no trace of powder nor lipstick, and her hair wasn't even bobbed.

Terry looked at her disapprovingly. It was his second morning in Pine City. They met at a conference in Morris's office. Morris seemed to feel that in employing Terry he was taking an epochal step; he had insisted on calling some member of the Evenson family into conference; Myra Evenson had come to represent her sick father.

Morris presented his faith that right methods would resurrect the Evenson business, told in detail what those methods were. His voice was deliberately oratorical; he might have been speaking to a jury of twelve rather than to a committee of two.

"The great problem has been the man," he concluded. "These things are possible only as we find the man who can do them. Hundreds of business concerns have gone down that might have lived with the help of the right man. I realize my own limitations; *I* could not collect these accounts, *I* could not handle the readjustments needed in this business. Frankly I do not know any available man in Pine City who could. Only a man trained in the affairs of big business could help us. Providentially, if I may use that word, such a man has now come to us—a man who has consented to leave temporarily the employ of a great corporation to help in this comparatively minor problem of ours—a man whom I can unqualifiedly recommend—Mr. Green of Chicago."

His closing words flowed with impressive unction—like a convention delegate nominating a favorite son for President. Terry felt very small and unworthy and self-conscious. Here he was, a cheap little collector, posing as a business executive capable of doing things on a big scale. His face grew red. There was a moment of silence.

"I'm sure you know what's best," it was Myra Evenson who spoke. "Father has great confidence in you, and if you recommend Mr. Green, I'm sure he'll be quite satisfied. I've felt myself that these accounts ought to be gone after; Father has always been too liberal in extending credit. Of course, we expect to pay Mr. Green for his work—we'll leave it to you to settle the right amount."

Terry's face grew redder still; the girl discussed him much as she might a passing hobo who had been called in to mow the lawn. He had a passing impulse to turn down the proposition and go back to Chicago; why should he help a girl who looked down on him as this one did. The impulse passed; he'd see it through; he'd show her what he could do.

"I had it in mind to offer Mr. Green ten per cent. on all collections," suggested Morris, "provided of course that such amount will be acceptable to him."

"That'll be all right," agreed Terry; he liked Morris, and what Morris offered must go.

"There's a matter on which we need your help," went on the lawyer turning to Myra Evenson.

"You know I'll do anything," she said earnestly; they were the first words from her that Terry liked.

"Mr. Green is a stranger here," explained Morris. "Most of these accounts are here in Pine City or within a radius of a hundred miles, and he does not know the city nor the roads. A taxi would be an added expense which we ought to save. I am suggesting that you act as his chauffeur; you know the roads and you like to drive. There will be another advantage also: your presence will identify Mr. Green if anyone demurs about making payment to a stranger."

"I'll go," she said simply. "When do we start?"

"Now," said Terry.

"I'll be ready in an hour," she said rising. "I didn't know—I didn't come prepared."

"She's a good girl," said Morris as the door closed behind her. "Since this came on, she's been tied up too much at home with her father. It'll do her good to get out, and she'll get you around, too—save you lots of time. Now I'll sort out enough accounts to keep you going today."

"THIS is Cunningham's Grocery," said Myra Evenson two hours later. They were the first words she had spoken since the two had started. She parked her coupé neatly alongside the curb. Terry stepped out and went into the store. The girl followed him and stood unobtrusively just inside the door. She was curious as to the methods of super-collector Terry Green.

Cunningham's Grocery was crowded. Cunningham had been advertising a final cut on canned goods to close out the old stock, and fifteen thrifty housewives were busily buying. Terry spotted Cunningham—a big, red-faced man—and trailed him about the store waiting for an opening.

Cunningham finished with his customer. He turned to Terry.

"What you selling?" he asked good-naturedly.

"I ain't selling," said Terry. His voice was pleasant, but most uncommonly penetrating; it carried the length of the store; customers and clerks turned to stare. "I just dropped in to collect that money—three hundred and twenty-five dollars and ten cents—you owe the Evenson Wholesale Grocery Company."

Cunningham scowled forbiddingly.

"Just leave that with me," he said in a low voice. "I'll look after it."

"No, I won't leave it," said Terry. "It's been left too many times; that's old stuff. You've been promising to 'tend to it for the last year, and you never do. I'm going to stay here till I get it."

Everyone in the big room was listening to Terry's broadcasting. The fifteen thrifty housewives had entirely forgotten Cunningham's sale on canned goods. Cunningham took a step forward.

"You shut up," he ordered. "I'll throw you out."

"I will not shut up," said Terry calmly. "Throw ahead. There's Miss Evenson by the door, I s'pose you'll throw her out too. You helped put her father into bankruptcy the way you treated him; go on now and finish the job. Throw us both out; I'll be right back in again."

Cunningham's face grew purple. A half-dozen of the housewives went hurrying out without having made purchases; a little crowd gathered outside the door peeping in. The groceryman hesitated between onslaught and surrender; Terry stood looking him pleasantly in the eye; Cunningham weakened and surrendered.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I'll give you a check."

"WELL, we got that," said Terry with satisfaction when the two were once more off in the coupé. "That's number one."

The girl's face was red as with the memory of shame. She turned on him defiantly.

"I think you're awful!" she cried.

"What's the matter?" asked Terry in unfeigned surprise.

She made no answer. He looked at her with curiosity.

"What do you think collecting is?" he asked. "I know that sort—they're mean enough to beat you if they dare. The only way to get them is to land with both feet. I don't know why you need to blush; Cunningham is the one who ought to be ashamed of himself."

The girl drove on for a block without speaking.

"You're right," she admitted humbly. "I'm glad you made him pay. All the same I hate it."

"Don't I?" said Terry. "I have to do it, though—it's the only thing I ever learned."

"Here's the next place," she said presently. "They're in thick—we have debtors on nearly every corner."

This was the corner room of a dilapidated house—a neighborhood shop of the smallest and meanest sort. A puttering old lady was selling a spool of thread to a little girl; there were no other clerks nor customers. The two went inside, stood and waited till the girl had gone out with her spool of thread. The old lady turned inquiringly to Terry.

The collector wished that Myra Evenson was not within earshot. He wished that this fragile old lady with her mussy wisps of gray hair did not remind him of his mother who lay buried in South Chicago. He longed fervently for the unfeeling impersonality that had made him a good collector; he damned the bashful self-consciousness that was making him stammer. Yesterday he had yielded to friendship and pity; never again would he be able to shut out their influence.

"I have a little account here," he said in a low voice.

The old lady adjusted her spectacles and read. "Oh, yes," she said. "That's the forty dollars we owe Mr. Evenson. We would have paid that last month only my husband fell and broke his leg. The doctor says he'll be in bed for three months more."

"That's tough," said Terry. He gave up; he knew he could not press the collection. "We'll just let this go till he gets back on his feet."

"I believe I can spare you ten dollars today," said the old lady.

"Never mind," said Terry bruskly. "Wait till you have plenty. We know we'll get it sometime."

"Of course you will," promised the old lady. "We always pay our bills. Say, I need a sack of sugar. How much is it now?"

"I don't know," answered Terry. "We'll give you market price—as cheap as you can get anywhere. I'll send it up tomorrow, and you can pay when you pay the rest of the bill. Good-by."

"That gives me an idea," he said as they went out to the car. "We'll go over the inventory tomorrow and list up a lot of staple goods that ought to sell: sugar and a lot of other things. No reason why we shouldn't get some orders while we're out collecting. Every little bit helps, you know. Morris will have to put somebody to work down there to get out the goods."

He ran along glibly, trying to hide his embarrassment beneath a stream of words. He was ashamed; he had made a failure as a collector.

"All right," agreed the girl absently. "Let's run out here five miles to a little town. See what you can collect out there."

She swung the car round the corner; a long straight road lay before them, over the rolling hills and far away. The grade was good, there was scant traffic; she stepped on the gas, the little coupé leaped like a bird and flew along the highway. Terry glanced sidewise at his companion, noted her firm grip on the wheel, her flushed cheeks, her alert eyes, her slightly compressed lips—wondered that he had thought her homely and unattractive.

"We didn't have any luck that place," he said apologetically.

"I'm glad we didn't!" she cried. "I'm glad I found how big-hearted and generous you really are—back there at Cunningham's I thought you were awful. Now I understand that was just put on for effect."

"Oh, well," said Terry confused. "A fellow has to have some ethics, don't he? The only thing is to have them in the right place."

IT WAS three months later in the mellow heart of September.

The tobacco-scented traveling man from Chicago leaned across the cigar case and spoke confidentially to the fat lady who ran the newsstand in the Hotel Iowa.

"Who is that little guy just went up in the elevator?" he asked.

"He's one of our leading business men," she answered. "His name is Green. They got him to come out here from Chicago and take charge of the Evenson Wholesale Grocery Company when it went bankrupt. He's got the company all reorganized and back on its feet, and they induced him to stay on as credit man. I understand he's going to marry Miss Evenson. Yesterday they took him into the Rotary Club."

"He seems to be going strong," commented the traveling man.

"He sure is," said the fat lady. "He's got lots of ability—you can tell it just to see him step. They need more like him here in Pine City—he ain't slow."

The traveling man let loose an enormous throatful of smoke.

"I thought at first I knew him," he said. "That's why I asked you. I used to know a chap in Chicago looked a lot like him—his name was Green, too. This one can't be the same man—that fellow was only a little shrimp of a collector."

Next Month's Short Stories

Money Is Useful *by* William Almon Wolff

Useful, that is, even in a love affair, when the money is in the hands of as far-sighted a young man as Philip Treadwell. Philip is the one swain in a thousand who knows what to do when a young woman tries to take him over the jumps.

Abe Monheimer *by* Will Irwin

An out-of-the-ordinary story about an out-of-the-ordinary man. The hero is an American Jew of an old Southern family, a type rarely met in fiction. It is a story that will give you something to think about.

Taxi Meet 'Er *by* Edwin Palmer

A taxi-driver who cruises about New York City day and night gets a view of life that is quite peculiarly his own. Such a one is Bill Van Riper, who tells of a romantic taxi adventure with the delightful cynicism and inimitable sophistication of a wise guy caught in the toils of sentiment.

The Last White Line *by* Octavus Roy Cohen

It was a happy inspiration that prompted an author who has won his laurels in another fiction field to turn for a change to a football story. Brawn and brains aren't all that make a football team. The important human factor makes all the difference in the world. It's uppermost in this story, which culminates in a game such as would make even Bill Boswell, the hard-boiled coach, remark: "Ain't that beautiful—just simply, perfectly beautiful?"

The Old Or The New

A pair of reprinted stories of a quality in keeping with those already published in this distinctive fiction departmental feature will put before you *The Cask of Amantillado*, by Edgar Allen Poe, with Edith Wharton's, *The Duchess at Prayer*. And don't overlook the biggest feature of all—*The Man They Hanged*, the new serial novel by Robert W. Chambers, announced at greater length elsewhere in this issue.

A Rebellious Schoolgirl Grows Up

Helen Parkhurst, when scarcely more than a schoolgirl herself, started teaching so she could experiment with the method of instruction since known as the Dalton Plan. Now it is in operation on five continents

by Henry Rood

UNDER the plan originated by Miss Parkhurst, lessons are made so attractive and interesting that children enjoy learning them. The principal aim is to show the pupil *how* to study under conditions calculated to develop the child's initiative and sense of responsibility. It all began with a determined little girl's conviction that schools should be made for pupils, not teachers.

THE day of fairy-tales has not passed—at least in the United States. To be sure the kind of fairy happenings may have changed from those of olden times. Yet now and then some youth or maiden all unconsciously waves a magic wand, and presto! the very atmosphere is filled with romance. Ideas are set in motion which ripple further and further, with results affecting the lives of millions. Such has been the experience of a little girl born in Durand, a tiny village of Wisconsin. Miss Helen Parkhurst was to become the originator of the Dalton Plan which is rapidly revolutionizing methods of conducting schools throughout the civilized world.

It took a lot of courage for a young girl to strike out along an entirely new and untried path in the education of children, for Helen was only sixteen when the idea first occurred to her. But she came of pioneer ancestors, and difficulties did not deter her. In fact, one of her striking characteristics is the spirit of dauntless adventure.

For example, as early as she can remember she had ponies of her own, first a small Shetland, and later real Indian ponies; not fat, lazy little beasts, prone to amble along sleepily, but ponies and horses full of fire, ready at all times to pick up their heels and go tearing over the countryside. It was logical that the habit of initiative grew, as well as energy and originality of mind. She seems to have had her own ideas and was not afraid to advance them on occasion. This phase of Helen Parkhurst's personality was revealed when she was asked how the idea of the Dalton Plan first occurred to her.

"It seems strange, now, when I look back on it," she says. "As Durand was a county-seat, teachers' institutes were held there. It was such a quiet little place with so few opportunities for excitement, and as I was already, at six years, determined to become a teacher some day, I used to attend those institutes—not as a matter of fun, but seriously to feel grown-up. They made me furious. I'll say that!" she laughingly exclaimed. "More than once, when I was a girl of twelve or thirteen, I left after a session of the institute, and rushed home to express my views. 'They're all wrong!' I once said indignantly. 'There they sit, those school teachers, talking over plans and methods, but they never think of boys and girls. They seem to forget that in any school, boys and girls are important, and the teacher is only a helper. Schools are for pupils, not teachers! Why don't they try to think of school as the boys and girls see it? That's what they ought to do. They're all wrong—wrong!' "

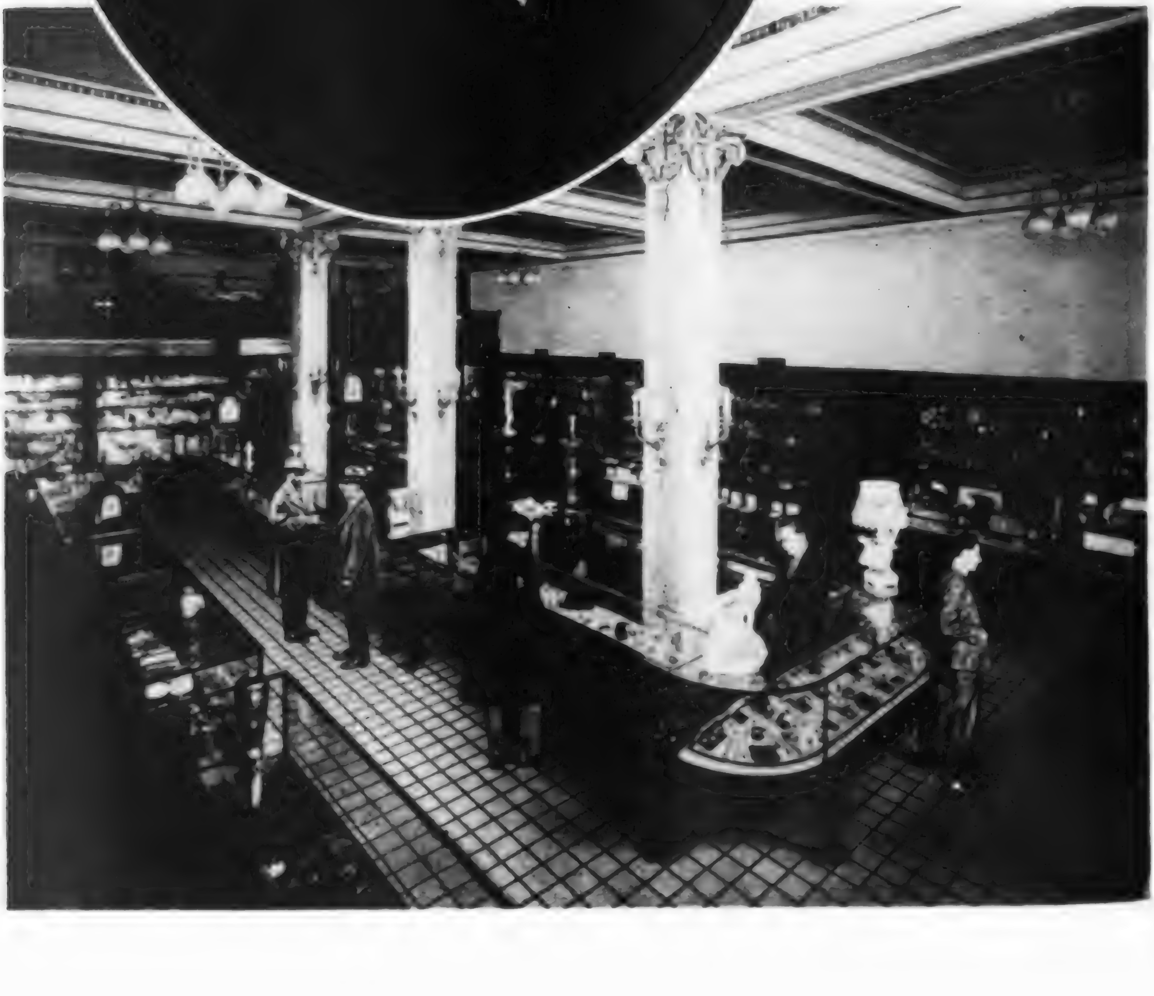
Right there, in the mind of a rebellious twelve-year-old child, was born the germ of an idea which in later years was to be welcomed with honor and admiration throughout the civilized world—excepting in her own native land which even yet gives but grudging recognition thereto.

At such childish outburst over the teachers' institute, little Helen's mother would speak soothing words. Secretly she never desired her daughter to teach. But her father, who felt

[*Continued on page 150*]

Helen Parkhurst first tried out her novel plan of teaching when she taught a rural school near her birthplace in Durand, Wisconsin. The Dalton Plan permits boys and girls to sit, stand or move about, to arrange their own time, and to help one another. Each pupil makes an individual "contract" with his teacher and is put on his own responsibility to fulfill it

Early in life Arthur A. Everts, of Dallas, Texas, recognized the fact that his jewelry business gave him an opportunity to share with others his own love of the beautiful. Today the magnificent appointments include statuary, paintings and objects of art representing the selection of a collector of rare taste over a period of thirty years. Consequently, his store has become a Mecca for visitors to Dallas. Mr. Everts has found happiness in learning to like the things he had to do. Along with material success he has managed to make his business an outlet for his liking for people and a means for putting into practice his belief in a seven-day-in-the-week Christianity.



Once He Borrowed Two Show Cases

Arthur A. Everts set up shop on little or nothing when Dallas, Texas, was a town of twelve thousand. Since then he has made his million-dollar jewelry store one of the show places of the State

by Ruby Erwin Livingston

THE romance of jewelry never lost its allure for the boy who succumbed to its charm when he was apprenticed to an engraver at sixteen. The beautifully appointed establishment that has grown out of his modest retail venture reflects Mr. Everts's life-long enthusiasm for the decorative arts and crafts. Although his store is located far from the metropolitan centers, its fame long since extended beyond local bounds and resulted in its proprietor being honored with two terms as President of the American Jewelers' Association.

EVERY time a baby's birth is announced in Dallas, Texas, Mr. Postman comes around next day with a small package for that baby. It contains a letter of welcome to the newcomer and a little gold ring. The man who has thus appointed himself ring-bearer for the stork is Arthur A. Everts, head of the famous million-dollar store named after him which, with few exceptions, enjoy a prestige unexcelled in the entire United States. The timid new housewife gets a letter of welcome when she moves into Dallas to live. Every school graduate receives a little note of congratulation and a gold pencil to go with his diploma. A year later, wherever he is, there comes another note asking how he is getting on and what he is doing. Visitors of note to Dallas—public men, singers, actors—receive a friendly letter of welcome and some small gift such as a gold pencil or paper knife.

The man is a regular year-round Santa Claus! And his friends will tell you most emphatically that the gift giving is born of one of the kindliest hearts in the world and not of a publicity scheming brain. Nevertheless, being a friend to all the world has paid Mr. Everts so well that jewelers all over the country have long since adopted the idea, and the American Jewelers' Association recently appointed him a member of their National Publicity Committee.

When he was twenty-seven years old he started business with two borrowed show cases, some cheap jewelry and a five-thousand-pound safe bought on credit. Today his magnificent jewelry store containing the priceless treasures of an Alladin's Cave is the show place of Dallas and the whole state of Texas. Instead of being exclusive, as so many large jewelry establishments are, it is hospitably thrown open as a museum where people may bring their friends whether they wish to buy or not. In the Florentine room they roam about admiring plates worth five hundred dollars a dozen, china and crystal from every corner of the globe, trees cut from jade and flowers made of jewels. Hand painted friezes along the walls are studded with hundreds of real hand-cut cameos from Florence in Italy. They are set in painted scrolls and the Italian note is carried throughout the room, which, although only one of many departments, is a small store in itself.

Dominating this establishment is the personality of one man whose chief interest is humanity. The name of Arthur A. Everts stands for integrity and service throughout the city of Dallas and the state of Texas. One of the remarkable things about him is his gift for friendliness. In his store it is a common thing for Mr. Everts to pick out a valuable scarf pin or ring and put it on some person in whom he has confidence with the request that he wear it a couple of weeks. He says it teaches people to appreciate the beautiful.

"I didn't have much to start on," remarks Mr. Everts, chuckling quietly to himself, "about all I had was my twenty-five dollars a week salary as a watchmaker. There was a little family dependent upon me, too. A man sold me a safe on credit; probably he knew I couldn't carry it off. I borrowed a couple of show cases, some plated ware that partly filled them, and called it a store. There was not much to go into the safe at night except repair work and watches."

"Did it require a lot of self-confidence? It did. But I knew my trade well and I wanted to learn more."

Arthur A. Everts did not aspire to be a jeweler originally, but circumstances headed him in that direction at rather an early age. When he was sixteen, a clever little pencil sketch of his grandmother was pronounced by his jeweler uncle, J. C. Oram, to be a very good likeness and he insisted that the boy learn to be an engraver. Work did not appeal to him very much, but money was scarce in the Everts family and there were several children who must have their chance in life. So Arthur was put to work learning engraving whether he wanted to or not.

A Youthful Romance

"I reasoned it out," said he, "that I might as well learn to like the things I had to do. As a matter of fact, that is one of the maxims I still use today: 'It is not the things we like to do, but liking the things we have to do that makes life happy.' So I set about learning all I could about jewelry and found that it was a fascinating subject. There is adventure in the history of gold seeking, of pearl diving, of diamond hunting and cutting. And the legends of amber and jade and rubies read to me as a youngster like tales of the Arabian Nights. Then, when I was eighteen, I decided very seriously that the more a young man knows the more he can earn and the more he will better his condition financially.

"The reason for this is as you might suspect. One day I spied a fifteen-year-old girl going down the street. She had two long braids of brown hair reaching almost to her knees. I decided that if I ever had any money to spend on girls, I would like to have her for a sweetheart. But I made no attempt to get acquainted because I was very shy with girls. After that I only saw her a few times, although once I shyly followed her down the street a block or so. Nevertheless I set myself to work learning engraving.

"There was a traveling man that I knew who started to teach me Old English lettering. Just before he started on one of his trips, he told me to practice the alphabet every day until he came back. I expected him to return in a few days when I started in, but three months rolled around, as he knew it would, before I saw him again. He was much surprised at the progress I had made and it cheered me very much after the long weeks of practice. The greatest lesson that man taught me was patience, and I learned that it does not pay to be in too great a hurry.

"Then I started in to learn watch repairing and found it a very tedious business, but I stuck to it until I had mastered it. By the time I was twenty-one I was earning twenty dollars a week. It was a fair salary for a young fellow in those days.

"One evening my sister invited me to go with her to a neighborhood party and meet some girls. I went very reluctantly. There I met the girl who had worn the brown braids, but now they were all done up on her head and she was quite a young lady. She had been away in California for two years. All my youthful admiration came back at once, stronger than ever. To make a long story short, we were married a few months later. I considered that the best thing I ever did.

"We bought a little home on credit and to help meet the payments, I worked for another jeweler a half an hour each day during the noon hour. I used to put my lunch on the counter beside me and was able to hustle so fast that sometimes I made as much as two dollars. I remember well the place I used to go part of the time for lunch. The proprietor sold a meal for five cents, but the poor fellow went broke at it.

"When I married, I had not counted much on the cost of babies' clothes. And when in the course of human events, youngsters

When Arthur A. Everts was eighteen he spied a fifteen-year-old girl with long brown braids going down the street. He never forgot her, and years afterward she became Mrs. Everts. "My marriage," says Mr. Everts, "was the best thing I ever did, for my wife deserves a tremendous amount of credit for everything I have been able to accomplish."

There is no "hands off" atmosphere about the Everts store, which is hospitably thrown open to visitors as a museum of art objects from all over the world. From the start, the proprietor has endeavored to share with his customers and their friends something of his own enthusiasm for the beautiful.

began to appear on the scene, I had to find a way to earn more. There were no copper printing presses in Texas in those days except one at Galveston, so I bought a plate press and learned to do card plate engraving for wedding invitations. Remember I was still working for wages so I had to do my plate printing at home at night. Often I used to work till two o'clock in the morning and sometimes I would go to sleep standing up working that old press up and down. To wake myself up and rest my arms I'd run around the house two or three times in the fresh night air and then go back at it again.

"Sometimes I'd go home at noon and work a while at it then, too. My wife would keep watch for the old street car which ran every fifteen minutes and would tell me when she saw it coming in sight over the hill. Then I'd have to run for it as fast as I could. Sprinting those three blocks to catch the car gave me plenty of exercise and kept me in good shape."

It was only a question of time before such a man would go into business for himself. The young jeweler took the step when he was twenty-seven years old. His uncle, who had taught him the business originally, moved to Chicago and was willing to let him have some store furniture. So Mr. Everts borrowed the show cases and rented one side of the downtown ticket office of the Sante Fé railroad.

This location led him to notice how time dragged for the stranger who was waiting for a train or a busy man who for any other reason happened to have an idle moment. Having discovered that almost everyone enjoys looking at jewelry, he conceived the idea of making such strangers welcome in his store. In addition to its being good business, he wanted to share with others the cultural and refining influence he beheld in beauty and art. Being a friendly sort, he chatted amiably with such visitors and it was not long before he had formed a wide circle of friends. At that time the city of Dallas had a population of only about twelve thousand, and the young jeweler, standing in his doorway, could spot a stranger blocks away.

Mrs. Everts Inspired Him

One of the first principles he adopted was, "One price to all and your money refunded if not satisfied with your purchase," a business principle that was uncommon in those days. At times this was a strain on the young jeweler's slender bank account, but he stuck to it.

When Arthur A. Everts' business began to outgrow its humble quarters, he was glad because it gave him a chance to fix up a store according to his ideas of beauty. He wanted to create something distinctive that would stand out from others of the same class, and he put lots of study on ways and means. The result was a store that attracted everyone from old-time residents to strangers. Patronage came to him, too, because of his sincerity and his fair dealing. He found himself needing more and more help, and business began to boom.

"You must not forget," he insists, "that I was not able to do all this by myself. Please don't forget that my wife deserves a tremendous amount of credit for everything I have been able to accomplish. It was not all smooth sailing either. There were lean years, but through them all she stood by me."

Besides the romance of jewelry, which never ceased to attract him, he has never let the romance of the brown-haired girl go out of his life. She has not only been the inspiration of his success, but she has helped out in many practical ways in spite of the needs of the numerous babies that came into the house. Together they have stood and helplessly watched three of their children die and then have each gone bravely back to the business of life.

Although no real disaster came to the business, the usual financial losses occurred from time to time. On the whole it continued to grow and expand. Finally the now successful jeweler decided to form a company and make his establishment one of the biggest ones in America. Edward C. Fry, a Dallas capitalist, who had faith in Arthur A. Everts and his business, induced his father and a couple of small stockholders to help form the present company. From the two-show-case affair of twenty-seven years ago has grown an establishment that represents a million dollars and enjoys a prestige second to few in the United States.

Nine years ago they bought their present building at the corner of Main and Murphy Streets and added a factory. A rich oil district had sprung up around Dallas and there was more and more demand for specially made jewelry among the millionaires who had become rich overnight. So the new company secured several expert designers of jewels who had learned their trade in the best establishments in Europe, and went into a new phase of the business. Today they are one of the largest manufacturing jewelers in America, although they do not cater to wholesale trade but only to their own customers.

As he added department after department to the store, Mr. Everts kept his constantly rising standards of beauty before him and would pay thousands of dollars for bits of art statuary and painting from the ends of the world merely to adorn the store. As it developed, each department came to have some distinctive feature separate and apart from all the others.

It is in the Florentine room that the souvenirs for visitors are kept. Thousands of tourists and delegates to conventions have received a gold pencil from the Florentine leather box, and chatted with the friendly proprietor. Mr. Everts greets personally as many of these people as possible and no one ever forgets that meeting. There is something in his personality which impresses all with whom he comes in contact.

It is natural that such a man would become widely known in his trade, aside from the fact that he is a gem expert of no mean ability. Through his trips to the New York market and his membership in various associations of jewelers, Mr. Everts has become a widely-known figure in his business and was several times president of the Texas Retail Jewelers' Association. When the American Horological Institute was founded at Washington, D. C. in 1921, he was one of the first directors appointed. At that time he had just finished serving two terms as National President of the American Jewelers' Association.

In his own city he has long since been a familiar figure. Posts of honor in various associations have come to him, and he is a prominent member of the Rotary Club. They make all sorts of demands upon his time as a speaker and he has delivered addresses for the Rotarians as far away as the City of Mexico. He is a director of the Retail Merchants' Association and various sociable and friendly organizations as well as a director of the Y. M. C. A. Young people are one of his particular interests and he is always giving silver cups for athletic feats and helping finance athletic societies among students.

An Advocate of Tithing

Well known as he is through these various interests, it is with another major interest that Mr. Everts has become known far beyond the boundaries of his own state. This is his firm belief in the old practice of *tithing*.

"Probably no man in America has done more for the tithing movement than Arthur A. Everts," says a prominent minister. "He is a most successful business man, yet he gives his time, his service, his money, anywhere, any hour it is needed." As a matter of fact, he has lectured upon this subject throughout the United States. Mrs. Everts accompanies him and she does her share of the talking, too. They take pledge cards along for people to sign up, and to those who have signed they give a funny little pendant charm of painted ivory.

Of his charities, gifts to hospitals and civic enterprises, little is known or ever will be known. These extra gifts do not come out of the one-tenth which he gives to his church.

Arthur A. Everts is still under sixty years of age and before him opens up a long vista of service. Two of his sons associated with their father in business are helping to carry out the traditions upon which the establishment was founded and leave him a little more freedom for his many outside interests.

Upon the hearts of the people of Texas, so many of whom he has served in practical ways, he has put a very definite stamp. Summed up in a nutshell, the secret of this man's success lies in his capacity for hard work, his perseverance over obstacles, his unselfish service for others and his simple faith in God.

A Fiction Feature Extraordinary

The OLD *or the* NEW

Two stories of thrilling horror, *A Terribly Strange Bed*, by Wilkie Collins, and *The Inn of the Two Witches*, by Joseph Conrad, are famous tales reprinted in the following pages.

EACH month this department puts before you two exceptional fiction stories from the literature of the past. One is a masterpiece of enduring fame that has long survived its author, the other a more modern story of the same general character by a writer nearer our own time. The aid of a committee of discriminating authorities on fiction lends added attraction to a series that has so far resulted in the republication of such fiction treasures as *Carmen*, by Prosper Mérimée; *The Caballero's Way*, by O. Henry; *The Man Without a Country*, by Edward Everett Hale; *The Consul*, by Richard Harding Davis; *The Open Boat*, by Stephen Crane; *The Trawler*, by James B. Connolly; *Dr. Heidegger's Experiment*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne; and *The Late Mr. Elvesham*, by H. G. Wells.

This month's offerings are *A Terribly Strange Bed*, by Wilkie Collins, and *The Inn of the Two Witches*, by Joseph Conrad.

The Selection Committee comprises Dr. Blanche Colton Williams, author of "A Handbook of Short Story Writing," associate professor of English at Hunter College, and instructor in story writing, Columbia University; Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and author of several books on the short story; and Mr. Harry Esty Dounce, author, reviewer and critic. Write them frankly, in our care, your judgment of the stories published, together with suggestions regarding future stories for the "Old and New" series.

The Authors

Wilkie Collins

NONE of the many English authors who imitated Wilkie Collins's method of handling the mystery story have equaled his skill in what was with him a new field of fiction writing. He was the inventor of the novel that lays emphasis on the unfolding of an intricate plot, rather than on the delineation of character. Wilkie Collins was born in 1824, the son of William Collins, a landscape painter, and received his education at a private school in Highbury. When a small boy of twelve, he was taken by his parents to Italy where the family lived for three years. On returning to England he was articled to a tea-trading firm, but four years later abandoned that business for the law. In 1842, the year following his father's death, he published his first essay in literature, a *Life of William Collins*, in two volumes. He put forth his first work of fiction eight years later, *Antonina, or the Fall of Rome*, inspired by his life in Italy. *Basil* appeared in 1852 and *Hide and Seek* shortly after. About this time he made the acquaintance of Charles Dickens, then editor of *Household Words*, and contributed *After Dark* and *The Dead Secret*. His greatest success was achieved in 1860 with the publication of *The Woman in White*. From then on he enjoyed as much popularity as any novelist of his time—and it was the golden age of novelists. *The Moonstone*, a novel of widespread popularity, was first published in 1868. When Collins died, in London, in 1889, he was generally conceded the greatest story-teller in English literature. His gift was of a melodramatic order and many of his stories made excellent stage plays. The lifelong friendship which existed between him and Dickens proved to be of mutual benefit, for from Dickens Collins learned something of character delineation while Dickens, in turn, benefited by studying the other's gift in constructing a watertight plot. *A Terribly Strange Bed* is a very good example of Collins's ability to create a dramatic situation so skillfully as to give it every semblance of a real occurrence.

Joseph Conrad

IN MANY respects the life story of the late Joseph Conrad (1857-1924) rivaled the imaginative careers of the unforgettable characters who figured so largely in his fiction. The working out of human destiny—the pull and strain of characteristic action on the intricate web of circumstance—never failed to fascinate him as a writer, and in his own life were singular and unpredictable trends that departed widely from the pattern of conventional biography. Although born far from the sea and its traditions, it was as a writer of sea stories that Conrad reached the heights among English novelists. Tireless application, prompted by love of the language of the King James Bible, gave him a mastery of English such as no contemporary native novelist possessed, an achievement the more notable because English was not his native tongue. Joseph Conrad, or, more properly, Feodor Josef Conrad Korzeniowski, was a Pole and a native of the Ukraine. When he was five years old his mother was banished to political exile in Siberia, and his father, editor of a patriotic review in Warsaw, later died in prison. The son was educated in Cracow and subsequently took the first step in his sea career by joining the French merchant marine in Constantinople. Later, when he had become a naturalized British subject, he sailed as a master. During this period at sea Conrad visited the out-of-the-way corners of the earth that were to provide him with glamorous settings, and observed the colorful bits of drama, romance and adventure which were later fused and recreated in his brooding imagination. In his leisure hours he worked away at his first novel, *Almayer's Folly*. Recognition came slowly, and Conrad always worked laboriously, but his fame grew with *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, *Lord Jim*, *Chance*, *The Secret Agent* and *The Golden Arrow*. *The Inn of the Two Witches*, reprinted here, provides a glimpse of the great romancer's skill in blending a sailor's rich experiences of life with a story teller's vivid imagination.

A Terribly Strange Bed

(*Reprinted. See announcement on page 93*)

The story of a young man who spent a memorable night in a Parisian gambling den

by Wilkie Collins

Illustrated by W. Fletcher White

SHORTLY after my education at college was finished, I happened to be staying at Paris with an English friend. We were both young men then, and lived, I am afraid, rather a wild life, in the delightful city of our sojourn. One night we were idling about the neighborhood of the Palais Royal, doubtful to what amusement we should next betake ourselves. My friend proposed a visit to Frascati's; but his suggestion was not to my taste. I knew Frascati's, as the French saying is, by heart; had lost and won plenty of five-franc pieces there, merely for amusement's sake, until it was amusement no longer, and was thoroughly tired, in fact, of all the ghastly respectabilities of such a social anomaly as a respectable gambling house. "For Heaven's sake," said I to my friend, "let us go somewhere where we can see a little genuine, blackguard, poverty-stricken gaming, with no false gingerbread Frascati's, to a house where they don't mind letting in a man with a ragged coat, or a man with no coat, ragged or otherwise."

"Very well," said my friend, "we needn't go out of the Palais Royal to find the sort of company you want. Here's the place just before us; as blackguard a place, by all report, as you could possibly wish to see." In another minute we arrived at the door, and entered the house, the back of which you have drawn in your sketch.

When we got up-stairs, and had left our hats and sticks with the door-keeper, we were admitted into the chief gambling room. We did not find many people assembled there. But, few as the men were who looked up at us on our entrance, they were all types—lamentably true types—of their respective classes.

We had come to see blackguards; but these men were something worse. There is a comic side, more or less appreciable, in all blackguardism—here there was nothing but tragi-mute, weird tragedy. The quiet in the room was horrible. The thin, haggard, long-haired young man, whose sunken eyes fiercely watched the turning up of the cards, never spoke; the flabby, fat-faced, pimply player who pricked his piece of pasteboard perseveringly, to register how often black won, and how often red—never spoke; the dirty, wrinkled old man, with the vulture eyes and the darned great-coat, who had lost his last *sou*, and still looked on desperately, after he could play no longer—never spoke. Even the voice of the croupier sounded as if it were strangely dulled and thickened in the atmosphere of the room. I had entered the place to laugh, but the spectacle before me was something to weep over. I soon found it necessary to take refuge in excitement from the depression of spirits which was fast stealing on me. Unfortunately I sought the nearest excitement, by going to the table and beginning to play. Still more unfortunately, as the event will show, I won—won prodigiously; won incredibly; won at such a rate that the regular players at the table crowded round me, and staring at my stakes with hungry, superstitious eyes, whispered to one another that the English stranger was going to break the bank.

The game was *Rouge et Noir*. I had played at it in every city in Europe, without, however, the care or the wish to study the Theory of Chances—that philosopher's stone of all gamblers! And a gambler, in the strict sense of the word, I had never been. I was heart-whole from the corroding passion for play. My gaming was a mere idle amusement. I never resorted to it by necessity, because I never knew what it was to want money. I never practiced it so incessantly as to lose more than I could afford, or to gain more than I could coolly pocket without being thrown off my balance by my good luck. In short, I had hitherto frequented gambling-tables—just as

I frequented ballrooms and opera houses—because they amused me, and because I had nothing better to do with my leisure hours.

But on this occasion it was very different—now, for the first time in my life, I felt what the passion for play really was. My success first bewildered, and then, in the most literal meaning of the word, intoxicated me. Incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that I only lost when I attempted to estimate chances, and played according to previous calculation. If I left everything to luck, and staked without any care or consideration, I was sure to win—to win in the face of every recognized probability in favor of the bank. At first some of the men present ventured their money safely enough on my color; but I speedily increased my stakes to sums which they dared not risk. One after another they left off playing, and breathlessly looked on at my game.

Still, time after time, I staked higher and higher, and still won. The excitement in the room rose to fever pitch. The silence was interrupted by a deep-muttered chorus of oaths and exclamations in different languages, every time the gold was shoveled across to my side of the table—even the imperturbable croupier dashed his rake on the floor in a (French) fury of astonishment at my success. But one man present preserved his self-possession, and that man was my friend. He came to my side, and whispering in English, begged me to leave the place, satisfied with what I had already gained. I must do him the justice to say that he repeated the warnings and entreaties several times, and only left me and went away, after I had rejected his advice (I was to all intents and purposes gambling drunk) in terms which rendered it impossible for him to address me again that night.

Shortly after he had gone, a hoarse voice behind me cried, "Permit me, my dear sir—permit me to restore to their proper place two napoleons which you have dropped. Wonderful luck, sir! I pledge you my word of honor, as an old soldier, in the course of my long experience in this sort of thing, I never saw such luck as yours—never! Go on, sir—*sacre mille bombes!* Go on boldly, and break the bank!"

I turned round and saw, nodding and smiling at me with inveterate civility, a tall man, dressed in a frogged and braided surtout.

If I had been in my senses, I should have considered him personally, as being rather a suspicious specimen of an old soldier. He had goggling, blood-shot eyes, mangy mustaches, and a broken nose. His voice betrayed a barrack-room intonation of the worst order, and he had the dirtiest pair of hands I ever saw—even in France. These little personal peculiarities excercised, however, no repelling influence on me. In the mad excitement, the reckless triumph of that moment, I was ready to "fraternize" with anybody who encouraged me in my game. I accepted the old soldier's offered pinch of snuff; clapped him on the back, and swore he was the honestest fellow in the world—the most glorious relic of the Grand Army that I had ever met with. "Go on!" cried my military friend, snapping his fingers in ecstasy—"Go on, and win! Break the bank—*Mille tonnerres!* my gallant English comrade, break the bank!"

AND I did go on—went on at such a rate, that in another quarter of an hour the croupier called out, "Gentlemen, the bank has discontinued for tonight." All the notes, and all the gold in that "bank," now lay in a heap under my hands; the whole floating capital of the gambling-house was waiting to pour into my pockets!

"Tie up the money in your pocket handkerchief, my worthy sir," said the old soldier, as I wildly plunged my hands into my heap of gold. "Tie it up, as we used to tie up a bit of dinner in the Grand Army; your winnings are too heavy for any breeches-pockets that ever were sewed. There! That's it—shovel them in, notes and all! *Credié!* what luck! Stop! another napoleon on the floor! *Ah! sacré petit polisson de Napoleon!* have I found thee at last? Now then, sir—two tight double knots each way with your honorable permission, and the money's safe. "Feel it! feel it, fortunate sir! hard and round as a cannon ball—*Ah, bah!* if they had only fired such cannon balls at us at Austerlitz—*nom d'une pipe!* if they only had! And now, as an ancient grenadier, as an ex-brave of the French army, what remains for me to do? I ask what? Simply this, to entreat my valued English friend to drink a bottle of champagne with me, and toast the goddess fortune in foaming goblets before we part!"

Excellent ex-brave! Convivial ancient grenadier! Champagne by all means! An English cheer for an old soldier! Hurrah! hurrah! Another cheer for the goddess Fortune! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

"Bravo! the Englishman; the amiable, gracious Englishman, in whose veins circulates the vivacious blood of France! Another glass? Ah—bah!—the bottle is empty! Never mind! *Vive le vin!* I, the old soldier, order another bottle, and half a pound of bonbons with it!"

"No, no, ex-brave; never—ancient grenadier! Your bottle last time; my bottle this! Behold it! Toast away! The French Army! the great Napoleon! the present company! the croupier! the honest croupier's wife and daughters—if he has any! the ladies generally! everybody in the world!"

By the time the second bottle of champagne was emptied, I felt as if I had been drinking liquid fire—my brain seemed all aflame. No excess in wine had ever had this effect on me before in my life. Was it the result of a stimulant acting upon my system when I was in a highly excited state? Was my stomach in a particularly disordered condition? Or was the champagne amazingly strong?

"Ex-brave of the French Army!" cried I, in a mad state of exhilaration, "I am on fire! how are *you*? You have set me on fire! Do you hear, my hero of Austerlitz? Let us have a third bottle of champagne to put the flame out!"

The old soldier wagged his head, rolled his goggle-eyes, until I expected to see them slip out of their sockets; placed his dirty fore-finger by the side of his broken nose; solemnly ejaculated, "Coffee!" and immediately ran off into an inner room.

The word pronounced by the eccentric veteran seemed to have a magical effect on the rest of the company present. With one accord they all rose to depart. Probably they had expected to profit by my intoxication; but finding that my new friend was benevolently bent on preventing me from getting dead drunk, had now abandoned all hope of thriving pleasantly on my winnings. Whatever their motive might be, at any rate they went away in a body. When the old soldier returned, and sat down again opposite to me at the table, we had the room to ourselves. I could see the croupier, in a sort of vestibule which opened out of it, eating his supper in solitude. The silence was now deeper than ever.

A SUDDEN change, too, had come over the "ex-brave." He assumed a portentously solemn look; and when he spoke to me again, his speech was ornamented by no oaths, enforced by no finger-snapping, enlivened by no apostrophes or exclamations.

"Listen, my dear sir," said he, in mysteriously confidential tones— "listen to an old soldier's advice. I have been to the mistress of the house (a very charming woman, with a genius for cookery!) to impress on her the necessity of making us some particularly strong and good coffee. You must drink this coffee in order to get rid of your little amiable exaltation of spirits before you think of going home—you *must*, my good and gracious friend! With all that money to take home tonight, it is a sacred duty to yourself to have your wits about you. You are known to be a winner to an enormous extent by several gentlemen present tonight, who, in a certain point of view, are very worthy and excellent fellows; but they are mortal men, my dear sir, and they have their amiable weaknesses! Need I say more? Ah, no, no! You understand me! Now, this is what you must do—send for a cabriolet when you feel quite well again—draw up all the windows when you get into it—and tell the driver to take you home only through the large and well-lighted thoroughfares. Do this; and you and your money will be safe. Do this; and tomorrow you will thank an old soldier for giving you a word of honest advice."

Just as the ex-brave ended his oration in very lachrymose tones, the coffee came in, ready poured out in two cups. My attentive friend handed me one of the cups with a bow. I was parched with thirst, and drank it off at a draught. Almost instantly afterward, I was seized with a fit of giddiness, and felt more completely intoxicated than ever. The room whirled round and round furiously; the old soldier seemed to be regularly bobbing up and down before me like the piston of a steam-engine. I was half deafened by a violent singing in my ears; a feeling of utter bewilderment, helplessness, idiocy, overcame me. I rose from my chair, holding on by the table to keep my balance; and stammered out that I felt dreadfully unwell—so unwell that I did not know how I was to get home.

"My dear friend," answered the old soldier—and even his voice seemed to be bobbing up and down as he spoke— "my dear friend, it would be madness to go home in *your* state; you would be sure to lose your money; you might be robbed and murdered with the greatest ease. *I* am going to sleep here; do *you* sleep here, too—they make up capital beds in this house—take one; sleep off the effects of the wine, and go home safely with your winnings tomorrow—tomorrow, in broad daylight."

I had but two ideas left; one, that I must never let go hold of my handkerchief full of money; the other, that I must lie down somewhere immediately, and fall off into a comfortable sleep. So I agreed to the proposal about the bed, and took the offered arm of the old soldier, carrying my money with my disengaged hand. Preceded by the croupier, we passed along some passages and up a flight of stairs into the bedroom which I was to occupy. The ex-brave shook me warmly by the hand, proposed that we should breakfast together, and then, followed by the croupier, left me for the night.

I ran to the wash stand; drank some of the water in my jug; poured the rest out, and plunged my face into it; then sat down in a chair and tried to compose myself. I soon felt better. The change for my lungs, from the fetid atmosphere of the gambling room to the cool air of the apartment I now occupied, the almost equally refreshing change for my eyes, from the glaring gas-lights of the "salon" to the dim, quiet flicker of one bedroom-candle, aided wonderfully the restorative effects of cold water. The giddiness left me, and I began to feel a little like a reasonable being again. My first thought was of the risk of sleeping all night in a gambling house; my second, of the still greater risk of trying to get out after the house was closed, and of

The old soldier placed his dirty forefinger by the side of his broken nose and solemnly ejaculated, "Coffee!" With one accord the rest of the company rose to depart.

going home alone at night through the streets of Paris with a large sum of money about me. I had slept in worse places than this on my travels; so I determined to lock, bolt, and barricade my door, and take my chance till the next morning.

Accordingly, I secured myself against all intrusion; looked under the bed, and into the cupboard; tried the fastening of the window; and then, satisfied that I had taken every proper precaution, pulled off my upper clothing, put my light, which was a dim one, on the hearth among a feathery litter of wood-ashes, and got into bed, with the handkerchief full of money under my pillow.

I soon felt not only that I could not go to sleep, but that I could not even close my eyes. I was wide awake, and in a high fever. Every nerve in my body trembled—every one of my senses seemed to be preternaturally sharpened. I tossed and rolled, and tried every kind of position, and perseveringly sought out the cold corners of the bed, and all to no purpose. Now I thrust my arms over the clothes; now I poked them under the clothes; now I violently shot my legs straight out down to the bottom of the bed; now I convulsively coiled them up as near my chin as they would go, now I shook out my crumpled pillow, changed it to the cool side, patted it flat, and lay down quietly on my back; now I fiercely doubled it in two, set it up on end, thrust it against the board of the bed, and tried a sitting posture. Every effort was in vain; I groaned with vexation as I felt that I was in for a sleepless night.

WHAT could I do? I had no book to read. And yet, unless I found out some method of diverting my mind, I felt certain that I was in the condition to imagine all sorts of horrors; to rack my brain wth forebodings of every possible and impossible danger; in short, to pass the night in suffering all conceivable varieties of nervous terror.

I raised myself on my elbow, and looked about the room—which was brightened by a lovely moonlight pouring straight through the window—to see if it contained any pictures or ornaments that I could at all clearly distinguish. While my eyes wandered from wall to wall, a remembrance of Le Maistre's delightful little book, "Voyage autour de ma Chambre," occurred to me. I resolved to imitate the French author, and find occupation and amusement enough to relieve the tedium of my wakefulness, by making a mental inventory of every article of furniture I could see, and by following up to their sources the multitude of associations which even a chair, a table, or a wash stand may be made to call forth.

In the nervous unsettled state of my mind at that moment, I found it much easier to make my inventory than to make my reflections, and thereupon soon gave up all hope of thinking in Le Maistre's fanciful track—or, indeed of thinking at all. I looked about the room at the different articles of furniture, and did nothing more.

There was, first, the bed I was lying in; a four-post bed, of all things in the world to meet with in Paris—yes, a thorough clumsy British four-poster, with a regular top lined with chintz—the regular fringed valance all around—the regular stifling, unwholesome curtains, which I remembered having mechanically drawn back against the posts without particularly noticing the bed when I first got into the room. Then there was the marble-topped wash stand, from which the water I had spilled, in my hurry to pour it out, was still dripping, slowly and more slowly, on to the brick floor. Then two small chairs, with my coat, waistcoat, and trousers flung on them. Then a large elbow-chair covered with dirty white dimity, with my cravat and shirt collar thrown over the back. Then a chest of drawers with two of the brass handles off, and a tawdry, broken china inkstand placed on it by way of ornament for the top. Then the dressing-table adorned by a very small looking-glass, and a very large pincushion. Then the window—an unusually large window. Then a dark old picture, which the feeble candle dimly showed me. It was the picture of a fellow in a high Spanish hat, crowned with a plume of towering feathers. A swarthy, sinister ruffian, looking upward, shading his eyes with his hand, and looking intently upward—it might be at some tall gallows at which he was going to be hanged. At any rate, he had the appearance of thoroughly deserving it.

This picture put a kind of constraint upon me to look upward too—at the top of the bed. It was a gloomy and not an interesting object, and I looked back at the picture. I counted the feathers in the man's hat—they stood out in relief—three white, two green. I observed the crown of his hat, which was of a conical shape, according to the fashion supposed to have been favored by Guido Fawkes. I wondered what he was looking up at. It couldn't be at the stars; such a desperado was neither astrologer nor astronomer. It must be at the high gallows, and he was going to be hanged presently. Would the executioner come into possession of his conical crowned hat and plume of feathers? I counted the feathers again—three white, two green.

While I still lingered over this very improving and intellectual employment my thoughts insensibly began to wander. The moonlight shining into the room reminded me of a certain moonlight night in England—the night after a picnic party in a Welsh valley. Every incident of the drive homeward, through lovely scenery, which the moonlight made lovelier than ever, came back to my remembrance, though I had never given the picnic a thought for years; though, if I had *tried* to recollect it, I could certainly have recalled little or nothing of that scene long past. Of all the wonderful faculties that help to tell us we are immortal, which speaks the sublime truth more eloquently than memory? Here was I, in a strange house of the most suspicious character, in a situation of uncertainty, and even of peril, which might seem to make the cool exercise of my recollection almost out of the question; nevertheless, remembering, quite involuntarily, places, people, conversations, minute circumstances of every kind, which I had thought forgotten forever; which I could not possibly have recalled at will, even under the most favorable auspices. And what cause had produced in a moment the whole of this strange, complicated, mysterious effect? Nothing but some rays of moonlight shining in at my bedroom window.

I was still thinking of the picnic—of our merriment on the drive home—of the sentimental young lady who *would* quote "Childe Harold" because it was moonlight. I was absorbed by these past amusements, when, in an instant, the thread on which my memories hung snapped asunder; my attention immediately came back to present things more vividly than ever, and I found myself, I neither knew why nor wherefore, looking hard at the picture again.

Looking for what?

Good God! the man had pulled his hat down on his brows! No! the hat itself was gone! Where was the conical crown? Where, the feathers—three white, two green? Not there! In place of the hat and feathers, what dusky object was it that now hid his forehead, his eyes, his shading hand?

Was the bed moving?

I turned on my back and looked up. Was I mad? drunk? dreaming? giddy again? or was the top of the bed really moving down—sinking slowly, regularly, silently, horribly, right down throughout the whole of its length and breadth—right down upon me, as I lay underneath?

My blood seemed to stand still. A deadly, paralyzing coldness stole all over me as I turned my head round on the pillow and determined to test whether the bed-top was really moving or not, by keeping my eye on the man in the picture.

The next look in that direction was enough. The dull, black, frowzy outline of the valance above me was within an inch of being parallel with his waist. I still looked breathlessly. And steadily and slowly—very slowly—I saw the figure, and the line of frame below the figure, vanish, as the valance moved down before it.

I am, constitutionally, anything but timid. I have been on more that one occasion in peril of my life, and have not lost my self-possession for an instant; but when the conviction first settled on my mind that the bed-top was really moving, was steadily and continuously sinking down upon me, I looked up shuddering, helpless, panic-stricken, beneath the hideous machinery for murder, which was advancing closer and closer to suffocate me where I lay.

I looked up motionless, speechless, breathless. The candle, fully spent, went out; but the moonlight still brightened the room. Down and down, without pausing and without sounding, came the bed-top, and still my panic terror seemed to bind me faster and faster to the mattress on which I lay—down and down it sank, till the dusty odor from the lining of the canopy came stealing into my nostrils.

AT THAT final moment the instinct of self-preservation startled me out of my trance, and I moved at last. There was just room for me to roll myself sideways off the bed. As I dropped noiselessly to the floor, the edge of the murderous canopy touched me on the shoulder.

Without stopping to draw my breath, without wiping the cold sweat from my face, I rose instantly on my knees to watch the bed-top. I was literally spellbound by it. If I had heard footsteps behind me, I could not have turned round; if a means of escape had been miraculously provided for me, I could not have moved to take advantage of it. The whole life in me was, at that moment, concentrated in my eyes.

It descended—the whole canopy, with the fringe round it, came down—down—close down; so close that there was not room now to squeeze my finger between the bed-top and the bed. I felt at the sides, and discovered what had appeared to me from beneath to be an ordinary light canopy of a four-post bed was in reality a thick broad mattress, the substance of which was concealed by the valance and its fringe. I looked up and saw the four posts rising hideously bare. In the middle of the bed-top was a huge wooden screw that had evidently worked it down through a hole in the ceiling, just as ordinary presses are worked down on the substance selected for compression. The frightful apparatus moved without making the faintest noise. There had been no creaking as it came down; there was now not the faintest sound from the room above. Amidst a dead and awful silence I beheld before me—in the nineteenth century, and in the civilized capital of France—such a machine for secret murder by suffocation as might have existed in the worst days of the Inquisition, in the lonely inns among the Hartz Mountains, in the mysterious tribunals of Westphalia! Still, as I looked on it, I could not move, I could hardly breathe, but I began to recover the power of thinking, and in a moment I discovered the murderous conspiracy framed against me in all its horror.

My cup of coffee had been drugged, and drugged too strongly. I had been saved from being smothered by having taken an overdose of some narcotic. How I had chafed and fretted at the fever fit which had preserved my life by keeping me awake! How recklessly I had confided myself to the two wretches who had led me into this room, determined, for the sake of my winnings, to kill me in my sleep by the surest and most horrible contrivance for secretly accomplishing my destruction! How many men, winners like me, had slept, as I had proposed to sleep in that bed, and had never been seen or heard of more! I shuddered at the bare idea of it.

But ere long all thought was again suspended by the sight of the murderous canopy moving once more. After it had remained on the bed—as nearly as I could guess—about ten minutes, it began to move up again. The villains who worked it from above evidently believed that their purpose was now accomplished. Slowly and silently, as it had descended, that horrible bed-top rose toward its former place. When it reached the upper extremities of the four posts, it reached the ceiling too. Neither hole nor screw could be seen; the bed became in appearance an ordinary bed again—the canopy an ordinary canopy—even to the most suspicious eyes.

Now, for the first time, I was able to move—to rise from my knees—to dress myself in my upper clothing—and to consider how I should escape. If I betrayed by the smallest noise that the attempt to suffocate me had failed, I was certain to be murdered. Had I made any noise already? I listened intently, looking toward the door.

No! no footsteps in the passage outside—no sound of a tread, light or heavy, in the room above—absolute silence everywhere. Besides locking and bolting my door, I had moved an old wooden chest against it, which I had found under the bed. To remove this chest (my blood ran cold as I thought of what its contents *might* be!) without making some disturbance was impossible; and, moreover, to think of escaping through the house, now barred up for the night, was sheer insanity. Only one chance was left me—the window. I stole to it on tiptoe.

MY BEDROOM was on the first floor, above an *entresol*, and looked into the back street, which you have sketched in your view. I raised my hand to open the window, knowing that on that action hung, by the merest hair-breadth, my chance of safety. They kept vigilant watch in a House of Murder. If any part of the frame cracked, if the hinge creaked, I was a lost man! It must have occupied me at least five minutes reckoning by time—five *hours*, reckoning by suspense—to open that window. I succeeded in doing it silently—in doing it with all the dexterity of a house-breaker—and then looked down into the street. To leap the distance beneath me would be almost certain destruction! Next, I looked round at the sides of the house. Down the left side ran the thick water-pipe which you have drawn—it passed close by the outer edge of the window. The moment I saw the pipe, I knew I was saved. My breath came and went freely for the first time since I had seen the canopy of the bed moving down upon me!

To some men the means of escape which I had discovered might have seemed difficult and dangerous enough—to *me* the prospect of slipping down the pipe into the street did not suggest even a thought of peril. I had always been accustomed, by the practice of gymnastics, to keep up my schoolboy powers as a daring and expert climber and knew that my head, hands, and feet would serve me faithfully in any hazards of ascent or descent. I had already got one leg over the window-sill, when I remembered the handkerchief filled with money under my pillow. I could well have afforded to leave it behind me, but I was revengefully determined that the miscreants of the gambling house should miss their plunder as well as their victim. So I went back to the bed and tied the heavy handkerchief at my back by my cravat.

Just as I had made it tight and fixed it in a comfortable place, I thought I heard the sound of breathing outside the door. The chill feeling of horror ran through me again as I listened. No! dead silence still in the passage—I had only heard the night air blowing softly into the room. The next moment I was on the window-sill—and the next I had a firm grip on the water-pipe with my hands and knees.

I slid down into the street easily and quietly, as I thought I should, and immediately set off at the top of my speed to a branch "prefecture" of Police, which I knew was situated in the immediate neighborhood. A "sub-prefect," and several picked men among his subordinates, happened to be up, maturing, I believe, some scheme for discovering the perpetrator of a mysterious murder which all Paris was talking of just then. When I began my story, in a breathless hurry and in very bad French, I could see that the Sub-prefect suspected me of being a drunken Englishman who had robbed somebody; but he soon altered his opinion as I went on, and before I had anything like concluded, he shoved all the papers before him into a drawer, put on his hat, supplied me with another (for I was bare-headed), ordered a file of soldiers, desired his expert followers to get ready all sorts of tools for breaking open doors and ripping up brick flooring, and took my arm, in the most friendly and familiar manner possible, to lead me with him out of the house. I will venture to say that when the Sub-prefect was a little boy, and was taken for the first time to

"Open in the name of the law!" At that terrible summons bolts and locks gave way

the play he was not half as much pleased as he was now at the job in prospect for him at the gambling house!

Away we went through the streets, the Sub-prefect cross-examining and congratulating me in the same breath as we marched at the head of our formidable *posse comitatus*. Sentinels were placed at the back and front of the house the moment we got to it; a tremendous battery of knocks was directed against the door; a light appeared at a window; I was told to conceal myself behind the police—then came more knocks and a cry of "Open in the name of the law!" At that terrible summons bolts and locks gave way before an invisible hand, and the moment after the Sub-prefect was in the passage, confronting a waiter half dressed and ghastly pale. This was the short dialogue which immediately took place:

"We want to see the Englishman who is sleeping in this house."

"He went away hours ago."

"He did no such thing. His friend went away; *he* remained. Show us to his bedroom!"

"I swear to you, Monsieur le Sous-prefect, he is not here! he—"

"I swear to you, Monsieur le Garcon, he is. He slept here—he didn't find your bed comfortable—he came to us to complain of it—here he is among my men—and here am I ready to look for a flea or two in his bedstead. Renaudin! (calling to one of the subordinates and pointing to the waiter), collar that man, and tie his hands behind him. Now, then, gentlemen, let us walk up stairs!"

Every man and woman in the house was secured—the "Old Soldier" the first. Then I identified the bed in which I had slept, and then we went into the room above.

No object that was at all extraordinary appeared in any part of it. The Sub-prefect looked round the place, commanded everybody to be silent, stamped twice on the floor, called for a candle, looked attentively at the spot he had stamped on, and ordered the flooring there to be carefully taken up. This was done in no time. Lights were produced, and we saw a deep raftered cavity between the floor of this room and the ceiling of the room beneath. Through this cavity there ran perpendicularly a sort of case of iron thickly greased; and inside the case appeared the screw, which communicated with the bed-top below. Extra lengths of screw, freshly oiled; levers covered with felt; all the complete upper works of a heavy press—constructed with infernal ingenuity so as to join the fixtures below, and when taken to pieces again to go into the smallest possible compass—were next discovered and pulled out on the floor. After some little difficulty the Sub-prefect

before an invisible hand. "We want to see the Englishman who is sleeping in this house."

succeeded in putting the machinery together, and, leaving his men to work it, descended with me to the bedroom. The smothering canopy was then lowered, but not so noiselessly as I had seen it lowered. When I mentioned this to the Sub-prefect, his answer, simple as it was, had a terrible significance. "My men," said he, "are working down the bed-top for the first time—the men whose money you won were in better practice."

WE LEFT the house in the sole possession of two police agents—every one of the inmates being removed to prison on the spot. The Sub-prefect, after taking down my "*procès verbal*" in his office, returned with me to my hotel to get my passport. "Do you think," I asked, as I gave it to him, "that any men have really been smothered in that bed, as they tried to smother *me*?"

"I have seen dozens of drowned men laid out at the morgue," answered the Sub-prefect, "in whose pocket-books were found letters stating that they had committed suicide in the Seine, because they had lost everything at the gambling-table. Do I know how many of those men entered the same gambling house that *you* entered? won as *you* won? took the bed as *you* took it? slept in it? were smothered in it? and were privately thrown into the river, with a letter of explanation written by the murderers and placed in their pocket books? No man can say how many or how few have suffered the fate from which you have escaped. The people of the gambling house kept their bedstead machinery a secret from *us*—even from the police! The dead kept the rest of the secret for them. Good night, or rather good morning, Monsieur Faulkner! Be at my office again at nine o'clock—in the meantime, *au revoir!*"

The rest of my story is soon told. I was examined and re-examined; the gambling house was strictly searched all through from top to bottom; the prisoners were separately interrogated; and two of the less guilty among them made a confession. I discovered that the Old Soldier was the master of the gambling house—*justice* discovered that he had been drummed out of the army as a vagabond years ago; that he had been guilty of all sorts of villainies since; that he was in the possession of stolen property, which the owners identified; and that he, the croupier, another accomplice, and the woman who had made my cup of coffee, were all in the secret of the bedstead. There appeared some reason to doubt whether the inferior persons attached to the house knew anything of the suffocating machinery; and they received the benefit of that doubt, by being treated simply

[*Continued on page 178*]

A silence fell. . . . She came up to the table and bending over, her eyes in his—

The Inn of the Two Witches

(*Reprinted. See announcement on page 93*)

A Find

THIS tale, episode, experience—call it how you will—was related in the fifties of the last century by a man who, by his own confession, was sixty years old at the time. Sixty is not a bad age—unless in perspective, when no doubt it is contemplated by the majority of us with mixed feelings. It is a calm age; the game is practically over by then; and standing aside one begins to remember with a certain vividness what a fine fellow one used to be. I have observed that, by an amiable attention of Providence, most people at sixty begin to take a romantic view of themselves. Their very failures exhale a charm of peculiar potency. And indeed the hopes of the future are a fine company to live with, exquisite forms, fascinating if you like, but—so to speak—naked, stripped for a run. The robes of glamor are luckily the property of the immovable past which, without them, would sit, a shivery sort of thing, under the gathering shadows.

I suppose it was the romanticism of growing age which set our man to relate his experience for his own satisfaction or for the wonder of his posterity. It could not have been for his glory, because the experience was simply that of an abominable fright—terror he calls it. This writing constitutes the Find declared

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"Senor," she said with decision. "You shall sleep in the Archbishop's room."

by Joseph Conrad

Illustrated by Stockton Mulford

in the sub-title. The title itself is my own contrivance (can't call it invention), and has the merit of veracity. We will be concerned with an inn here. As to the witches, that's merely a conventional expression, and we must take our man's word for it that it fits the case.

The Find was made in a box of books bought in London, in a street which no longer exists, from a second-hand bookseller in the last stage of decay. As to the books themselves they were at least twentieth-hand, and on inspection turned out not worth the very small sum of money I disbursed. It might have been some premonition of the fact which made me say: "But I must have the box, too." The decayed bookseller assented by the careless, tragic gesture of a man already doomed to extinction.

A litter of loose pages at the bottom of the box excited my curiosity but faintly. The close, neat, regular handwriting was not attractive at first sight. But in one place the statement that in A.D. 1813 the writer was twenty-two years old caught my eye. Two and twenty is an interesting age in which one is easily reckless and easily frightened; the faculty of reflection being weak and the power of imagination strong.

In another place the phrase: "At night we stood in again," arrested my languid attention, because it was a sea phrase. "Let's see what it is all about," I thought, without excitement.

Oh! but it was a dull-faced MS., each line resembling every other line in their close-set and regular order. It was like the drone of a monotonous voice. A treatise on sugar-refining (the dreariest subject I can think of) could have been given a more lively appearance. "In A.D. 1813 I was twenty-two years old," he began earnestly, and goes on with every appearance of calm, horrible industry. Don't imagine that there is anything archaic in my find. Diabolic ingenuity in invention, though as old as the world, is by no means a lost art. Look at the telephones for shattering the little peace of mind given to us in this world, or at the machine guns for letting with dispatch life out of our bodies. Nowadays any bleareyed old witch if only strong enough to turn an insignificant little handle could lay low a hundred young men of twenty in the twinkling of an eye.

If this isn't progress! . . . Why immense! We have moved on, and so you must expect to meet here a certain naïveness of contrivance and simplicity of aim appertaining to the remote epoch. And of course no motoring tourist can hope to find such an inn anywhere, now. This one, the one of the title, was situated in Spain. That much I discovered only from internal evidence, because a good many pages of that relation were missing—perhaps not a great misfortune after all. The writer seemed to have entered into a most elaborate detail of the why and wherefore of his presence on that coast—presumably the north coast of Spain. His experience has nothing to do with the sea, though. As far as I can make it out, he was an officer on board a sloop-of-war. There's nothing strange in that. At all stages of the long Peninsular campaign many of our men-of-war of the smaller kind were cruising off the north coast of Spain—as risky and disagreeable a station as can well be imagined.

IT LOOKS as though that ship of his had had some special service to perform. A careful explanation of all the circumstances was to be expected from our man, only, as I've said, some of his pages (good tough paper too) were missing; gone in covers for jampots or in wadding for the fowling-pieces of his irreverent posterity. But it is to be seen clearly that communication with the shore and even the sending of messages inland was part of her service, either to obtain intelligence from or to transmit orders or advice to patriotic Spaniards, guerrilleros or secret juntas of the province. Something of the sort. All this can be only inferred from the preserved scraps of his conscientious writing.

Next we come upon the panegyric of a very fine sailor, a member of the ship's company, having the rating of the captain's coxwain. He was known on board as Cuba Tom; not because he was Cuban however; he was indeed the best type of a genuine British tar of that time, and a man-of-war's man for years. He came by the name on account of some wonderful adventures he had in that island in his young days, adventures which were the favorite subject of the yarns he was in the habit of spinning to his shipmates of an evening on the forecastle head. He was intelligent, very strong, and of proved courage. Incidentally we are told, so exact is our narrator, that Tom had the finest pigtail for thickness and length of any man in the Navy. This appendage, much cared for and sheathed tightly in a porpoise skin, hung half way down his broad back to the great admiration of all beholders and to the great envy of some.

Our young officer dwells on the manly qualities of Cuba Tom with something like affection. This sort of relation between officer and man was not then very rare. A youngster on joining the service was put under the charge of a trustworthy seaman, who slung his first hammock for him and often later on became a sort of humble friend to the junior officer. The narrator on joining the sloop had found this man on board after some years of separation. There is something touching in the warm pleasure he remembered and records at this meeting with the professional mentor of his boyhood.

We discover then that, no Spaniard being forthcoming for the service, this worthy seaman with the unique pigtail and a very high character for courage and steadiness had been selected as messenger for one of these missions inland which have been mentioned. His preparations were not elaborate. One gloomy autumn morning the sloop ran close to a shallow cove where a landing could be made on that ironbound shore. A boat was lowered, and pulled in with Tom Corbin (Cuba Tom) perched in the bow, and our young man (Mr. Edgar Byrne was his name on this earth which knows him no more) sitting in the stern sheets.

A few inhabitants of a hamlet, whose gray stone houses could be seen a hundred yards or so up a deep ravine, had come down to the shore and watched the approach of the boat. The two Englishmen leaped ashore. Either from dullness or astonishment the peasants gave no greeting, and only fell back in silence.

Mr. Byrne had made up his mind to see Tom Corbin started fairly on his way. He looked around at the heavy surprised faces.

"There isn't much to get out of them," he said. "Let us walk up to the village. There will be a wine shop for sure where we may find somebody more promising to talk to and get some information from."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Tom, falling into step behind his officer. "A bit of palaver as to courses and distances can do no harm; I crossed the broadest part of Cuba by the help of my tongue tho' knowing far less Spanish than I do now. As they say it themselves it was 'four words and no more' with me, that time when I got left behind on shore by the *Blanche*, frigate."

He made light of what was before him, which was but a day's journey into the mountains. It is true that there was a full day's journey before striking the mountain path, but that was nothing for a man who had crossed the island of Cuba on his two legs, and with no more than four words of the language to begin with.

The officer and the man were walking now on a thick sodden bed of dead leaves, which the peasants thereabouts accumulate in the streets of their villages to rot during the winter for field manure. Turning his head Mr. Byrne perceived that the whole male population of the hamlet was following them on the noiseless springy carpet. Women stared from the doors of the houses and the children had apparently gone into hiding. The village knew the ship by sight, afar off, but no stranger had landed on that spot perhaps for a hundred years or more. The cocked hat of Mr. Byrne, the bushy whiskers and the enormous pigtail of the sailor, filled them with mute wonder. They pressed behind the two Englishmen staring like those islanders discovered by Captain Cook in the South Seas.

It was then that Byrne had his first glimpse of the little cloaked man in a yellow hat. Faded and dingy as it was, this covering for his head made him noticeable.

The entrance to the wine shop was like a rough hole in a wall of flints. The owner was the only person who was not in the street, for he came out from the darkness at the back where the inflated forms of wine skins hung on nails could be vaguely distinguished. He was a tall, one-eyed Asturian with scrubby, hollow cheeks; a grave expression of countenance contrasted enigmatically with the roaming restlessness of his solitary eye. On learning that the matter in hand was the sending on his way of that English mariner toward a certain Gonzales in the mountains, he closed his good eye for a moment as if in meditation. Then opened it, very lively again.

"Possibly, possibly. It could be done."

A FRIENDLY murmur arose in the group in the doorway at the name of Gonzales, the local leader against the French. Inquiring as to the safety of the road Byrne was glad to learn that no troops of that nation had been seen in the neighborhood for months. Not the smallest little detachment of these impious *polizones*. While giving these answers the owner of the wine shop busied himself in drawing into an earthenware jug some wine which he set before the heretic English, pocketing with grave abstraction the small piece of money the officer threw upon the table in recognition of the unwritten law that none may enter a wine shop without buying drink. His eye was in constant motion as if it were trying to do the work of the two; but when Byrne made inquiries as to the possibility of hiring a mule, it became immovably fixed in the direction of the door which was closely besieged by the curious. In front of them, just within the threshold, the little man in the large cloak and yellow hat had taken his stand. He was a diminutive person, a mere homunculus, Byrne describes him, in a ridiculously mysterious, yet assertive attitude, a corner of his cloak thrown cavalierly over his left shoulder, muffling his chin and mouth; while the broad-brimmed yellow hat hung on a corner of his square little head. He stood there taking snuff, repeatedly.

"A mule," repeated the wine seller, his eyes fixed on that quaint and snuffy figure. . . . "No, *señor* officer! Decidedly no mule is to be got in this poor place."

The coxswain, who stood by with the true sailor's air of unconcern in strange surroundings, struck in quietly—

"If your honor will believe me Shank's pony's the best for this job. I would have to leave the beast somewhere, anyhow, since the captain has told me that half my way will be along paths fit only for goats."

The diminutive man made a step forward, and speaking through the folds of the cloak which seemed to muffle a sarcastic intention—

"*Si, señor*. They are too honest in this village to have a single mule amongst them for your worship's service. To that I can bear testimony. In these times it's only rogues or very clever men who can manage to have mules or any other four-footed beasts and the wherewithal to keep them. But what this valiant mariner wants is a guide: and here, *señor*, behold my brother-in-law, Bernardino, wine seller, and alcade of this most Christian and hospitable village, who will find you one."

This, Mr. Byrne says in his relation, was the only thing to do. A youth in a ragged coat and goatskin breeches was produced after some more talk. The English officer stood treat to the whole village, and while the peasants drank he and Cuba Tom took their departure accompanied by the guide. The diminutive man in the cloak had disappeared.

Byrne went along with the coxswain out of the village. He wanted to see him fairly on his way; and he would have gone a greater distance, if the seaman had not suggested respectfully the advisability of return so as not to keep the ship a moment longer than necessary so close in with the shore on such an unpromising looking morning. A wild gloomy sky hung over their heads when they took leave of each other, and their surroundings of rank bushes and stony fields were dreary.

"In four days' time," were Byrne's last words, "the ship will stand in and send a boat on shore if the weather permits. If not you'll have to make it out on shore the best you can till we come along to take you off."

"Right you are, sir," answered Tom, and strode on. Byrne watched him step out on a narrow path. In a thick pea-jacket with a pair of pistols in his belt, a cutlass by his side, and a stout cudgel in his hand, he looked a sturdy figure and well able to take care of himself. He turned round for a moment to wave his hand, giving to Byrne one more view of his honest bronzed face with bushy whiskers. The lad in goatskin breeches looking, Byrne says, like a faun or a young satyr leaping ahead, stopped to wait for him, and then went off at a bound. Both disappeared.

Byrne turned back. The hamlet was hidden in a fold of the ground, and the spot seemed the most lonely corner of the earth and as if accursed in its uninhabited desolate barrenness. Before he had walked many yards, there appeared very suddenly from behind a bush the muffled up, diminutive Spaniard. Naturally Byrne stopped short.

The other made a mysterious gesture with a tiny hand peeping from under his cloak. His hat hung very much at the side of his head. "*Señor*," he said without any preliminaries. "Caution! It is a positive fact that one-eyed Bernardino, my brother-in-law, has at this moment a mule in his stable. And why he who is not clever has a mule there? Because he is a rogue; a man without conscience. Because I had to give up the *macho* to him to secure for myself a roof to sleep under and a mouthful of *olla* to keep my soul in this insignificant body of mine. Yet, *señor*, it contains a heart many times bigger than the mean thing which beats in the breast of that brute connection of mine of which I am ashamed, though I opposed that marriage with all my power. Well, the misguided woman suffered enough. She had her purgatory on this earth—God rest her soul."

Byrne says he was so astonished by the sudden appearance of that sprite-like being, and by the sardonic bitterness of the speech, that he was unable to disentangle the significant fact from what seemed but a piece of family history fired out at him without rhyme or reason. Not at first. He was confounded and at the same time he was impressed by the rapid forcible delivery, quite different from the frothy excited loquacity of an Italian. So he stared while the homunculus, letting his cloak fall about him, aspired an immense quantity of snuff out of the hollow of his palm.

"A mule," exclaimed Byrne, seizing at last the real aspect of the discourse. "You say he has got a mule? That's queer! Why did he refuse to let me have it?"

The diminutive Spaniard muffled himself up again with great dignity.

"*Quien sabe*," he said coldly, with a shrug of his draped shoulders. "He is a *politico* in everything he does. But one thing your worship may be certain of—that his intentions are always rascally. This husband of my *defunta* sister ought to have been married a long time ago to the widow with the wooden legs." [The gallows, supposed to be widowed of the last executed criminal and waiting for another.]

"I see. But remember that, whatever your motives, your worship countenanced him in this lie."

THE bright unhappy eyes on each side of a predatory nose confronted Byrne without wincing, while with that testiness which lurks so often at the bottom of Spanish dignity—

"No doubt the *señor* officer would not lose an ounce of blood if I were stuck under the fifth rib," he retorted. "But what of this poor sinner here?" Then changing his tone. "*Señor*, by the necessities of the times I live here in exile, a Castilian and an old Christian, existing miserably in the midst of these brute Asturians, and dependent on the worst of them all, who has less conscience and scruples than a wolf. And being a man of intelligence I govern myself accordingly. Yet I can hardly contain my scorn. You have heard the way I spoke. A caballero of parts like your worship might have guessed that there was a cat in there."

"What cat?" said Byrne uneasily. "Oh, I see. Something suspicious. No, *señor*. I guessed nothing. My nation are not good guessers at that sort of thing; and, therefore, I ask you plainly whether that wine seller has spoken the truth in other particulars?"

"There are certainly no Frenchmen anywhere about," said the little man with a return to his indifferent manner.

"Or robbers—*ladrones?*"

"*Ladrones en grande*—no! Assuredly not," was the answer in a cold philosophical tone. "What is there left for them to do after the French? And nobody travels in these times. But who can say! Opportunity makes the robber. Still that mariner of yours has a fierce aspect, and with the son of a cat rats will have no play. But there is a saying, too, that where honey is there will soon be flies."

This oracular discourse exasperated Byrne. "In the name of God," he cried, "tell me plainly if you think my man is safe on his journey."

The homunculus, undergoing one of his rapid changes, seized the officer's arm. The grip of his little hand was astonishing.

"*Señor!* Bernardino had taken notice of him. What more do you want? And listen—men have disappeared on this road—on a certain portion of this road, when Bernardino kept a *meson*, an inn, and I, his brother-in-law, had coaches and mules for hire. Now there are no travelers, no coaches. The French have ruined me. Bernardino has retired here for reasons of his own after my sister died. They were three to torment the life out of her, he and Erminia and Lucilla, two aunts of his—all affiliated to the devil. And now he has robbed me of my last mule. You are an armed man. Demand the *macho* from him, with a pistol to his head, *señor*—it is not his, I tell you—and ride after your man who is so precious to you. And then you shall both be safe, for no two travelers have been ever known to disappear together in those days. As to the beast, I, its owner, I confide it to your honor."

THEY were staring hard at each other, and Byrne nearly burst into a laugh at the ingenuity and transparency of the little man's plot to regain possession of his mule. But he had no difficulty to keep a straight face because he felt deep within himself a strange inclination to do that very extraordinary thing. He did not laugh, but his lip quivered at which the diminutive Spaniard, detaching his black glittering eyes from Byrne's face, turned his back on him bruskly with a gesture and a fling of the cloak which somehow expressed contempt, bitterness, and discouragement all at once. He turned away and stood still, his hat aslant, muffled up to the ears. But he was not offended to the point of refusing the silver *duro* which Byrne offered him with a non-committal speech as if nothing extraordinary had passed between them.

"I must make haste on board now," said Byrne, then.

"*Vaya usted con Dios,*" muttered the gnome. And this interview ended with a sarcastic low sweep of the hat which was replaced at the same perilous angle as before.

Directly the boat had been hoisted, the ship's sails were filled on the off-shore tack, and Byrne imparted the whole story to his captain, who was but a very few years older than himself. There was some amused indignation at it—but while they laughed they looked gravely at each other. A Spanish dwarf trying to beguile an officer of his majesty's navy into stealing a mule for him—that was too funny, too ridiculous, too incredible. Those were the exclamations of the captain. He couldn't get over the grotesqueness of it.

"Incredible. That's just it," murmured Byrne at last in a significant tone.

They exchanged a long stare. "It's as clear as daylight," affirmed the captain impatiently, because in his heart he was not certain. And Tom, the best seaman in the ship for one, the good-humoredly deferential friend of his boyhood for the other, was becoming endowed with a compelling fascination, like a symbolic figure of loyalty appealing to their feelings and their conscience, so that they could not detach their thoughts from his safety. Several times they went up on deck, only to look at the coast, as if it could tell them something of his fate. It stretched away, lengthening in the distance, mute, naked, and savage, veiled now and then by the slanting cold shafts of rain. The westerly swell rolled its interminable angry lines of foam and big dark clouds flew over the ship in a sinister procession.

"I wish to goodness you had done what your little friend in the yellow hat wanted you to do," said the commander of the sloop late in the afternoon with visible exasperation.

"Do you, sir?" answered Byrne, bitter with positive anguish. "I wonder what you would have said afterward? Why! I might have been kicked out of the service for looting a mule from a nation in alliance with His Majesty. Or I might have been battered to a pulp with flails and pitchforks—a pretty tale to get abroad about one of your officers—while trying to steal a mule. Or chased ignominiously to the boat—for you would not have expected me to shoot down unoffending people for the sake of a mangy mule. . . . And yet," he added in a low voice, "I almost wish myself I had done it."

Before dark those two young men had worked themselves up into a highly complex psychological state of scornful skepticism and alarmed credulity. It tormented them exceedingly; and the thought that it would have to last for six days at least, and possibly be prolonged further for an indefinite time, was not to be borne. The ship was therefore put on the inshore tack at dark. All through the gusty dark night she went toward the land to look for her man, at times lying over in the heavy puffs, at others rolling idle in the swell, nearly stationary, as if she, too, had a mind of her own to swing perplexed between cool reason and warm impulse.

Then just at daybreak a boat put off from her and went on tossed by the seas toward the shallow cove where, with considerable difficulty, an officer in a thick coat and a round hat managed to land on a strip of shingle.

"It was my wish," writes Mr. Byrne, "a wish of which my captain approved, to land secretly if possible. I did not want to be seen either by my aggrieved friend in the yellow hat, whose motives were not clear, or by the one-eyed wine seller, who may or may not have been affiliated to the devil, or indeed by any other dweller in that primitive village. But unfortunately the cove was the only possible landing place for miles; and from the steepness of the ravine I couldn't make a circuit to avoid the houses.

"Fortunately," he goes on, "all the people were yet in their beds. It was barely daylight when I found myself walking on the thick layer of sodden leaves filling the only street. No soul was stirring abroad, no dog barked. The silence was profound, and I had concluded with some wonder that apparently no dogs were kept in the hamlet, when I heard a low snarl, and from a noisome alley between two hovels emerged a vile cur with its tail between its legs. He slunk off silently showing me his teeth as he ran before me, and he disappeared so suddenly that he might have been the unclean incarnation of the Evil One. There was, too, something so weird in the manner of its coming and vanishing, that my spirits, already by no means very high, became further depressed by the revolting sight of this creature as if by an unlucky presage."

He got away from the coast unobserved, as far as he knew, then struggled manfully to the west against wind and rain, on a barren dark upland, under a sky of ashes. Far away the harsh and desolate mountains raising their scarred and denuded ridges seemed to wait for him menacingly. The evening found him fairly near to them, but, in sailor language, uncertain of his position, hungry, wet, and tired out by a day of steady tramping over broken ground during which he had seen very few people, and had been unable to obtain the slightest intelligence of Tom Corbin's passage. "On! On! I must push on," he had been saying to himself through the hours of solitary effort, spurred more by incertitude than by a definite fear or definite hope.

The lowering daylight died out quickly, leaving him faced by a broken bridge. He descended into the ravine, forded a narrow stream by the last gleam of rapid water, and clambering out on the other side was met by the night which fell like a bandage over his eyes. The wind sweeping in the darkness the broadside of the sierra worried his ears by a continuous roaring noise as of a maddened sea. He suspected that he had lost the road. Even in daylight, with its ruts and mud holes and ledges of out-cropping stone, it was difficult to distinguish from the dreary waste of the moor interspersed with boulders and clumps of naked bushes. But, as he says, "he steered his course by the fell of the wind," his hat rammed low on his brow, his head down, stopping now and again from mere weariness of mind rather than of body—as if not his strength but his resolution were being overtaxed by the strain of endeavor half suspected to be vain, and by the unrest of his feelings.

In one of these pauses borne in the wind faintly as if from very far away he heard a sound of knocking, just knocking on wood. He noticed that the wind had lulled suddenly.

His heart started beating tumultuously because in himself he carried the impression of the desert solitudes he had been traversing for the last six hours—the oppressive sense of an uninhabited world. When he raised his head a gleam of light, illusory as it often happens in dense darkness, swam before his eyes. While he peered, the sound of feeble knocking was repeated—and suddenly he felt rather than saw the existence of a massive obstacle in his path. What was it? The spur of a hill? Or was it a house! Yes. It was a house right close, as though it had risen from the ground or had come sliding to meet him, dumb and pallid, from some dark recess of the night. It towered loftily. He had come up under its lee; another three steps and he could have touched the wall with his hand. It was no doubt a *posada* and some other traveler was trying for admittance. He heard again the sound of cautious knocking.

NEXT moment a broad band of light fell into the night through the opened door. Byrne stepped eagerly into it, whereupon the person outside leaped with a stifled cry away into the night. An exclamation of surprise was heard too, from within. Byrne, flinging himself against the half-closed door, forced his way in against some considerable resistance.

A miserable candle, a mere rushlight, burned at the end of a long deal table. And in its light Byrne saw, staggering yet, the girl he had driven from the door. She had a short black skirt, an orange shawl, a dark complexion—and the escaped single hairs from the mass, somber and thick like a forest and held up by a comb, made a black mist about her low forehead. A shrill lamentable howl of: "Misericordia!" came in two voices from the further end of the long room, where the firelight of an open hearth played between heavy shadows. The girl recovering herself drew a hissing breath through her set teeth.

It is unnecessary to report the long process of questions and answers by which he soothed the fears of two old women who sat on each side of the fire, on which stood a large earthenware pot. Byrne thought at once of two witches watching the brewing of some deadly potion. But all the same, when one of them raising forward painfully her broken form lifted the cover of the pot, the escaping steam had an appetizing smell. The other did not budge, but sat hunched up, her head trembling all the time.

They were horrible. There was something grotesque in their decrepitude. Their toothless mouths, their hooked noses, the meagerness of the active one, and the hanging yellow cheeks of the other (the still one, whose head trembled) would have been laughable if the sight of their dreadful physical degradation had not been appalling to one's eyes, had not gripped one's heart with poignant amazement at the unspeakable misery of age, at the awful persistency of life becoming at last an object of disgust and dread.

To get over it Byrne began to talk, saying that he was an Englishman, and that he was in

Just then the doors flew open. He was there. He—the trusty, sagacious Tom was there, drawn up shadowy and stiff, in prudent silence.

search of a countryman who ought to have passed this way. Directly he had spoken the recollection of his parting with Tom came up in his mind with amazing vividness: the silent villagers, the angry gnome, the one-eyed wine seller Bernardino. Why! These two unspeakable frights must be that man's aunts—affiliated to the devil.

Whatever they had been once it was impossible to imagine what use such feeble creatures could be to the devil, now, in the world of the living. Which was Lucilla and which was Erminia? They were now things without a name. A moment of suspended animation followed Byrne's words. The sorceress with the spoon ceased stirring the mess in the iron pot, the very trembling of the other's head stopped for the space of breath. In this infinitesimal fraction of a second Byrne had the sense of being really on his quest, of having reached the turn of the path, almost within hail of Tom.

"They have seen him," he thought with conviction. Here was at last somebody who had seen him. He made sure they would deny all knowledge of the Ingles; but on the contrary they were eager to tell him that he had eaten and slept the night in the house. They both started talking together, describing his appearance and behavior. An excitement quite fierce in its feebleness possessed them. The doubled-up sorceress flourished aloft her wooden spoon, the puffy monster got off her stool and screeched, stepping from one foot to the other, while the trembling of her head was accelerated to positive vibration. Byrne was quite disconcerted by their excited behavior. . . . Yes! The big, fierce Ingles went away in the morning, after eating a piece of bread and drinking some wine. And if the caballero wished to follow the same path nothing could be easier—in the morning.

"You will give me somebody to show me the way?" said Byrne.

"*Si, señor*. A proper youth. The man the caballero saw going out."

"But he was knocking at the door," protested Byrne. "He only bolted when he saw me. He was coming in."

"No! No!" the two horrid witches screamed out together. "Going out. Going out!"

After all it may have been true. The sound of knocking had been faint, elusive, reflected Byrne. Perhaps only the effect of his fancy. He asked—

"Who is that man?"

"Her *novio*." They screamed pointing to the girl. "He is gone home to a village far away from here. But he will return in the morning. Her *novio!* And she is an orphan—the child of poor Christian people. She lives with us for the love of God, for the love of God."

The orphan crouching on the corner of the hearth had been looking at Byrne. He thought that she was more like a child of Satan kept there by these two weird harridans for the love of the Devil. Her eyes were a little oblique, her mouth rather thick, but admirably formed; her dark face had a wild beauty, voluptuous and untamed. As to the character of her steadfast gaze attached upon him with a sensuously savage attention, "to know what it was like," says Mr. Byrne, "you have only to observe a hungry cat watching a bird in a cage or a mouse inside a trap."

It was she who served him the food, of which he was glad; though with those big slanting black eyes examining him at close range, as if he had something curious written on his face, she gave him an uncomfortable sensation. But anything was better than being approached by those blear-eyed nightmarish witches. His apprehensions somehow had been soothed; perhaps by the sensation of warmth after severe exposure and the ease of resting after the exertion of fighting the gale inch by inch all the way. He had no doubt of Tom's safety. He was now sleeping in the mountain camp, having been met by Gonzales's men.

BYRNE rose, filled a tin goblet with wine out of a skin hanging on the wall, and sat down again. The witch with the mummy face began to talk to him, rambling of old times; she boasted of the inn's fame in those better days. Great people in their own coaches stopped there. An archbishop slept once in the *ca* a long, long time ago.

The witch with the puffy face seemed to be listening from her stool, motionless, except for the trembling of her head. The girl (Byrne was certain she was a casual gipsy admitted there for some reason or other) sat on the hearthstone in the glow of the embers. She hummed a tune to herself, rattling a pair of castanets slightly now and then. At the mention of the archbishop she chuckled impiously and turned her head to look at Byrne, so that the red glow of the fire flashed in her black eyes and on her white teeth under the dark cowl of the enormous overmantel. And he smiled at her.

He rested now in the ease of security. His advent not having been expected there could be no plot against him in existence. Drowsiness stole upon his senses. He enjoyed it, but keeping a hold, so he thought at least, on his wits; but he must have been gone further than he thought because he was startled beyond measure by a fiendish uproar. He had never heard anything so pitilessly strident in his life. The witches had started a fierce quarrel about something or other. Whatever its origin, they were now only abusing each other violently, without arguments; their senile screams expressed nothing but wicked anger and ferocious dismay. The gipsy girl's black eyes flew from one to the other. Never before had Byrne felt himself so removed from fellowship with human beings. Before he had really time to understand the subject of the quarrel, the girl jumped up rattling her castanets loudly. A silence fell. She came up to the table and bending over, her eyes in his—

"*Señor*," she said with decision. "You shall sleep in the archbishop's room."

Neither of the witches objected. The dried-up one bent double was propped on a stick. The puffy-faced one had now a crutch.

Byrne got up, walked to the door, and turning the key in the enormous lock, put it coolly in his pocket. This was clearly the only entrance, and he did not mean to be taken unawares by whatever danger there might have been lurking outside. When he turned from the door he saw the two witches "affiliated to the Devil" and the Satanic girl looking at him in silence. He wondered if Tom Corbin took the same precaution last night. And thinking of him he had again that queer impression of his nearness. The world was perfectly dumb. And in this stillness he heard the blood beating in his ears with a confused rushing noise, in which there seemed to be a voice uttering the words: "Mr. Byrne, look out, sir." Tom's voice. He shuddered; for the delusions of the senses of hearing are the most vivid of all, and from their nature have a compelling character.

It seemed impossible that Tom should not be there. Again a slight chill as of stealthy draught penetrated through his very clothes and passed over all his body. He shook off the impression with an effort.

It was the girl who preceded him upstairs carrying an iron lamp from the naked flame of which ascended a thin thread of smoke. Her soiled white stockings were full of holes.

With the same quiet resolution with which he had locked the door below, Byrne threw open one after another the doors in the corridor. All the rooms were empty except for some nondescript lumber in one or two. And the girl seeing what he would be at stopped every time, raising the smoky light in each doorway patiently. Meantime she observed him with sustained attention. The last door of all she threw open herself.

"You sleep here, *señor*," she murmured in a voice light like a child's breath, offering him the lamp.

"*Buenos noches, señorita*," he said politely, taking it from her.

She didn't return the wish audibly, though her lips did move a little, while her gaze black like a starless night never for a moment wavered before him. He stepped in, and as he turned to close the door she was still there motionless and disturbing, with her voluptuous mouth and slanting eyes, with the expression of expectant sensual ferocity of a baffled cat. He hesitated for a moment, and in the dumb house he heard again the blood pulsating ponderously in his ears, while once more the illusion of Tom's voice speaking earnestly somewhere near-by was specially terrifying, because this time he could not make out the words.

He slammed the door in the girl's face at last, leaving her in the dark; and he opened it again almost on the instant. Nobody. She had vanished without the slightest sound. He closed the door quickly and bolted it with two heavy bolts.

A profound mistrust possessed him suddenly. Why did the witches quarrel about letting him sleep here? And what meant that stare of the girl as if she wanted to impress his features forever in her mind? His own nervousness alarmed him. He seemed to himself to be removed very far from mankind.

HE EXAMINED his room. It was not very high, just high enough to take the bed which stood under an enormous baldaquin-like canopy from which fell heavy curtains at foot and head; a bed certainly worthy of an archbishop. There was a heavy table carved all around the edges, some armchairs of enormous weight like the spoils of a grandee's palace; a tall shallow wardrobe placed against the wall and with double doors. He tried them. Locked. A suspicion came into his mind, and he snatched the lamp to make a closer examination. No, it was not a disguised entrance. That heavy, tall piece of furniture stood clear of the wall by quite an inch. He glanced at the bolts of his room door. No! No one could get at him treacherously while he slept. But would he be able to sleep? he asked himself anxiously. If only he had Tom there—the trusty seaman who had fought at his right hand in a cutting-out affair or two, and had always preached to him the necessity to take care of himself. "For it's no great trick," he used to say, "to get yourself killed in a hot fight. Any fool can do that. The proper pastime is to fight the Frenchies and then live to fight another day."

Byrne found it a hard matter not to fall into listening to the silence. Somehow he had the conviction that nothing would break it unless he heard again the haunting sound of Tom's voice. He had heard it twice before. Odd! And yet no wonder, he argued with himself reasonably, since he had been thinking of the man for over thirty hours continuously and, what's more, inconclusively. For his anxiety for Tom had never taken a definite shape. "Disappear" was the only word connected with the idea of Tom's danger. It was very vague and awful. "Disappear!" What did that mean?

Byrne shuddered, and then said to himself that he must be a little feverish. But Tom had not disappeared. Byrne had just heard of him. And again the young man felt the blood beating in his ears. He sat still expecting every moment to hear through the pulsating strokes the sound of Tom's voice. He waited straining his ears, but nothing came. Suddenly the thought occurred to him: "He has not disappeared, but he cannot make himself heard."

He jumped up from the armchair. How absurd! Laying his pistol and his hanger on the table he took off his boots and, feeling suddenly too tired to stand, flung himself on the bed which he found soft and comfortable beyond his hopes.

He had felt very wakeful, but he must have dozed off after all, because the next thing he knew he was sitting up in bed and trying to recollect what it was that Tom's voice had said.

Oh! He remembered it now. It had said: "Mr. Byrne! Look out, sir!" A warning this. But against what?

He landed with one leap in the middle of the floor, gasped once, then looked all round the room. The window was shuttered and barred with an iron bar. Again he ran his eyes slowly all around the bare walls, and even looked up at the ceiling which was rather high. Afterward he went to the door to examine the fastenings. They consisted of two enormous iron bolts sliding into holes made in the wall; and as the corridor outside was too narrow to admit of any battering arrangements or even to permit an ax to be swung—nothing could burst the door open unless gunpowder. But while he was still making sure that the lower bolt was pushed well home, he received the impression of somebody's presence in the room. It was so strong that he spun round quicker than lightning. There was no one. Who could there be? And yet. . . .

It was then that he lost the decorum and restraint a man keeps up for his own sake. He got down on his hands and knees, with the lamp on the floor, to look under the bed, like a silly girl. He saw a lot of dust and nothing else. He got up, his cheeks burning, and walked about discontented with his own behavior and unreasonably angry with Tom for not leaving him alone. The words: "Mr. Byrne! Look out, sir," kept on repeating themselves in his head in a tone of warning.

"Hadn't I better just throw myself on the bed and try to go to sleep?" he asked himself. But his eyes fell on the tall wardrobe, and he went toward it feeling irritated with himself and yet unable to desist. How he could explain tomorrow the burglarious misdeed to the two odious witches he had no idea. Nevertheless he inserted the point of his hanger between the two halves of the door and tried to pry them open. They resisted. He swore, sticking now hotly to his purpose. His mutter: "I hope you will be satisfied, confound you," was addressed to the absent Tom. Just then the doors gave way and flew open.

He was there.

He—the trusty, sagacious, and courageous Tom was there, drawn up shadowy and stiff, in prudent silence, which his wide-open eyes by their fixed gleam seemed to command Byrne to respect. But Byrne was too startled to make a sound. Amazed, he stepped back a little—and on the instant the seaman flung himself forward headlong as if to clasp his officer round the neck. Instinctively Byrne put out his faltering arms, he felt the horrible rigidity of the body and then the coldness of death as their heads knocked together and their faces came into contact. They reeled, Byrne hugging Tom close to his breast in order not to let him fall with a crash. He had just strength enough to lower the awful burden gently to the floor—then his head swam, his legs gave way, and he sank on his knees, leaning over the body with his hands resting on the breast of that man once full of generous life, and now as insensible as a stone.

"Dead! my poor Tom, dead," he repeated mentally. The light of the lamp standing near the edge of the table fell from above straight on the stony empty stare of these eyes which naturally had a mobile and merry expression. Byrne turned his own away from them. Tom's black silk neckerchief was not knotted on his breast. It was gone. The murderers had also taken off his shoes and stockings. And noticing this spoilation, the exposed throat, the bare upturned feet, Byrne felt his eyes run full of tears. In other respects the seaman was fully dressed, neither was his clothing disarranged as it must have been in a violent struggle. Only his checked shirt had been pulled a little out the waistband in one place, just enough to ascertain whether he had a money belt fastened round his body. Byrne began to sob into his handkerchief.

IT WAS a nervous outburst which passed off quickly. Remaining on his knees he contemplated sadly the athletic body of as fine a seaman as ever had drawn a cutlass, laid a gun, or passed the weather earring in a gale, lying stiff and cold, his cheery, fearless spirit departed—perhaps turning to him, his boy chum, to his ship out there rolling on the gray seas off an iron-bound coast, at the very moment of its flight. He perceived that the six brass buttons of Tom's jacket had been cut off. He shuddered at the notion of the two miserable and repulsive witches busying themselves ghoulishly about the defenseless body of his friend. Cut off. Perhaps with the same knife which . . . The head of one trembled; the other was bent double, and their eyes were red and bleared, their infamous claws unsteady . . . It must have been in this very room, too, for Tom could not have been killed in the open and brought in here afterward. Of that Byrne was certain. Yet those devilish crones could not have killed him themselves even by taking him unawares—and Tom would be always on his guard of course. Tom was a very wideawake wary man when engaged on any service. . . . And in fact how did they murder him? Who did? In what way?

Byrne jumped up, snatched the lamp off the table, and stooped swiftly over the body. The light revealed on the clothing no stain, no trace, no spot of blood anywhere. Byrne's hands began to shake so that he had to set the lamp on the floor and turn away his head in order to recover from this agitation.

Then he began to explore that cold, still, and rigid body for a stab, a gunshot wound, for the trace of some killing blow. He felt all over the skull anxiously. It was whole. He slipped his hand under the neck. It was unbroken. With terrified eyes he peered close under the chin and saw no marks of strangulation on the throat.

There were no signs anywhere. He was just dead.

Impulsively Byrne got away from the body as if the mystery of an incomprehensible death had changed his pity into suspicion and dread. The lamp on the floor near the set, still face of the seaman showed it staring at the ceiling as if despairingly. In the circle of light Byrne saw by the undisturbed patches of thick dust on the floor that there had been no struggle in that room. "He has died outside," he thought. Yes, outside in that narrow corridor, where there was hardly room to turn, the mysterious death had come to his poor dear Tom. The impulse of snatching up his pistols and rushing out of the room abandoned Byrne suddenly. For Tom, too, had been armed—with just such powerless weapons as he himself possessed—pistols, a cutlass! And Tom had died a nameless death, by incomprehensible means.

A new thought came to Byrne. That stranger knocking at the door and fleeing so swiftly at his appearance had come there to remove the body. Aha! That was the guide the withered witch had promised would show the English officer the shortest way of rejoining his man. A promise, he saw it now, of dreadful import. He who had knocked would have two bodies to deal with. Man and officer would go forth from the house together. For Byrne was certain now that he would have to die before the morning —and in the same mysterious manner, leaving behind him an unmarked body.

The sight of a smashed head, of a cut throat, of a gaping gunshot wound, would have been an inexpressible relief. It would have soothed all his fears. His soul cried within him to that dead man whom he had never found wanting in danger. "Why don't you tell me what I am to look for, Tom? Why don't you?" But in rigid immobility, extended on his back, he seemed to preserve an austere silence, as if disdaining in the finality of his awful knowledge to hold converse with the living.

Suddenly Byrne flung himself on his knees by the side of the body, and dry-eyed, fierce, opened the shirt wide on the breast, as if to tear the secret forcibly from that cold heart which had been so loyal to him in life! Nothing! Nothing! He raised the lamp, and all the sign vouchsafed to him by that face which used to be so kindly in expression was a small bruise on the forehead—the least thing, a mere mark. The skin even was not broken. He stared at it a long time as if lost in a dreadful dream. Then he observed that Tom's hands were clenched as though he had fallen facing somebody in a fight with fists. His knuckles, on closer view, appeared somewhat abraded. Both hands.

The discovery of these slight signs was more appalling to Byrne than the absolute absence of every mark would have been. So Tom had died striking against something which could be hit, and yet could kill one without leaving a wound—by a breath.

Terror, hot terror, began to play about Byrne's heart like a tongue of flame that touches and withdraws before it turns a thing to ashes. He backed away from the body as far as he could, then came forward stealthily casting fearful glances to steal another look at the bruised forehead. There would perhaps be such a faint bruise on his own forehead—before the morning.

"I can't bear it," he whispered to himself. Tom was for him now an object of horror, a sight at once tempting and revolting to his fear. He couldn't bear to look at him.

AT LAST, desperation getting the better of his increasing horror, he stepped forward from the wall against which he had been leaning, seized the corpse under the armpits, and began to lug it over to the bed. The bare heels of the seaman trailed on the floor noiselessly. He was heavy with the dead weight of inanimate objects. With a last effort Byrne landed him face downward on the edge of the bed, rolled him over, snatched from under this stiff passive thing a sheet with which he covered it over. Then he spread the curtains at head and foot so that joining together as he shook their folds they hid the bed altogether from his sight.

He stumbled toward a chair, and fell on it. The perspiration poured from his face for a moment, and then his veins seemed to carry for a while a thin stream of half-frozen blood. Complete terror had possession of him now, a nameless terror which had turned his heart to ashes.

He sat upright in the straight-backed chair, the lamp burning at his feet, his pistols and his hanger at his left elbow on the end of the table, his eyes turning incessantly in their sockets round the walls, over the ceiling, over the floor, in the expectation of a mysterious and appalling vision. The thing which could deal death in a breath was outside that bolted door. Byrne believed neither in walls nor bolts now. Unreasoning terror turning everything to account, his old-time boyish admiration of the athletic Tom, the undaunted Tom (he had seemed to him invincible), helped to paralyze his faculties, added to his despair.

He was no longer Edgar Byrne. He was a tortured soul suffering more anguish than any sinner's body had ever suffered from rack or boot. The depth of his torment may be measured when I say that this young man, as brave at least as the average of his kind, contemplated seizing a pistol and firing into his own head. But a deadly, chilly langor was spreading over his limbs. It was as if his flesh had been wet plaster stiffening slowly about his ribs. Presently, he thought, the two witches will be coming in, with crutch and stick—horrible, grotesque, monstrous—affiliated to the Devil—to put a mark on his forehead, the tiny little bruise of death. And he wouldn't be able to do anything. Tom had struck out at something, but he was not like Tom. His limbs were dead already. He sat still, dying the death over and over again; and the only part of him which moved were his eyes, turning round and round in their sockets, running over the walls, the floor, the ceiling, again and again till suddenly they became motionless and stony—starting out of his head fixed in the direction of the bed.

HE HAD seen the heavy curtains stir and shake as if the dead body they concealed had turned over and sat up. Byrne, who thought the world could hold no more terrors in store, felt his hair stir at the roots. He gripped the arms of the chair, his jaw fell, and the sweat broke out on his brow while his dry tongue clove suddenly to the roof of his mouth. Again the curtains stirred, but did not open. "Don't, Tom!" Byrne made effort to shout, but all he heard was a slight moan such as an uneasy sleeper may make. He felt that his brain was going, for, now, it seemed to him that the ceiling over the bed had moved, had slanted, and came level again—and once more the closed curtains swayed gently as if about to part.

Byrne closed his eyes not to see the awful apparition of the seaman's corpse coming out animated by an evil spirit. In the profound silence of the room he endured a moment of frightful agony, then opened his eyes again. And he saw at once that the curtains remained closed still, but that the ceiling over the bed had risen quite a foot. With the last gleam of reason left to him he understood that it was the enormous baldaquin over the bed which was coming down, while the curtains attached to it swayed softly, sinking gradually to the floor. His drooping jaw snapped to—and half rising in his chair he watched mutely the noiseless descent of the monstrous canopy. It came down in short smooth rushes till lowered half way or more, when it took a run and settled swiftly its turtle-back shape with the deep border piece fitting exactly the edge of the bedstead. A slight crack or two of wood were heard, and the overpowering stillness of the room resumed its sway.

Byrne stood up, gasped for breath, and let out a cry of rage and dismay, the first sound which he is perfectly certain did make its way past his lips on this night of terrors. This then was the death he had escaped! This was the devilish artifice of murder poor Tom's soul had perhaps tried from beyond the border to warn him of. For this was how he had died. Byrne was certain he had heard the voice of the seaman, faintly distinct in his familiar phrase, "Mr. Bryne! Look out, sir!" and again uttering words he could not make out. But then the distance separating the living from the dead is so great! Poor Tom had tried. Byrne ran to the bed and attempted to lift up, to push off the horrible lid smothering the body. It resisted his efforts, heavy as lead, immovable like a tombstone. The rage of vengeance made him desist; his head buzzed with chaotic thought of extermination, he turned round the room as if he could find neither his weapons nor the way out; and all the time he stammered awful menaces. . . .

A violent battering at the door of the inn recalled him to his soberer senses. He flew to the window, pulled the shutters open, and looked out. In the faint dawn he saw below him a mob of men. Ha! He would go and face at once this murderous lot collected no doubt for his undoing. After his struggle with nameless terrors he yearned for an open fray with armed enemies. But he must have remained yet bereft of his reason, because forgetting his weapons he rushed downstairs with a wild cry, unbarred the door while blows were raining on it outside, and flinging it open flew with his bare hands at the throat of the first man he saw before him. They rolled over together. Byrne's hazy intention was to break through, to fly up the mountain path, and come back presently with Gonzales's men to exact an exemplary vengeance. He fought furiously till a tree, a house, a mountain, seemed to crash down upon his head—and he knew no more.

Here Mr. Byrne describes in detail the skillful manner in which he found his broken head bandaged, informs us that he had lost a great deal of blood, and ascribes the preservation of his sanity to that circumstance. He sets down Gonzales's profuse apologies in full

[*Continued on page 182*]

We Must March

A Novel of Pioneer Days in the Great Northwest

by Honoré Willsie Morrow

Illustrated by J. Scott Williams

Begin this serial with any instalment. The story up this point is here.

IN THE year 1836 a small party of Protestant missionaries consisting of Marcus and Narcissa Whitman, Henry and Eliza Spalding, Miles Goodyear and William Gray, make their way by wagon into the Oregon Territory and, although greeted coldly by the Cayuse and officials of the Hudson's Bay Company, succeed in establishing two mission posts. George Simpson, Governor of Rupert's Land, although mightily attracted by Narcissa's beauty and intelligence, is opposed to the American invasion, for he hopes to save Oregon Territory for England, and tries every method to get the missionaries out of the district. Narcissa refuses to be turned from her purpose and remains with her husband, facing a year of hardship until her baby, Alice Clarissa, is born. The Indians, led by Chief Umtippe, who is extremely fond of the "Little White Cayuse," become somewhat more amicable. The Hudson's Bay Company's people, fearing that their grasp on the land is slipping, import a number of Catholic priests. A period of open hostility between the two religious sects follows.

The Indians believe that little Alice Clarissa is a god, and fear the Whitmans because of the possible punishment which may be meted out to them. One afternoon Alice Clarissa, while playing on the banks of the Walla Walla, falls in and is drowned. Umtippe, who searched the river with Dr. Whitman, carries the little body to Narcissa, saying that the gods of the Cayuse shall punish her for letting the "Little White Cayuse" die.

This Month's Instalment

NARCISSA moved through the next four days without a tear, almost without a word. Her eyes were like glass, while a brilliant spot of red burned in either cheek. She was utterly weary, but she could not rest. Every sense was violently stimulated. This was especially true of her hearing. When the Indians, on the night of the tragedy, began the death chant in their camp across the river, it was as deafening to Narcissa as though it were in the next room. Sitting beside the rigid little form in her bedroom, the howl of wolves in a buffalo kill, a mile away, beat on her eardrums till they pained her. And Marcus's low groans as he knelt with his head buried in her lap, filled her very soul with shattering sound.

She could not weep. It was as if her too greatly disciplined mind dared not relax its guard over her soul lest the release of the many agonies there shatter her reason. She planned the funeral, asking that the Sunday school pupils sing "Rock of Ages;" the last song she had taught her baby. She chose the spot for the grave, near the river, beneath a cottonwood, in plain view of her bedroom window. When Mrs. Munger asked her for something with which to line the coffin that Munger, with clever hands and constant prayer had evolved from a packing case, Narcissa calmly ripped several breadths from the gray silk dress skirt and gave them to her. When Sarah Hall did not appear for breakfast on Tuesday morning, it was Narcissa who found her, weeping in the grist mill where she had spent the night. The girl's face was ghastly. Narcissa put her arms about her.

"No one is blaming you, Sarah Hall," said Narcissa gently. "Pray for us all and don't cry."

"I can't pray!" sobbed Sarah. "I'm not a Christian."

Narcissa groaned and led Sarah back to the house.

She asked Henry Spalding to conduct the funeral services. Curiously enough, his alone, of all the kindly voices about her, pierced through the ice that bound her. The man was all preacher now. He wrought with the doctor until, at last, Marcus could stumble back into the daily routine. During these days, Marcus existed for Narcissa only as one of the many figures that moved about the horizon of her agony. Spalding loomed always at her shoulder, unobtrusive, yet subtly sustaining.

The funeral was held on the afternoon of the fourth day. Before the services, Narcissa knelt for hours beside the little casket. Marcus was unable to draw her away so that the services might begin. At last he sent Spalding to her.

The preacher stood for a long moment looking down on the bowed golden head, then, with lips that trembled, he said, in his tender, preacher's voice:

"You must let her go, Narcissa. But you will never lose her. She is your babe for all time, unmarred and holy. Do not keep her here until her fleshly vestments become a horror to you. . . . Oh, my dear, my dear! Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it! His rod and His staff, they shall comfort thee."

Something in the man's sustaining voice gave Narcissa strength to rise and close the coffin lid.

THERE was a large gathering of Indians at the funeral with no whites save those belonging to the missions and Archibald McKinlay, the factor from Fort Walla Walla. It was a beautiful day. The little coffin lay on the platform, covered by the silk flag which Marcus had unfurled at South Pass three years before. It had occurred to Narcissa that it would make the mission seem less isolated if the Stars and Stripes enwrapped the body of her baby. As for the service, she heard no sound of it, save the singing of "Rock of Ages." She did not hear the weeping of the Cayuse, or the death chant intoned defiantly by Umtippe during the sermon. Her whole sensate being had withdrawn into a sanctuary of the spirit, where her soul bade farewell to the soul of Alice Clarissa.

The Spaldings lingered after the funeral only for a day. With the mission falling back into the old routine, the rift between the two families gaped again and it was with a feeling of mutual relief that the decision for an early departure was made. There was a day or so of grief-stricken quiet, then a messenger appeared from the north. It was a Spokan Indian bringing a letter from Elkanah Walker. Mrs. Walker's accouchment was at hand and Marcus was begged to ride with all haste, the hundred miles to their mission.

"I suppose I must go!" groaned Marcus.

Narcissa looked at him with burning eyes. If only she could weep! But her very soul seemed arid.

"I suppose you'll have to go," she repeated mechanically.

They were in their bedroom, where Narcissa had been resting after her morning of teaching. Marcus gazed at her with a physician's eye.

"I think you'd better go with me," he said.

"I'd rather stay here," replied Narcissa. "I want to be alone."

"You mean, that you *wish* me to go?" exclaimed Marcus.

"I'll go mad unless I can be by myself a little while," Narcissa half whispered. "The Indians, the Mungers, the Spaldings, Sarah Hall . . . I haven't a spot in which I may grieve alone."

"I understand!" exclaimed the doctor. "Even that hound of a Spalding can be nearer to you in your trouble than I can! It's well I've something to take me out of your way!"

He jerked his saddle bags from their hooks, then stood waiting for some comment from Narcissa. But she was staring out the window at the newly made grave beneath the cottonwoods, and Marcus, white to the lips, without another word, left for his long, long journey.

The Mungers had moved into the cabin as soon as the Spaldings had left. They offered to move back to the mission house while the doctor should be away, but Narcissa refused their offer. Even Sarah Hall's presence was more than she desired.

The first meal after the doctor's departure was a silent affair until near the end, when Sarah said wistfully.

"You do *know* that our baby is in heaven, don't you, dear Madam Whitman?"

"Yes, Sarah, I do," replied Narcissa. "Why do you ask?"

"I'd rather not say why." Sarah turned to Narcissa eyes as gentle as those of Trapper, who whimpered, bereft, in a corner of the dining-room.

A vague remembrance of comments made by Mrs. Munger which only partially had penetrated her grief, returned to Narcissa.

"Has Mrs. Munger been saying something to bother you? Come, dear, I insist on knowing."

"The Mungers say," replied the young girl, with a little sob, "that she was old enough to be a professed Christian. And she wasn't one. So they say she can't have gone to heaven. I want to go wherever she has gone! I don't care whether I'm with Christ or not. I've got to be with her. I was thinking, before she—she went away, that maybe I'd please you and have a change of heart. But I can't now, because Mrs. Munger says she hasn't gone to heaven."

Narcissa rose, her face ghastly. "The Mungers are fools!" she exclaimed in a voice Sarah never before had heard. "How dare they speak so of my little, innocent, holy child! How dare they!" And to Sarah's utter consternation, Narcissa put her long, roughened hands before her eyes and burst into tears.

For a moment, while the room was filled with long drawn sobs of agony, the young girl sat as if paralyzed. This was not the ready wail of an Indian woman over her dead, to which she was hardened. It was not like the doctor's groans, which had moved her so, nor like Mrs. Spalding's gentle tears of sympathy. There was that in this unprecedented breakdown of the calm mistress of Waii-lat-pu which, while it frightened Sarah, gave her a vague understanding of the measure of a grief so great that it could find no outlet. She endured the sound of Narcissa's tears in silence as long as she could. Then she threw the half eaten slice of bread she was holding in her hand on the floor, where Trapper devoured it between whines, rushed to Narcissa's side and threw her young arms about Narcissa's neck.

"Don't! Don't! Don't!" she wailed. "I'll kill both the Mungers if they speak of it again. Only don't cry this way. It'll kill you!"

But the dam was down. Narcissa disengaged the clinging arms, and went into her bedroom.

Without thought, without desire, she wept for hours. From time to time, during the earlier part of the evening, Sarah or Mrs. Munger rapped at her door. But she could not answer them and, finally, they left her to her sorrow.

It was long after midnight before she fell asleep and long after sunrise, her usual rising time, when she woke. She lay listening dully to the sound of Indians without, and the Mungers and Sarah within, the house. And she was conscious of but one desire; to see her mother; to be in Angelica again and rest her weary head against the heart that, like her lost child, was flesh of her flesh.

And with this overwhelming desire was born a sudden purpose. When the next ship left Fort Vancouver for England, she would take passage on it and make a visit to her mother!

She would not, she could not go on with the futile toil of the mission until she had had time and opportunity to recover from this irreparable and inscrutable loss. A year for the journey. A year at home. Two whole years of civilization; a year of her mother's love and understanding! For the first time since the tragedy, a sense of comfort stole into Narcissa's ravished heart. She lay and dreamed of unlatching the gate of home and rushing up the flower bordered path to the wide swung door and her mother's extended arms. Home! Home!

Waii-lat-pu was home to Marcus. Never, never could it be for her. As for Marcus and this visit—Poor Marcus! But, after all, his work was absorbing. Two years would soon pass. Her old conviction that she never would return to Angelica had been but an idle superstition. As soon as Marcus returned, she would break the news to him. And then, an end for two years to the heavy, detestable grind!

She suddenly found strength to rise and dress. With the dream of Angelica before her, life was endurable.

That, afternoon, Narcissa held her Mothers' Class as usual. There was the customary attendance of draggle-tailed squaws with their babies. Among the older children present was a three-year-old boy. Old Tua, the midwife, lifted the child to the desk and invited Narcissa to observe him. And habituated though she was to every form of Indian child misery, Narcissa winced with horror.

The boy wore a loin-cloth and a piece of rabbit skin about a foot square tied over one shoulder. He was covered with filth; with scabs, bloody scales, bruises and lice. His ankles and wrists were raw and blistered. His face was so swollen from weeping that his features were all but indistinguishable.

"Whose child is this?" asked Narcissa.

"It's a grandchild of old Moon Eye who lives in adultery with white trappers," replied old Tua. "Her daughter had this boy by a Spaniard at Fort Walla Walla. She hates him and won't take care of him. Yesterday some of the Cayuse boys got hold of him and tortured him."

"Why did they do that?" demanded Narcissa though she knew the answer. No friendless thing, be it animal or child, had a chance to go unscathed if the adolescent Cayuse boys laid hands upon it.

THE woman shrugged her shoulders and went on. "The grandmother says you can have him if you want him. We can't find any one else who'll take care of him."

At this moment, Old Moon Eye rushed into the room, seized the boy by the ankles and threw him over her shoulders. He roared with misery.

"The priest at Fort Walla Walla will pay me for him!" she cried.

"Pay her something!" pleaded several squaws.

Narcissa shook her head. "If I begin that, we'll have all the half-breed babies on the Columbia dumped at our door."

The grandmother shuffled out of the room with her screaming burden. Old Tua, after a moment of thought, hurried after her. It was an hour before she returned, triumphantly bearing the child. She had swapped her dress for him! With only a bit of blanket to cover her nakedness, she again deposited the boy on Narcissa's desk.

"Well," sighed Narcissa, "I can't do less than you, Tua!"

She dismissed the school and told Sarah Hall to fill the washtub with warm water. Then she rolled up her sleeves and began the unsavory job of salvaging. When the child had been deloused, his wounds and burns bandaged, and a clean dress put on him, Narcissa discovered that he was singularly beautiful. After she had fed him a bowl of warm bread and milk, she put him into Sarah Hall's lap.

"I'm going to call him Marshall, after

Sarah Hall burst into the room. Without preamble she brought the heavy iron poker down on the Indian's head, and he dropped to the floor.

another friend, Sarah," she said. "Don't you think that's a fine name for such a pretty little fellow?"

Sarah grunted, sitting as stiff as a small tree. Had Narcissa been less sad, she would have found something very amusing in Sarah's haughty glance. Now, however, she only gave Marshall a little pat on his thin cheek and went about her belated household tasks.

But the little boy did not like the young bonne's unresponsive lap. He slid down, grasped a fold of Narcissa's skirt in his tiny bandaged fist and followed her every footstep. Young Trapper, watching the whole proceeding with a jealous eye, suddenly left the corner, where he had been moping and tried to interpose his shaggy gray head between the child and his mistress. Then, finding this impractical, he attached himself to the procession, worrying the child's bandaged ankles.

Narcissa, glancing down at the little by-play, suddenly smiled, while her eyes filled with tears.

"Sarah," she said, "you'll have to finish my work for me."

She sat down and took Marshall in her lap, laying a tender hand on Trapper's head as he squatted against her knee.

"Are you going to let that half-breed sleep in Alice Clarissa's bed?" demanded Sarah Hall.

Narcissa shook her head. "No, he shall have a little cot beside me."

"He's just about her size. That's why Tua brought him to you. She thinks she's clever that old Cayuse!" Sarah's gray eyes were snapping.

"I know she did," agreed Narcissa. "But the child was suffering, Sarah."

Sarah gave a little sob. "He isn't Alice Clarissa and he can't have her place!"

"No, he could not do that, of course, Sarah!" said Narcissa, gently, as she looked down at the pathetic little person in her lap.

He raised a pair of glorious brown eyes to hers, for the first time venturing a slow, sweet smile.

"Oh, the brutes!" whispered Narcissa. "How I loathe the brutes!" She gathered the half-breed child to her breast.

"But," protested Sarah, her cheeks flushing, "you'll be in trouble, taking a child like that, Madam Whitman, unless both the father and the mother have given him up. It gives endless chances for all of them to keep asking you for favors and gifts."

"I don't see how I can turn him back to be treated as he has been. Do you want me to, Sarah?"

"No, of course I don't. Why don't you send him to Père Demers?"

"And let him be a Catholic?" Narcissa looked at the child musingly.

Before Sarah could reply, the Mungers came in and Narcissa told them the child's story. Mrs. Munger listened with interest, but Asahel sat unheeding during the recital, biting his nails and scowling at an Indian who stared in at the window. When Narcissa asked his advice, he gave a great start and said:

"I must be going on to the Sandwich Islands. I can't tarry here a day after Dr. Whitman gets back. The Lord calls me day and night. He scourges me with scorpions because I tarry here while the heathen in the Pacific perish."

His wife shook her head emphatically. "I'd rather the heathen would perish than you! I want you to stay right here till the doctor cures you. You can save Indians as much to the glory of God as you can Sandwiches."

ASAHEL opened his parched lips, but before he could speak, the Indian who had been at the window, appeared in the doorway. He was a tall, handsome young brave, wearing a red calico shirt over buckskin trousers. Round his neck was a fetish; four human fingers strung on a piece of gut.

He strode up to Narcissa. "I've come for my sister's child," he said in Cayuse. "This is the only boy of my family, except myself. You cannot have him."

"He shall stay with me until he is well!" Narcissa looked at the Indian with cool, blue eyes.

"Better give him up before there's trouble," suggested Munger.

"We won't do any such thing!" snapped Sarah Hall. "What right has an old cross patch like you who'd believe a baby could go to hell, to say another baby shall go back to torture?" She turned to the scowling brave before the outraged carpenter from Ohio could reply. "Now, you, Tom Salmon, go back to old Moon Eye and tell her your scheme failed."

The Cayuse ignored Sarah. "Give me six inches of tobacco and I'll give you the child."

Narcissa shook her head. "I'll give you nothing. Leave at once. You are a wicked man to want to take its chance away from this child."

The Indian's face darkened. "I'll make you sorry for calling me bad," he said, and left the house.

Narcissa, hardened to Cayuse threats, calmly put the little boy, now asleep in her arms, to bed on a cot in her room. The Mungers went fussily off to the cabin and by nine o'clock the mission house was dark.

Narcissa was wakened by the squeaking of her door.

"Is it you, Sarah?" she asked quickly, some premonition causing her, at the same moment, to jerk aside the window curtain.

Moonlight flooded the room. Tom Salmon was standing, naked beside her bed. He thrust an evil smelling hand over Narcissa's lips.

"I'll ravish you, then take the boy," he said coolly.

Narcissa, with an upheaving of her whole body, totally unexpected by the Indian, brought her knees violently against his stomach. He coughed like a strangling horse and doubled up on the bed. Narcissa screamed for help and leaped to the floor, but he seized her by the wrist and clung to her while he recovered his breath. The half-breed baby woke, crying.

Narcissa struggled to free herself, screaming as she fought. She dragged the half-fainting Cayuse from the bed, but could not escape from his grasp. She was a superbly strong woman. The Indian was young, but in bad condition, and she was his physical equal; although she could not break his hold, he could not conquer her.

It seemed to her that she and the evil smelling brave dragged each other back and forth for an eternity. As a matter of fact, it was less than five minutes before Sarah Hall, a candle in one hand and the living-room poker in the other, burst into the room. Without preamble she brought the heavy iron poker down on the Indian's head and he dropped to the floor, then scrambled on all fours out of the room.

Narcissa collapsed on the bed. Sarah pulled the covers over her. "Are you hurt? Dear Madam Whitman, are you hurt?"

"No!" gasped Narcissa. "Heat—hot—water. Put little Marshall—here in bed—with me so he'll stop crying."

Sarah flew to obey. Little Marshall snuggled against Narcissa's shoulder. She was too much exhausted to try to soothe him, but when he felt her warm and quiet beside her, he ceased to sob and by the time Sarah returned with a steaming kettle, he was asleep.

With Sarah's help Narcissa managed to take a hot bath. When this was done, Sarah wished to go for the Mungers, but Narcissa felt that the carpenter and his wife would be only a nuisance. She told Sarah to bring the doctor's musket from the living-room, load it, and lay it on the floor beside her bed. Then she had her bolt the doors and go to bed on little Marshall's cot.

Sarah was tembling with fear and horror, but shortly, soothed by Narcissa's calm voice, she went to sleep.

WITH the candlelight flickering on the rafters above her, Narcissa lay staring at nothing until dawn. Had she been struggling with a boa-constrictor, she would have been filled with no more loathing. She told herself, wildly, that she could not stay in Waii-lat-pu another day. Here, at last, was the thing that Governor Simpson had warned them of at Fort Hall. She would leave for Fort Walla Walla in the morning. Yet, even as she told herself this, her conscience whispered that she would remain at Waii-lat-pu until Marcus's return! How could she endure it! She tried to pray and could not. Nor would sleep come until the slumbering child beside her threw a little, bandaged hand across her breast.

Then, "Oh, my baby!" she whispered. "My little daughter in Heaven, help me!" and, grateful for the warm small hand against her heart, she fell asleep.

Sarah brought Narcissa her breakfast in bed, in the morning. Except that she was sore and bruised, she was none the worse for her harrowing experience, and after eating, she dressed and prepared to carry on the day's work.

But this was not to be. It was as if during this absence of the doctor, the Indians were determined to bring to a head all the grievances they had nourished during the years since the Whitmans's arrival. Narcissa scarcely had finished dressing when Asahel Munger rushed unceremoniously into her room.

"We just put out a fire in the roof of the grist mill! I've sent for Mr. McKinlay from Fort Walla Walla."

"How much damage was done?" asked Narcissa.

"Roof's gone, but machinery's safe," panted Munger.

"But why did you send for the factor?"

"Because, while my wife and me put out the fire, Umtippe and the other Indians laughed and said there'd be worse than that before they left for the buffalo hunt."

"Where are Charley Compo and the other converts?" Narcissa picked up the musket and laid it on the bed.

"They left yesterday for the hunt. I sent old Tua to the fort. All that's left is Umtippe and his gang of old complainers. They mean mischief. What have you got that gun here for?"

Narcissa told him. Munger's strange brown eyes blazed. "Give it to me! I never shot at anything, but I'd just as soon try to kill Tom Salmon as not."

Narcissa smiled in spite of her anxiety, and shook her head.

Asahel looked relieved, then groaned. "I'd rather be with the Sandwiches myself. I'll get my wife and we'll all stay indoors today. For the blood of the Lamb, and His marching hosts. Amen." Muttering incoherently, he rushed away.

They spent the day within the house. None of the squaws or children appeared in the schoolroom. Umtippe rode at intervals around the door-yard, but made no attempt to enter. It was an extraordinarily trying day, and when night came, Narcissa dared not try to sleep. She sat in her room, fully dressed, working on the Cayuse reader.

About ten o'clock, she heard a crash, then Mrs. Munger screamed. She picked up the candle and ran into the dining-room. It was ablaze with light from many candles and filled with Indians. As Narcissa entered, a buck sent his tomahawk into the corner cupboard where Narcissa kept a few pieces of china she had brought over the long trail from Angelica. Another kicked over the table and three or four bucks hacked at it with their axes. In a corner, Munger prayed with a voice so shrill that it rose above the bedlam made by the Indians. Old Umtippe, wrapped in his buffalo robe, leaned against the door frame and directed the onslaught, while young Trapper snapped at his moccasins.

Narcissa stood, for a moment, utterly at a loss. Entreaty or command she knew would be idle. She watched the axes crash through the table that Marcus had wrought with such labor from hand-sawed lumber, dragged log by log, the twenty miles from the foothills. She saw the buffalo-hide chairs rent into a hundred brown fragments. Then she saw Alice Clarissa's drinking-cup hurled against the chimney piece and as the fragments flew in all directions, she knew what she must do.

She lifted her voice in the song she had thought never to sing again:

Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree top!
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock—

For a moment the rich, flute-like notes were lost in the anarchy of sound that filled the room. Then, as they gained power, there was a hush of surprise, cut by discordant laughter. The old chief, arms folded on his chest, looked at her with a scowl of contempt. But Narcissa sang on—

If the bough breaks, the cradle will fall
And down will come rock-a-bye, baby and all.

She repeated the song thrice. One by one the axes ceased to crash. Uneasy glances were cast by the braves, first at Narcissa, then at Umtippe. The Cayuse chief was still scowling. But, singing with a power that could have made a prima donna of her, Narcissa saw the familiar heave of the old man's chest, the quivering of his lips, the slow tears beginning to trickle over the wrinkled cheeks.

It was on the third repetition of the song that he pointed a trembling hand at her and shouted. "Stop that song!"

Narcissa slowly crossed the cluttered room toward the old man.

Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock—

Umtippe drew away from her, beating his breast, sobbing convulsively. "The little White Cayuse! *Ai!* the little White Cayuse!"

The room was filled, now, with the sound of weeping. Umtippe, backing slowly out of the door, was followed, one by one, by his braves, who stared at Narcissa as if she were a visitant from another world. She sang until the last moccasined foot had dragged over the doorstep, until the last sound of galloping hoofs had died from the door-yard. Then she turned to the Mungers. They were crouched in a corner, their eyes hidden, praying without pause.

"Where is Sarah Hall?" asked Narcissa.

"Here I am!" Sarah put her head from beneath the wreckage of the couch. "And I've got the doctor's gun with me. And if you hadn't got in the way, I was just going to shoot old Umtippe." She crawled from under the buffalo hides, the old musket clasped against her chest, her nightdress half torn from her slender body. "I kicked as many as I could. I thought you'd never come!"

NARCISSA kissed the trembling girl. "Get yourself dressed, Sarah, and make coffee for all of us. Mr. and Mrs. Munger, we can't sleep after all the excitement. Let's begin to clean up this mess."

Mrs. Munger groaned, "I'm going to start walking back to the United States tomorrow."

"You ain't! You're going to the Sandwich Islands with your lawful husband." The carpenter from Ohio ceased praying to glare at his wife. "Take hold of this furniture now and let's see if we can mend what the varmints broke."

Coffee and work, with Narcissa's calm talk regarding the help that undoubtedly would come from Fort Walla Walla, gradually restored the morale of the household. After three or four hours, Narcissa persuaded the Mungers and Sarah to go to bed. She, herself, sat on the doorstep with the doctor's musket across her knee, and Trapper at her side, waiting for dawn.

It came slowly, lifting majestically over the Blue Mountains, as if it marched to soundless music. The great plains, whose every orange contour Narcissa knew by heart and the wavering lines of green that marked the willow edged creeks, softly moved from the night's obscurity into her weary view. Red glow edged the eastern peaks, shot to the zenith, sought out the cottonwoods by the river and suddenly centered the dawnlight of the world upon a tiny mound. And here Narcissa's eyes rested until the sound of hoofs roused her.

Two Indians were driving a herd of horses across the river into the field of growing wheat. Umtippe was one of the herdsmen. Narcissa fingered the gun restlessly. She was by no means of a meek nature and she found herself watching the devastating of Marcus's hard-won wheat-field with a growing and terrible anger. She sat with nostrils dilated, eyes gleaming like steel, long twitching fingers on the gun hammer, until she had reached the breaking point. Then she lifted the butt to her shoulder.

At that moment, two white riders galloped across the door-yard and brought their horses to their haunches before the fence that bounded the wheat-field.

It was Governor Simpson and Miles Goodyear.

"Get out of this field, you damnable dogs!" roared the governor.

Umtippe sent his horse at a canter up to the fence. "Don't you call me a dog!" he shouted.

"Get your horses out of this field—dog!" The governor rose in his stirrups and pointed at the grazing herd with his riding whip.

Umtippe was riding half-naked, his upper body smeared with red paint. Shaking with anger, he leaned toward Simpson. "Then you must promise to send that witch woman away. That's the only way you can pay me for sending out the horses."

"Pay you!" The Scotchman's jaw showed white through his tanned cheeks. "Pay you! I'll pay you as the Hudson's Bay Company paid the Cayuse who murdered Factor Jones. Do you understand?"

"There's been no murder here!" retorted Umtippe.

"Sir George," interrupted Miles, who had been angrily watching the destruction of the wheat, "let me go after that herd while you carry on this parley.

"Stay where you are, Miles!" ordered the governor. "Come," to Umtippe, "how long do you propose to keep me waiting here?"

"I want my pay!" shouted the chief.

"Pay! Pay! Did you ever pay Dr. Whitman for curing your wives? Did you ever pay Madam Whitman for saving your nephew? Do you think you can continue as you are without punishment?"

"Who will punish us?" demanded Umtippe. "They are not King George people. Dr. Whitman is a Jesus man and don't dare punish any one for anything."

"Aye? Yes?" cried the governor. "But you overlook one item, my sweet laddie! The Whitmans are friends of the Kitche Okema! Consider this, also! The cannon at Fort Walla Walla are loaded with nails and powder. If any Indians attack this mission house, we shall take horses and hitch them to the cannon and drag them out here to collect pay for your destruction of the mission. And after your village has been shot to pieces, our pay shall be collected from your herd of a thousand horses that roam these plains. 'Tis we understand the Cayuse heart at last. If it is bloodshed you desire, that is our desire, too."

Umtippe shifted uneasily in his saddle. He glared at the governor, then glanced down at Narcissa who, gun in hand, had drawn near the flank of Miles's horse.

"It's this yellow-haired woman," he shouted. "She makes all the trouble. The white men who married half-breeds were kind to us Indians and took our side against the Bostons, until she came, with her white skin and her yellow hair. Now, you all turn from your dark skinned women to her."

The governor turned white to the lips. Miles uttered an oath and raised his clubbed gun to strike the chief. But before the blow could descend, Narcissa's quiet voice stayed the young man's arm.

"It doesn't matter what he says. He's just a child, Miles."

Miles bit his lips, glanced at the governor and rested his gun across his knee!

"Go!" Simpson's voice carried across the field.

Umtippe's contorted lips were foaming. He uttered a great groan, slowly turned his horse, and called out an order that caused the Indian in the field to begin hastily driving his herd out of the wheat. Then, without further word, Umtippe sent his pony at the fence, took it like a blowing leaf and was gone.

"Put your horses into the corral, Miles," said Narcissa, "and then bring the governor into the house."

She hurried indoors to rouse the Mungers and Sarah, then went to her own room to make herself presentable. When she returned to the dining-room she found Sarah Hall eagerly narrating the events since Marcus's departure to the governor and Miles.

SIMPSON came forward and took both of Narcissa's hands. "My dear Madam Whitman," he began. And then, as he caught for the first time a full view of Narcissa's ravished eyes, he choked and turned hastily to a window.

Miles, his lips quivering, kissed Narcissa. "I wish we could have got here before!" he exclaimed.

"I'm thankful you got here at all, dear boy!" exclaimed Narcissa. "And Sarah mustn't make you think things were worse than they were. Tell me, Governor, what do you think of Sarah's English?" She smiled at her protégée's flushed cheeks and glowing eyes.

The governor turned away from the window and, crossing the room, took Sarah by the tip of one small ear and turned her gently round. "Her English is as excellent as her pretty little frock," he said. "She's a real Scotch lassie, I swear!"

"Prettiest girl in Oregon territory or in Rupert's Land, either," declared Miles, with a bow and a flourish that did credit to his new training.

Freed of the governor's hand, Sarah made a sweeping courtesy, then, blushing violently, ran from the room. Miles followed her, pausing to murmur in Narcissa's ear as he passed, "Our peppery Kitche Okema was made into a 'Sir' while he was in England."

"If you've all finished bowing and scraping," said Mrs. Munger, whose nerves, poor soul, were gone, "you'll find as good a meal of victuals on the table as I could get under the circumstances."

She shuffled from the room. Miles brought Sarah in and the meal proceeded, with Miles carrying the brunt of the conversation, for Narcissa insisted on his telling of his winter trip to Norway House. The governor listened abstractedly. When Miles had finished, he said abruptly.

"You and Sarah run away and play for an hour, Miles, while I talk with Madam Whitman. Mind that you remain within hailing distance, my lad, for we can not tarry here long."

"Yes, Sir George!" Miles rose docilely and took Sarah's hand. "Come, sister, come with brother!"

Sarah giggled and the governor looked after the two thoughtfully.

Narcissa shook her head, as she led the way to the little parlor. "I hope you won't encourage that too much, Governor."

"Why not?" demanded Sir George, quickly.

"For many reasons," answered Narcissa.

The governor gave her a searching look. "Well, we'll go into that later. We have matters of more immediate import to discuss." He seated Narcissa beside the crude center table, then took the buffalo-hide chair before the window and fastened his fine gray eyes on Narcissa. He was looking, Narcissa thought, exceptionally well. His white ruffles spotless above his flowered vest, his clean-shaven cheeks, his well-trimmed hair, above all, his air of power and decisiveness, set him apart from Marcus—poor Marcus, with his slovenly ways and his struggle to bend his fiery nature to the Christian code.

Narcissa, herself, never had grown heedless of her personal appearance, as Sir George observed with satisfaction. And only one who, like the governor, understood the difficulties of pioneer life, could appreciate what it had cost Narcissa to maintain her high standard of care for herself. The blue calico dress that she wore, this morning, was cut with the attractive, full skirt of the period, and the waist fitted her fine form as well as if it had been cut from satin. The white collar, which was held at her throat by the cameo pin, gave a touch of elegance to her appearance, and her masses of yellow hair shone with good grooming.

"Where is the Cayuse brave, Tom Salmon?" asked Sir George, abruptly.

Narcissa shook her head.

"I shall send Miles to find him," the governor went on. "He must return with us to Fort Walla Walla and there await Dr. Whitman's desires. Madam Whitman, how much longer shall you continue to throw yourself away in this terrible place? Do you not see that, though its coming was delayed, my warning at Fort Hall was true? I tell you—" He suddenly rose and began to pace the floor "—the thought of that Indian's attack on you—God pity him when—" He pulled himself up with obvious effort and dropped again into his chair. "What good is being done by your stay here? Will you tell me, Madam?"

"Any good that we might have done is being counteracted, to a large extent, by the priests," replied Narcissa.

"But certainly!" exclaimed Sir George, "it could not be otherwise. The priests are far wiser in their understanding of Indian nature than you Protestants. And as far as embracing true Christianity goes, the Indians are invulnerable."

"Do you mean to tell me," cried Narcissa, "that God, Himself, is helpless in the face of this savage nature?"

"Not at all," replied Sir George. "God has His own reasons for making the Indian impervious to any permanent effects by your teachings."

Narcissa smiled. "I suspect you of believing that the Lord made the Indians so, in order to further your company's interests."

"Perhaps!" The governor smiled with her.

There was a moment's pause, then Narcissa leaned toward her visitor and said in a low voice.

"Sir George, I acknowledge defeat!"

"Defeat!" ejaculated the Scotchman. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," replied Narcissa, brokenly, "that if you will sell me passage in one of your boats, I wish to go back to Angelica for a year's visit. If I do not have that respite, I can not endure this place."

Sir George spoke breathlessly. "Has the doctor agreed to this?"

"Marcus doesn't know," answered Narcissa. "I only came to the conclusion the night after he left, when—when I realized what my loss had been, what the years before me meant."

SUDDENLY Sir George crossed the room, to take her hands in his. "Dear Narcissa, I cannot tell you how my heart went out to you when I heard! Always, since that summer day, I have seen you and your baby before the cabin, you in your blue frock and the child in the fur draped cradle—alone—with Mount Hood. Oh, my dear, my dear, if only it were my right and my sacred privilege to offer you the comfort that wells in my heart!" Again his voice broke, and again he turned to the window.

Narcissa buried her face in her hands and prayed for strength.

After a moment Sir George said, in his ordinary voice. "You may take passage in *The Nereid* which sails homeward late in the summer. And you must let me say how wise I think your decision, though I grieve at the tragedy that drove you to it."

"It was the—tragedy, yes, that brought the climax, but, to be honest, Sir George, I think I've been coming to the determination for a long time that Waii-lat-pu would get on better without me. The Indians do not want me here, and now that the Little White Cayuse is gone, they will never cease pursuing and annoying me. The doctor really gets on with them well enough. They laugh and joke with him and tell him all their troubles."

"The doctor will have no luck here at all without you," declared the governor. "Better take him with you and be done with it."

NARCISSA looked at him quickly. "Just what do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean that, as your friend, I'm delighted by a decision which saves you from failure, unhappiness, and worse. Take Dr. Whitman back to the States with you. He has a sure career before him as a physician; none at all as a missionary."

"If I thought—" Narcissa spoke slowly—"that my leaving would bring about Marcus's defeat, I would not go."

"But, my dear Madam Whitman," cried Sir George impatiently, "you know his defeat is inevitable! Why draw out the agony? When this territory becomes British we shall not permit missionary work of your sort."

"*If* this territory—" corrected Narcissa.

"No, Madam, *when!* Your Congress does not wish to add this isolated empire to its other governmental problems. When I left London, the agreement between the two countries was all but ready."

"Are you sure?" cried Narcissa. "Don't try to startle me with vague statements, Sir George!"

"Is a treaty vague?" demanded the governor. "Be gad!" his face suddenly flushing, "America doesn't deserve this territory! What has your Government done here but neglect every measure that would have insured Oregon's welfare? Consider the one item of rum alone! Has she joined with us in our struggle to control its sale? Do you realize the full horror of what your Yankee traders have done here with rum? We have used ever weapon at our command to keep Americans from debauching the Indians with alcohol, but they have circumvented us at every opportunity. Do you perceive how serious is the crime that your countrymen have visited on Oregon in refusing to obey our mandates and entreaties as to this? Do you realize that, further east, they are debauching whole tribes with rum? At any moment, rum may enter the Nez Percés and the Cayuse camps. And then—God help you all! We cannot."

"Yes," said Narcissa, "I know!"

"If I were superstitious," Sir George went on vehemently, "I'd believe that God had placed a curse on the coming of Americans into this Pacific country. It is American traders from the Missouri steamer *Saint Peter* who brought smallpox here. It's spreading among the Indians like the use of rum. It's raging now among the Crows and the Flatheads. They die like frost-smitten flies. When that fellow, Jason Lee, returns from his crusade to save Oregon for America, he'll find half the Willamette Indians dead. A British boat-captain would have shot the first man who tried to leave his tainted ship. But you Americans must have liberty—liberty to destroy the Indians. If America should gain control here, she'd destroy the Indian population in fifty years."

Narcissa tapped the table restlessly with her fingers. "I know! I know!" she repeated. "We are crude and rash and ignorant, as youth always is. We don't, as you say, deserve Oregon. By every right of personal sacrifice, wise control, supreme effort, it ought to be British. Nevertheless, Sir George, it shall be American."

"*Shall* be!" exclaimed the governor indignantly.

"Shall be! You British are safe in India because, though you are far from England, you have no hungry alien Anglo-Saxons crowding in at every port. Here, though nearer home than in India, you must meet competition. Folk of your own race, millions and millions of them, are pushing against your few score."

"Very pretty! Very pretty! But, happily for us, the land will be ours before the American hordes begin to flow in."

"I wonder!" said Narcissa, slowly. Something in the governor's indignation and impatience made her suspect that he was by no means certain that the treaty had been signed.

"You will be able to satisfy yourself next spring, both in London and when you reach New York." Sir George smiled with a serenity Narcissa was sure he did not feel.

"I am not sure, after our conversation, that I shall go." Narcissa returned the smile. "You have made me feel that, even if I'm not of any importance to the souls of the Indians, I am the stability of the mission."

"You know as well as I do," protested the governor, "that this mission is not of the slightest import."

"This mission, Sir Goerge, is just three hundred and fifty acres of American soil to counterbalance the British soil at, we'll say, Fort Walla Walla."

"With your own lips you've agreed that America has no right to this territory. Yet you pronounce yourself about to continue the unworthy struggle. How do you reconcile that with your conscience as a missionary?" demanded the governor.

"I suppose the reason is that, as you are a British subject before you are a servant of the Hudson's Bay Company," replied Narcissa, "I am an American before I am a missionary."

"Have it your own way!" chuckled the governor suddenly. "Why not go to your Congress yourself, Madam Whitman? You'd make a most convincing advocate for Oregon."

Narcissa drew a quick breath. Here was a suggestion indeed! Here was full justification for the cherished trip she had been about to abandon.

Sir George, watching her keenly, went on casually. "I am returning to England by *The Nereid*, myself, and taking Miles. The wife of the ship's captain is with him. She will be company for you."

Narcissa's cheeks flushed and her blue eyes grew eager. "How very—" she began, but a hoarse voice in the door-yard interrupted her.

"I have ordered a thousand cherubim and four thousand seraphim to guard the mission. Attention! Forward to hell!"

"It's Asahel Munger!" exclaimed Narcissa. "He's always been a little touched in the head and has gradually grown worse. I'm afraid the trouble of the last two days has unhinged him entirely. I'll go quiet him."

But, as she rose, Munger appeared in the doorway, dragging with him Père Demers.

"Here is the arch conspirator!" he shouted. "We must crucify him!"

And before the priest, the governor, or Narcissa, could grasp his purpose, he suddenly drove through the priest's hand, which was clinging to the doorpost, a long auger bit, pinning the hand to the wood.

Sir George seized Munger at the moment of his insane act. Narcissa released Père Demers who, though his face was distorted with pain, spoke with admirable self-control.

"The man is quite mad! I'm sorry to have made this disturbance, Madam."

"Don't apologize, pray!" exclaimed Narcissa. "I'll fetch bandages for your poor hand! Mr. Munger!" turning to the carpenter who was struggling in the governor's stout grasp, "Sit down in that chair and don't so much as lift a finger till I give you permission."

Very meekly Munger ceased to struggle.

Narcissa eyed him for a moment, then said, "On second thought, I'll not leave him. Sir George, if you'll just step to the door and call Sarah or Mrs. Munger, I'll send them for bandages."

"Mademoiselle Sarah," smiled Père Demers, holding his handkerchief to his bleeding hand, "is sitting on the hilltop with his Excellency's courier, her back to all the world."

Sir George grunted and started for the door, but was immediately forestalled in the errand by the arrival of Mrs. Munger."

"Where's Asahel?" she panted.

"Silence, woman!" thundered Munger. "The Lord of Hosts is here."

Mrs. Munger wrung her hands and looked helplessly at Narcissa. Narcissa patted her reassuringly on the shoulder. "Bring bandages and hot water, Mrs. Munger. He has hurt Père Demers."

Mrs. Munger lamenting audibly, ran to the kitchen and returned, almost immediately with a steaming kettle and the doctor's emergency kit. The governor offered his assistance to Narcissa, but she shook her head.

"I've done this sort of thing for three years, under the doctor's supervision. I do not hurt you too much, do I, Père Demers?"

THE priest, watching the skillful, tender fingers, shook his head, with a little smile. When the painful task was completed, Narcissa turned to the carpenter.

"Mr. Munger, if you are to lead your hosts on such a long journey, you will need rest. I wish you'd come in the doctor's room and lie down. Come!" She took the carpenter by the hand and led him into the dormitory room, which Marcus was using for a hospital.

Munger was as docile as a child. He took the heavy sleeping draught she prepared for him and lay down. He was asleep in five minutes still clinging to the kind, strong hands. After a time Narcissa freed herself and returned to the parlor. The priest arose as Narcissa entered. He picked up his flat hat as he said, "I was returning from a parochial visit to Fort Colvulle and stopped to speak to the chief Umtippe, with no intention of intruding on Madam Whitman's hospitality. I saw this man working at the mill and dismounted to ask him of Umtippe's whereabouts. Without warning, he sprang on me, twisted my hands behind me and ran me here, as you saw."

"You mustn't start until you've had dinner with us, Père Demers," said Narcissa. "That is, if you've forgiven Miles Goodyear and us for our share in the Jason Lee matter."

"Miles told me of that," the governor spoke abruptly. "You exceeded your authority there, Père Demers."

"The boy was entirely wrong in his accusation," declared Père Demers, hotly.

"Right or wrong," returned Sir George, "you must distinctly understand that secular authority overrides church authority in this country. I especially regret that your efforts puts you in controversy with Dr. and Madam Whitman.

"Ah!" breathed Père Demers. "Do you, indeed, sir! Then I shall herewith offer my apologies to Madam Whitman."

"I accept your apology, sir," said Narcissa, with a little smile, "though I'm not quite certain for what phase of the unhappy episode you are apologizing. I wish—" with an appealing gesture of both hands—"you'd leave Umtippe alone. Haven't your Indians enough to work with that you must constantly upset our Waii-lat-pu people? We keep away from the Walla Walla-poos."

"That's a fair offer, Père," cried Sir George.

"Umtippe is already a Catholic," the priest replied, suddenly replacing his hat on the table and taking a chair. "He never will be reconciled to your presence here, especially, now that—"

He hesitated, and both men's eyes followed Narcissa's gaze, which turned to the tiny mound under the cottonwoods.

Père Demers cleared his throat. "I prayed for your child's soul, madam, though I fear you may resent it."

"Resent it," Narcissa's voice broke, but she recovered herself quickly. She gave the priest a curious smile. "Perhaps I deserve that! We are narrow, we priests and missionaries. But, I deserve it no longer. Look, Père Demers."

She went to the little cupboard in the corner near the fireplace and took from it a little bag. From the bag she drew a tiny, blackened figure, which she laid gently on her palm.

"Look! Did Umtippe tell you that I had burned his rosary?"

The priest's lips tightened as he nodded.

"Did he tell you," Narcissa went on, "that in return, he destroyed the almost completed manuscript of my Cayuse primer, on which I had put over two years' work?"

"No! He did not tell me that!" exclaimed Père Demers. "Oh, that was very wrong!"

"The old beast!" cried Sir George.

"We both were wicked fools," declared Narcissa. "I had less excuse than Umtippe. Père Demers, when Umtippe had rushed out, I stood looking at the fire. You understand that I had cast in there what I looked upon as an idol with which you had snared a soul that I was praying to save. Yet as I looked, the tiny form on the cross glowed with life and writhed in agony. And I realized that it was Christ, the Christ I adore. And it seemed to me that His agony was not alone for my deed, Père Demers, but for the thing you and I and our confreres are doing, bringing the deadly influence of our sectarian hatred among these helpless savages—bringing it in His name and for His sake."

Narcissa paused and gazed down at the little figure. "I rescued the crucifix, as you see. And my memory was busy with it when you buried poor Pierre Pambrum. It was this pitiful thing that made me see how beautiful is your faith—how beautiful all our faiths, if we can but keep close enough to Him for our blind eyes to see. I can never be a Catholic, Père Demers, nor you, a Protestant. But we love the same Christ and we can, at least, cease to war on each other."

The priest glanced uneasily at Sir George who was regarding Narcissa with eyes in which pain and admiration glowed, for him, who would, to read. Then with a sudden obvious determination to meet this disciple of an alien faith on her own high level, Père Demers squared his shoulders defiantly, perhaps, for the governor's benefit and said. "We are destined to war on each other here, in Oregon, Madam Whitman, till one or the other is destroyed. For the first time you have made me wish it might have been otherwise. But, even while I do that which I must do, I shall pray for you, my very noble enemy."

Narcissa made the priest a graceful bow.

"I am sorry, Père Demers," she said. "And I am not ungrateful for your prayers."

ONCE more the priest took up his hat. This time Narcissa did not detain him and, with a bow that included Sir George, he left the house. Narcissa put the crucifix back in its place.

"I shall not go to Angelica," she murmured.

"What in Père Demers's attitude has influenced you?" demanded Sir George.

Narcissa returned to her seat by the table. "I dare not leave my simple straightforward Marcus to his machinations. I grant you, Sir George that we shall not be able to salvage the Indian. He is doomed. But we shall remain at Waii-lat-pu to the end. What that end is, I cannot foresee."

"The end will be massacre!" ejaculated Sir George. "And through no machinations of priest or politician. The cause is in the essential natures of you and the Cayuse. For God's sake, Narcissa," he said, leaning forward to take her hand, "don't do this suicidal thing."

"I must," answered Narcissa, wondering, as she spoke, where she found strength for the refusal. For the clasp of that firm, kind hand touched her inmost heart. "I was half mad with grief or I could not have dreamed of going."

"You will forego that long, peaceful ocean voyage with me, your friend? You will forego the stop in England, where I shall take such pride in showing you my house, of introducing you to the men and women who direct the destinies of the empire? You will forego the visit to Washington, the conversation with your President and his associates? Forego all this to stay in this God-forsaken spot and invite death?"

"I must not go," Narcissa repeated.

"Then," said the governor, releasing her hand, and his face turning a ghastly white, "I take it that you repudiate my friendship."

"How can you say that?" asked Narcissa.

"You cannot remain my friend and continue your endeavor to undermine me in the task my sovereign has set me." Still white to the lips, Sir George rose and took a turn up and down the little room. After a moment he paused before her and said, his face distorted with pain. "You cannot realize what this is costing me—what you mean to me."

"And do you think there is no price set upon my decision?" asked Narcissa. "Am I a human being of stone? Doesn't my fire flare to meet yours?"

She had risen too, and towered before him, beautiful, tragic, solitary.

"Oh, Narcissa, Narcissa!" he groaned.

She struck her hands together against her bosom and fought as she never had fought before. When she spoke it was in the words of that Christ whose cause she had pleaded with Père Demers.

"Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say. Father, save me from this hour?— Nay, for this cause, came I unto this hour."

The Scotchman covered his face with his hands. "Amen!" he groaned. Then he placed his palms on the table and leaned toward her.

"Madam Whitman, from the moment that Dr. Whitman returns home the protection of the Hudson's Bay Company is withdrawn from this mission and from all other Protestant missions. You shall receive from us no supplies and no support of any character. Also, this day ends the friendship between you and myself. And since you persist in ignoring all efforts on my part to dislodge you, I warn you that, if the Indians do not destroy your mission in the next two years, your Board of Commissioners will be moved to recall you. I shall be very grateful if you will have your woman prepare a lunch for Miles and me and we'll be away. I shall send Umtippe on an errand to Fort Vancouver which will keep him occupied about three weeks. I shall take Tom Salmon to Fort Walla Walla. These two acts will be the end of my care for you."

Narcissa bowed and left, in search of Mrs. Munger. The governor went into the yard and tramped restlessly back and forth while the meal was in preparation. To him there came Sarah and Miles, hand in hand.

"Sir George," said Miles, so clearly that Narcissa, smoothing her hair in her bedroom, heard him distinctly, "Sir George, may I marry Sarah Hall?"

"You may not, sirrah," barked the governor, "unless you take the training I have designed for you and become a British subject. Sarah is destined for something more than marriage with a catch-penny, rum trading American."

Miles stared at the governor as though he could not believe what he heard.

"But I'm an American, sir!" exclaimed Miles. "I don't want to be British and I do want to marry Sarah. I'm sorry to defy you, Governor, but I'm going to marry her."

"Sorry to defy me, indeed, sirrah. You young jackanapes! Sarah, look at me, Miss! You'll not marry Miles unless he obeys my orders. Do you understand me?"

Sarah raised her head and, though she trembled visibly, she spoke up hardily:

"I'm engaged to him and I love him and I'll never marry anybody else."

At this moment Narcissa appeared at the door. "Luncheon is ready, Sir George," she said.

Sarah freed herself from Miles's arm and flew into her room. Miles turned, chin up, toward the corral, and Sir George followed Narcissa into the dining-room.

"You have heard the conversation with the two children, Madam?" asked Sir George as he took his teacup from Narcissa's hand.

"Yes, I heard it," replied Narcissa, smiling. "I am wondering in the light of this morning's events, if you shall wish to leave Sarah longer with me."

"I shall send for her in a few weeks' time," replied Sir George, with rigid jaw. "If you wish her to go at once, I'll take her into the McKinlays at Fort Walla Walla."

"I don't wish her to go at all," said Narcissa, sadly.

"I'm just not going."

Narcissa and Sir George turned. Sarah was standing in the doorway, eyes blazing.

"I'm not going. This is the only decent home I've ever had. Nobody ever paid any attention to me for all those years, till I was big enough to be worth something in trade. I am a daughter to Madam Whitman and the doctor. They both say so. If you take me away, I'll run off with Miles. If you leave me here, I'll do what you say."

Something in her defiance delighted Sir George. He chuckled and turned back to his plate. "You'll do what I say, in any event, Mademoiselle! Ah, Miles, you're late. Make haste, lad."

The meal was completed in silence and Narcissa was relieved when it was over.

When the two men stood at the door, beavers in hand, she said:

"I haven't thanked you, Sir George and Miles, for saving me from my dreadful predicament this morning."

"Thanks are unnecessary, Madam Whitman," said the governor, bending low over her hand.

"I'll be here soon again," whispered Miles as he kissed her and followed Sir George out into the yard.

Narcissa stood in the door and watched them out of sight.

MARCUS returned in about three weeks. The Walkers had presented Oregon with a baby son, the first white boy born in the Columbia country. All had gone well, but the journey was a long one, and Marcus had been consumed with anxiety about Narcissa. He insisted on learning at once all that had occurred at the mission, and Narcissa gave him the story, eliminating, for the moment, her decision regarding the visit to Angelica and her conversation with the governor.

Over the account of Tom Salmon's attack, the doctor's face went livid. "Where is the vile hound?" he shouted, starting for the door.

"He's in a cell at the fort, waiting for your return," replied Narcissa.

"Ah!" Marcus paused. "I shall go in there tomorrow."

"Come and sit down, Marcus," said Narcissa, gently. "There's more I want to tell you."

As the doctor sat down on the bed, she began to tell him of her night of tears and her determination to go home. Then she told him of the conversation with Père Demers; of her decision to remain at Waii-lat-pu, and of Governor Simpson's ultimatum.

When she finished, Marcus stared at her, dumbfounded. "You would have left me, here—your husband—who would die for you, gladly. Oh! Narcissa! Narcissa!"

"But I gave up the thought," cried Narcissa. "It was because of the baby's death. Don't you understand? I've only told you of it that you may understand how serious is the stand Sir George has taken against us."

"You wanted to leave me for two years—forever—me, who loves you so!" repeated Marcus. And, suddenly, he dropped on his knees and burying his head in her lap burst into agonizing sobs.

"Don't, Marcus. Don't!" moaned Narcissa, her hands on his shoulders. "Oh, won't you understand that my thoughts are set here now, far more firmly than they were before I had the temptations?"

But all the years of uneasiness, all the long endeavor, all the frustrated dreams, all the broken hopes, had gathered tremendous weight in Marcus's mind. Narcissa's confession had opened a floodgate which could not at once be closed. But at last, yielding to the quiet touch on his shoulders, the doctor regained his self-control and rose.

"Narcissa," he said, "is there any hope at all that you can grow to love me? If there is, stay. If there is not, go, for I can't endure the torture of living with you this way. What do I lack, Narcissa? Is it because I'm slovenly? I can change that, and I will. Is it because my manners are rough? I can become as polished as your man Simpson."

"Who knows what breeds love, Marcus?" asked Narcissa, sadly. "I only know that I shall stay here with you and that I'm oh, so very, very fond of you!"

Marcus watched her with painful eagerness. "Lately," he said, "I've grown hopeless and careless. But now, I'm going to begin again and make love to you, as if these three years were wiped out and I was courting you in Angelica and yet, I know that I'm a fool."

"Then you're a very dear fool," exclaimed Narcissa.

Marcus lifted one of her hands to his lips. "God keep you safe for me, my dear wife," he whispered.

The next day Marcus went into Fort Walla Walla but was back at Waii-lat-pu in an astonishingly short time, his face grimly content. His reply to Narcissa's inquiries was terse.

"Nobody there but McKinlay and his half-breed helper. Said Tom Salmon got into a drunken brawl a week ago with an American trapper about rum supplied by the trapper. Salmon was killed and the trapper disappeared. I shook hands with McKinlay."

Narcissa stared, wide eyed, at the doctor. "Do you realize how horrible it is, how callous we all have become? Marcus, this isn't Christianity."

"I know it!" replied Marcus, still with the look of grim satisfaction. Then he went to sleep.

IN THE fall of 1839 Dr. McLoughlin returned from England. Marcus and Narcissa longed to see him, but he made no such friendly gesture as before from Fort Walla Walla and neither of them was willing to risk a snub by undertaking the trip to Fort Vancouver, which they had promised themselves when the chief factor should return. But they heard, late in the winter, through a trapper, that trade between Fort Vancouver and Sitka was open, that the Hudson's Bay Company had leased ten leagues of the Russian-claimed seaboard, "lousy with sea otter" and that McLoughlin was sending James Douglas to conciliate the tottering Spanish government in San Francisco and to establish trading posts in San Francisco Bay. Narcissa, listening to the trapper's gossip, eyed the map that had been transferred from the cabin to the parlor of the new house.

"They will control trade on the Pacific Coast by the time our Congress has ceased bickering over the north boundary of Maine," she said.

"Well, we can't do nothing about it," said the trapper, squirting tobacco-juice neatly into the fire, "except to git enough Yankees in here to do up the British. I heard Jason Lee was doin' a lot of preachin' back in the States. Maybe he'll start a caravan coming. I wisht it was so a wagon could come through."

Marcus gave the man a quick look, as though he suddenly had come to a determination, but he made no audible comment on either the trapper's or Nacissa's statements. A day or so later, however, he asked Narcissa if she would be willing to go with Sarah on a visit to Lap-wai while he made his way to Fort Boise for the wagon. Narcissa was eager for the wagon to complete its journey, but entirely unwilling to leave Waii-lat-pu to the mercy of the Indians. With Umtippe away, she had little fear of her ability to keep peace. She and Marcus had a long argument over the matter and finally the doctor yielded to her importunings. On a lovely day in late February he started on his trip to the Snake, leaving Narcissa at Waii-lat-pu.

Marcus had hoped to complete his trip in a month's time. By the end of the fifth week of his absence, Narcissa was beginning to feel a little anxious. By the end of the sixth, she had made up her mind to send Charley Compo out as a relief party. But on the day Compo was to start, Narcissa, waiting in the corral for the interpreter to make ready, caught the strangely familiar note on the east trail.

Creak! Creak! Creak!

"Marcus," she called. "Marcus!"

"Coming, Mrs. Whitman," answered a cheerful voice.

"That's Miles's voice!" shrieked Sarah Hall, flying past Narcissa.

Two long-eared, nodding heads appeared, then Miles's face smiling grimly from beneath the canvas of the conastoga.

"Where's the doctor?" cried Narcissa, her heart turned to ice.

"Here, Narcissa," called Marcus faintly from the rear of the wagon.

"Thank God! Thank God!" panted Narcissa, running beside the mules. "Draw up to my door, the open one. Is the doctor hurt, Miles?"

"He'll come through all right," replied Miles. "Whoa, Jennie! Whoa, Jewell!"

A group of Indians and the Mungers appeared as if my magic. They all talked at once as Miles and Munger made a chair of their joined hands and carried the doctor into the house, where they laid him on the bed. Narcissa drove everyone out of the room, even Miles, and bolted the doors.

Marcus looked up at her with a smile. "After all, it was Miles and I who brought her through, the old lady Conastoga."

"What happened?" Narcissa sat on the edge of the bed and chafed Marcus's rough hands.

"I got along well enough," said Marcus, "although it was awful slow going, until I reached the Blue Mountains. Then it wasn't so bad, because I didn't follow the Hudson's Bay Company pack trail, but the one Miles had told me about, which can be used well enough by wagons. But about fifty miles east of here, the mules slipped off a canyon edge, and carried the wagon with them. I got the mules up, all right, but I brought on a rupture, here in the groin, when I was heaving at the wagon. I could feed myself, but I couldn't walk or ride. I'd been lying there a couple of days when Frank Ermatinger came up. He ripped through the trees like a bear and shoved the wagon down the canyon again, swearing he'd make kindling wood of it. Then I got mad, Narcissa, and I covered him with my gun. He'd never thought of me as anything but a cowardly hymn singer, I suppose. Anyhow, he couldn't do anything but sit and curse me, and I was wondering what on earth to do next when Miles appeared. Seems he'd been at Fort Hall for the governor and had heard of my visit to Fort Boise and of Ermatinger's wild rush after me. He'd followed, knowing there'd be trouble. Narcissa, Miles is a man! He made me put down my old gun, then he had a rough and tumble with Ermatinger, and tied him up. Then he got the wagon back on the trail. When he had me packed in under what was left of the canvas, he told Ermatinger that his Indians would be along in a few hours and release him, and then he drove off—Ermatinger will be here any moment."

"That was fine of Miles."

"Yes. I am wondering about Frank."

Narcissa rose. "What can he do, but storm? How about me getting you a warm drink then helping you into bed, dear?"

"Fine! It's good to be home."

In the meantime Miles had followed Sarah Hall into the parlor.

"You never wrote me! You never sent a word," she began, but Miles, his young face white and with feeling, did not offer an immediate explanation. He put his arms around Sarah and drew her slender body against his, kissed her eyes, her lips, her throat, then still with lips against hers, he whispered:

"Père Demers shall marry us tomorrow."

SARAH moved her face from his. "How is that possible?" she demanded.

"I'll explain everything if only, first, you'll tell me that you've had faith in me, that you love me as much as ever!" cried Miles.

Sarah's lovely mouth quivered. "I love you. Oh, I love you! But how could I have faith when I didn't know?"

Miles held her from him to gaze at her with tenderly appraising eyes. Sarah's beauty was startling.

"But you'll marry me, even if I strained your faith?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Sarah. "But oh, Miles, how could you treat me so?"

Miles drew her to him again and answered with his cheek on hers. "I've been to England with Sir George, I wrote you, but I suppose I'm here ahead of the letters. Kiss me, darling little Sarah."

It was this kiss that Narcissa interrupted. She laughed softly at their scarlet faces. "Children, I'm sorry! But I must ask Miles some questions."

"Of course, Mrs. Whitman." Miles came toward her, leading Sarah by the hand.

"Is all well with you both?" asked Narcissa, smiling.

"Yes," exclaimed Miles.

"Then tell me," said Narcissa, "if you expect the man Ermatinger here this evening."

"Yes, he'll be here," replied Miles cheerfully, "to continue his quarrel with me."

"What do you wish me to do?" Narcissa returned Miles's smile.

"Get your horses out of this field—dog!" The governor rose in

"Get Sarah ready for her wedding tomorrow. Sir George has given his consent."

"Which means you are giving up your American citizenship?" exclaimed Narcissa. "Miles, how can you?"

The grim look appeared in Miles's eyes. "I must, I can't live without Sarah."

"Ah, but you can!" breathed Narcissa. "Do not pay too great a price for your love, dear Miles."

"No price can be too great," cried Miles.

Narcissa sighed. "After all, you are only twenty-one, aren't you?" She thought sadly of her own starved youth, then made herself say. "But Miles, in the after years to have given up your country—even for Sarah, lovely as she is—"

"Women are expected to do it right along! What's so shocking in a man's doing it?" demanded Miles. "Besides, we have work to do—big work, Sarah and I. She is the granddaughter of a hereditary chief of the Iroquois. All the rest of his family has died out. When I've finished my training in England, I'm to go to Oxford House, below York Factory, in Rupert's Land and—" He paused, as if in response to the sudden light in Sarah's eyes.

"Have you told the doctor?" asked Narcissa.

Miles shook his head, then turned toward the door. "Listen," he cried, "I hear Ermatinger's outfit now." He started toward the door.

But Ermatinger strode into the room before Miles could leave it.

"Sorry to intrude, Madam Whitman," he exclaimed bowing to Narcissa. "But this young cat'spaw," he shouted, "this lickspittle pet of the governor! Come out from behind women's petticoats, you, before I drag you out. No man can live and do what you did to me."

Miles grunted, "Talk sense, Ermatinger. It was a fair catch-as-catch-can. I'm a younger and stronger man than you, and you know it. What do you want to do? Take me up to Fort Vancouver and let all the company know that I licked you, or do you want to keep your mouth shut and no one be the wiser?"

Ermatinger stood glaring at Miles, swallowing rapidly and obviously picturing to himself the discomfiture that would be his, did Miles

his stirrups and pointed at the grazing herd with his riding stick.

carry out his threat. When he spoke, it was from a new angle.

"When the governor learns how you worked against his policy, he'll kiss you, I suppose, and raise your pay! Well, you're going to be fooled, my pretty pet. He's going—"

"Oh, dry up, Ermatinger," interrupted Miles wearily. "The doctor had brought the wagon through as you very well know. The fifty miles left were easy going. Whether you destroyed the wagon or not, he'd done his job and all the Americans on the Columbia will know it and write back to their friends to follow his trail. What I found was a man with a rupture as big as my fist. I used his infernal old wagon to bring him out after he'd done all the harm he could to our policy."

"Our policy," sneered Ermatinger.

"Yes, ours," insisted Miles. "I've made my agreement with Sir George Simpson to become a British citizen and he's consented to my marrying Miss Sarah Hall. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, be gad!"

Miles's pompous voice suddenly melted to pure boyish bravado. Ermatinger's eyes started from their sockets. He stared from Miles to Sarah and back again. "Marry her! Do you know who she is? Are you telling the truth that the governor has consented?"

"Do you know who she is?" mimicked Miles. "Do you know who I am, Ermatinger, me buck? I'm the bright young bucko that limped up to Captain Thing on one moccasin four years ago and asked him for a job. And I got it."

Ermatinger's lips twitched. "You impudent puppy! It's your brass that's got you on with Sir George, and nothing else."

"That might be," agreed Miles, coolly. "He's likely to give responsibility to a fool, the governor. But, while you're talking about who's what, Frank, let me tell you another secret. My mother's father or uncle, I can't remember which, was Governor of Virginia. And that same governor would have been a duke or somebody if he'd gone back to England."

The trader's twitching lips suddenly expanded into a broad smile. "The devil take your impudence, Goodyear! Well, if you'll keep your mouth shut, I will. How about you and the doctor, Madam, and Sarah Hall?"

"We'll say nothing, of course," said Narcissa. "And now, is the hatchet sufficiently buried for you to sit down to supper with us, Mr. Ermatinger?"

"The hatchet is buried," returned the trader, "but I must hurry on to Fort Walla Walla." He bowed and left the house.

"I shall go tell the doctor of the outcome of the visit," said Narcissa. "If he is not too tired, I think you two had better come and tell him about your plan of being married by Père Demers."

HAND in hand, Sarah and Miles followed to Marcus's bedside. He listened with a smile of amusement and satisfaction to the account of Ermatinger's defeat. Then, at a nod from Narcissa Miles made his announcement. Marcus stared at the young man as if he could not believe his ears.

"You have given up your citizenship! You are to be married by a priest! I am astounded and disgusted. Look here you, young man, this young girl was placed in my care by Sir George Simpson. And if you think for one minute I'll consent to her sneaking off with you in this haphazard fashion, you don't know me, that's all. And if you think I'll consent to her being married by a priest, you don't know me, either! Let Sir George send me his written consent, then I'll have Spalding or Walker down here for the wedding."

"But, Doctor," cried Miles, "Sir George is at Montreal! As soon as I can get back to him with Sarah we're to be sent to England. You're wrecking a year's plans by your obstinacy."

"Am I?" shouted Marcus. "And how do I know that you're not wrecking a girl's life by your selfish desires. What I say is final, Miles Goodyear."

"Then we'll act without your consent," exclaimed Miles. "Come, Sarah," dragging that gasping young person with him out into the night.

"Go after them, Narcissa, quickly," ordered Marcus.

Narcissa shook her head. "You can't coerce young things in love, Marcus. We've done what we can for Sarah."

But Sarah was not in immediate need of Narcissa's help.

"What are you planning and thinking of doing, Miles?" she protested as the rain swept into her face.

"I'm taking you to Fort Walla Walla," he cried.

Sarah turned quickly into the open door of the schoolroom. "What a silly billy you are!" she exclaimed. "How can I go off for a twenty-five mile ride dressed this way?"

Sarah calmly lighted the candle on the teacher's desk. "I'm going to do as Dr. Whitman tells me to," she said. "I want a wedding and a pretty dress. If these dear Whitmans don't want me to be married by a priest, I'm not going to be. They've done too much for you and me, Miles, for us to leave them in this shabby way."

"You don't love me, Sarah Hall," cried Miles.

"Don't I?" asked Sarah. "Didn't you leave me without sign or word all these months and didn't I wait for you, my heart aching all the time? Now you come dashing back and expect me to defy these dear kind friends—Alice Clarissa's mother—" Suddenly Sarah's girlish voice broke.

"Don't Sarah, don't." Miles threw his arms about her. "I tried to get word to you, truly I did! Darling tell me you love me. Tell me!"

"I love you dear, dear Miles," kissed him between each word, "but oh, Miles, I wouldn't be worth loving if I didn't put my best friends' wishes first."

"I know," whispered Miles huskily, "you're right. Only, I'm just so madly in love with you—and all my plans are made—made by the governor, Sarah! This will turn them all upside down."

"Did the governor tell you to take me overnight to Père Demers like you planned, my dear Miles?"

"No—o!" replied Miles, reluctantly. "He said to let Madam Whitman arrange matters. But, you see, that struggle with the wagon threw me three days off my schedule. And Sir George is such a wolf about promptness. I thought—" His voice trailed off miserably.

Sarah kissed him again and the two clung, cheek to cheek, a lovers' silhouette against the candlelight.

"You will go get the letter from Sir George, will you not, Miles?" whispered Sarah. "And come back for me? As if I were not just a half-breed but someone worth taking trouble about?"

Miles suddenly put her from him and looked into her face, intelligence dawning in his eyes. "Oh, I see," he murmured. "I see what you and the doctor mean." He lifted his hat from the desk. "I'm starting right now! Supper at Fort Walla Walla at midnight." He kissed her and rushed out of the door.

Sarah, tears running down her cheeks, stood beside the candle, listening for his horse's hoofs. They came and paused before the schoolroom door. Miles rushed in and lifted her in his arms.

"Good-by, my darling little sweetheart! You are right! But oh, Sarah, it's killing me to leave you! It's like cutting out my heart and leaving it at Waii-lat-pu."

Sarah clung to him, sobbing. And Miles put his lips to her ear:

"Good-by, dear little bonne. I shall travel these trails as they never were traveled before.

Kiss me once more! One that I'll feel on my lips till I get back to you."

A long moment of silence, and then a slamming door and the sound of galloping hoofs. Sarah blew out the candle. . . .

Marcus made only a slow recovery from his injury. It was a month before he was able to resume his usual activities. Fortunately, matters at the mission were in an unusual state of quiet. There was, of course, constant friction with the Indians, but as Umtippe did not return, there was no open outbreak. The Whitmans were much puzzled by the old chief's nonappearance, until a letter from Miles to Sarah told that he had met the Cayuse at Fort Walla Walla and was taking him to Rupert's Land that the old chief might get an idea of the power of the King George men.

Although for many months after Alice Clarissa's death Marcus stoutly maintained that he was indifferent to Spalding's machinations, he was obliged, after listening to the reports of Gray and Rogers, to admit that there was real danger to the prestige of the American Board Missions at Henry's petty maneuvers. The Methodist missions seemed to be far more harmonious in their inner working than those of the American Board. To be sure, Jason Lee, on his return from the States, had been obliged to dispense with the services of the notorious Dr. Elijah White, and that amorous gentleman had returned to the United States, to the immense interest and edification of the Columbia countryside.

But in spite of this Narcissa, with a jealous ache in her heart for Marcus, admitted that Jason Lee was the greatest organizer among the Americans, in Oregon. It was the Methodists' Mission that, while the American Board Missions were contending among themselves, sent two petitions to Congress, begging the Government to form a territorial government in Oregon. And it was the mission on the Willamette which kept in close touch with Commodore Wilkes when, with American gunboats, he entered Puget Sound on an exploring expedition. Marcus, overworked, as a physician too greatly burdened as a source of supply for his own household and for the unattached and itinerant missionaries who constantly percolated through the mountains, toiled, always beyond his strength, and it seemed to Narcissa, herself overworked, that always his toil was fruitless and futile.

Miles's letters to Sarah constituted the mission's most cheering contact with the outer world.

"Miles is certainly improving," said Narcissa.

"Aren't these letters wonderful?" Sarah exclaimed joyfully.

The first one, after he reached Norway House, contained an enclosure from Sir George Simpson.

DR. MARCUS WHITMAN,
Waii-lat-pu Mission,
Oregon Territory.

MY DEAR SIR:

I am pleased, herewith to sanction the betrothal of Sarah Hall and Miles Goodyear. You were quite right to refuse to allow to take place the hasty marriage urged by young Goodyear. I am sending the impetuous young man to London for the remainder of the year. Next year, on his appearing at Waii-lat-pu, I shall be happy to have you arrange the marriage of the two in whatever manner you may think suitable.

I remain, my dear Doctor.
Your obliged S'v't.
GEORGE SIMPSON, Governor of Rupert's Land, etc.

Sarah wept tears of mingled joy and disappointment over this letter. She had not really believed Miles's declaration that the marriage would be postponed for more than a year. But after a day or so of sulking, she settled to her studies and tasks with good grace. She was preparing for a future more ambitious than she would have dreamed of divulging to any one but Miles.

The year 1841 ground to an end, prosperously as far as the physical welfare of Waii-lat-pu was concerned, but with an ever-increasing sense of isolation and of despair over Indian obduracy of character. Early in 1842 came a letter from Miles, announcing that Governor Simpson would set out in March for a trip 'round the world, that he would probably reach Fort Walla Walla in June, and that then the wedding would be celebrated.

Sarah Hall long since had decided that Henry Spalding was to perform the marriage ceremony. She disliked him, she explained to Narcissa, but he had baptized Alice Clarissa and had buried her. No one else could unite her to Miles. Narcissa kissed her and understood. All during June they awaited word from Miles. Henry Spalding arrived about the middle of the month, but it was not until the last day of the month that news arrived.

NARCISSA and Sarah were in the schoolroom, working with the primer class when, faintly from the west trail, came the sound of bagpipes.

The two women, suddenly white of cheek, looked at each other. Then Narcissa dismissed the class and she and Sarah ran toward the west gates. Silhouetted against the pale green of wheat and the pale blue of snow-wreathed Mount Hood, a gay line of riders approached the mission; the pipers at the head, followed by Miles in scarlet coat, bearing the British flag, with H. B. C. on its folds. Then Sir George Simpson and Dr. McLoughlin, ruffles fluttering in the wind, then Archibald McKinlay and Frank Ermatinger followed by a dozen voyageurs in feathered hats and fringed tunics. Marcus, in calico shirtsleeves and collarless, hurried from the milking shed as Sarah and Narcissa swung open the gates. Henry Spalding came running from the Indian village.

It was just within the gates that the company dismounted. Sir George bowed over Narcissa's hand.

"The wedding guests are here, Madam, and not too belated, I hope?"

"Not as long as you bring the bridegroom, Sir George," replied Narcissa. "Dr. McLoughlin," turning to the magnificent white bearded figure towering behind the governor, "it is good to see you again. We have missed you."

"I have missed you, Madam," the chief factor returned, kissing Narcissa's hand. "I was glad of the excuse that brought me here. Bless my soul, is that pretty thing little Sarah—er—Hall?"

"Yes! I'm so proud of her!" exclaimed Narcissa. "Isn't she lovely? Sarah, won't you spare a glance for anyone but Miles?"

Sarah, as pink as her calico frock, came forward and made a curtsy that included the whole company. Then Miles, with the laughing excuse that he must show the bride her ring, led her into the house.

"Come into the house to supper, gentlemen!" cried Marcus. "We've food for a whole regiment."

"You perhaps exaggerate our appetites, Doctor!" said Factor McKinlay.

"Not mine!" declared Sir George. "Madam Whitman, will you not permit the wedding to take place while supper is preparing? I must leave Fort Walla Walla, at dawn, tomorrow, and will be glad if this task, pleasant as it is, takes but a couple of hours."

"Certainly, if you wish it," replied Narcissa.

She allowed Marcus to lead the governor, with Dr. McLoughlin and Archibald McKinlay into the parlor while she hurried in search of Sarah.

In the parlor the little group of men, with Miles and Henry Spalding by the center table, waited in almost unbroken silence for the bride's appearance. She wore, when at last Narcissa brought her in, Narcissa's own wedding-dress brought down to Sarah's size.

"Oh, you are lovely. Lovely!" exclaimed Miles, impetuously, as he took her hand. Dr. McLoughlin started an elaborate compliment, but Henry Spalding interrupted. "Dearly beloved—" he began abruptly, and there was instant silence in the room.

Narcissa, standing beside Marcus, was moved, as a woman always must be, by the most moving ceremony of human life.

Marcus slipped warm, worked, roughened fingers around hers, and she looked up at him with a smile of trust and affection. Here, at least, she could rest without suspicion or fear.

"—And God keep you in mutual love and understanding."

Spalding closed the ceremony and suddenly, to Marcus's vast amusement, kissed the bride. A moment later, Mrs. Munger announced supper. It was after this very gay affair, during which the pipers, stationed in the door-yard, played Scotch airs to a throng of enchanted Cayuse, that Narcissa, slipping away to finish Sarah's packing, was accosted in the schoolroom by Sir George.

"You are wondering why I came, and with this retinue," he said abruptly.

"Yes!" Narcissa returned his gaze clearly.

"It was necessary," he said, "to make Dr. McLoughlin understand the importance I attach to this wedding."

"And to make us feel," added Narcissa with a little smile, "that your threats are about to be realized."

"Yes," exclaimed Sir George, his tanned cheeks flushing. "I came to beg of you, Narcissa, once more, and for the last time, to leave here with me while yet you can do so with colors flying. *You are not to be permitted to continue here.* For God's sake, go off of your own volition and while McLoughlin can still control the Cayuse."

"Ah!" breathed Narcissa, her eyes very wide and very blue in the candle light. "I knew as much!—Sir George, I cannot go; all that has been best in my life has died and is buried here in Oregon. Even the old ache for Angelica has been replaced by deep preoccupation with what has come to me here—come and gone. I have no desire to run from my destiny, Sir George. And you know quite well as I, that Waii-lat-pu is my destiny."

THE governor drew a deep breath. "And are all your dead buried under the cottonwoods yonder, Narcissa?"

"All my dead?" she said. "When my every waking hour is haunted by dead thoughts, dead dreams of what might have been, dead passions and dead mad hopes, none of them ever to know the decency and peace of burial? Look into your own soul, Sir George, and answer your own question."

"But what shall you do, Narcissa? What shall you do? I shall never see you again, perhaps. Will you not give me some assurance of your safety?"

"You have done your duty, you tell me," returned Narcissa quietly. "You must not ask me to do less than mine."

Sir George slowly relinquished her hands and, looking suddenly unutterably weary and unutterably overburdened, he turned away from her and returned to the noisy dining-room. And after a moment's battle with herself Narcissa picked up Sarah's books and carried them to the bedroom wherein, pink cheeked and star eyed, Sarah awaited her.

TO BE CONTINUED

An Artist in Stained Glass

IF THIS capable business woman's dreams had been allowed to run their course you would have found her on the concert stage, expressing in her music those fancies which weave themselves into the lives of artists. But no concert stage calls Mrs. Harry Eldredge Goodhue today; instead she is happy in a studio, four flights up and a turn to the right on a street which hugs close to the border of Boston's teeming market section—where the salt airs from the harbor slip in through open windows when the breeze is right.

There you will find her, with something of the flavor of a medieval craftsman's atelier flooding the shop, in the midst of a thousand bits of colored glass, cartoons, careful sketches, and finished designs which will soon find their way as beautiful windows above the altars of America's churches.

Yet it is not as an artist that Mrs. Goodhue deals in stained glass, but as the manager of a steadily growing business. And thereby hangs a story in which fortunate chance has played its part.

Mary Louise Wright came East from Ohio with her music and her career. She gave up both when she met Harry Eldredge Goodhue, artist in glass, and perhaps the first American to discard definitely the ugly modern, opalescent imitations of what in the Midde Ages had come to be one of the beautiful expressions of that curious aspiring quality which so distinguishes the style of Gothic architecture. His work is widely scattered over the country, too little known in a generation accustomed to forget that stained glass may be really beautiful—too inured to seeing windows which are nothing but painted pictures, denying the first architectural principle of a window that it shall be translucent, and defeating, at the same time, the inspiration of real stained glass which, through its myriad colors, heightens the refraction of the light a hundred fold and glorifies the interiors which it floods.

Death took this disciple of pure beauty in stained glass seven years ago, before his work had been completed and before he had adequately prepared for the future of a wife whose early dreams of a career with her music had been all but forgotten in her husband's success. And then what? A family to support besides herself and children whose education was a present problem. Then came a test which all too few would have faced with the courage displayed by Mrs. Goodhue. For here was an opportunity to return to her music, to follow the career which she had willingly discarded. But music, when one has let thoughts of it slide for so many years, is a precarious master if it must be depended upon for a living. There was her husband's business. It would be a long chance, but a better one than her music. Why not?

Mrs. Harry Eldredge Goodhue, of Boston, conducts a successful stained glass atelier with her artist son as designer and co-partner.

With the question, it was done, and Mrs. Goodhue accepted the orders which came, soliciting others when the earlier ones were exhausted. She had no shop in which they might be executed, but competent artists submitted designs, and from them she chose the best expression of her own ideas. She had discussed designs with her husband sufficiently to be a competent critic. Of the actual craft of glass, however, she knew little, excepting what she had absorbed from excursions with her husband. But there are other ateliers in Boston—more stained glass is manufactured there than in any other city in the country—and it was an easy matter to let out contracts for the actual work after the designs had been finished and accepted. Orders continued to come in and Mrs. Goodhue found that a comfortable return might be realized from her brokerage in exquisite loveliness.

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This Cop Writes Hymns

IN THE protecting presence of a veteran police sergeant, I stood one eerie night at the corner of two streets that converged at the outer rim of "Beaver Slide"—a thickly populated negro quarter of Atlanta, Georgia. It was in mid-November. A cold, drizzly rain had been falling all day—the sort that soaks through protecting garments and gets right next to one's body. The red clay streets and alleys were horribly boggy and sticky.

As we stood there, huddled together in a doorway, over which hung a rather frayed awning, there came to us from out of the black night the shrill, tuneful voice of some one whistling. It was the chorus from "Rock of Ages."

"That's him," said the sergeant, as he took a whistle from an inner pocket, put it to his lips and blew one long blast.

Presently there emerged from the mush of the street to our right a rather large man attired in the full habiliments of the bluecoat. Then—

"That you, Sergeant?"

"Yep. How's everything in darktown tonight?"

"Like Sunday on the farm. No stirring about in a night like this. Haven't met a soul since one o'clock."

"Good. Well, I'll be on my way. Promised to meet Hunt at four o'clock."

A hand went up to a cap in snappy salute; my sergeant guide turned abruptly away and was lost in the dense blackness of the night. I turned to face a rather large man, fully six feet in height, with a merry twinkle in his eyes and the lines of many smiles showing about the corners of his mouth; a man quietly, yet contagiously friendly.

Thus in his native haunts did I meet Howard L. Turner, a plain, unpretentious policeman, whose numerous hymn books, filled with the most beautiful of his many sacred songs, express sincerest devotion to every spiritual feeling. Though the world knows practically nothing about him as a man, his old revival and missionary hymns have been heard at the very outposts of civilization.

"Hymns have been defined as 'praise to God with song'," he said, in answer to my question. "While I have written hundreds of songs and several books, I have never claimed that my work has any particular standing at the 'court of the muses.' Of course I did not write them with any such idea in mind, but simply as the outlet of my feelings.

"And if I have been the means of making a Christian life happier through my songs, then I feel I have been amply repaid. I've never tried to commercialize my hymns, nor seek honors for my own self. Very few of my hymns ever have been even copyrighted."

Hundreds of hymns, some of them known all over the world, have been written by Howard L. Turner, an Atlanta, Georgia, policeman.

This composer lists his hymnals in the following groups: (1) old revival hymns; (2) hymns of suffering and trust; (3) Christian ballads; (4) hymns of hope and consolation; (5) hymns of praise and worship; (6) hymns of Christian devotion and experience; (7) missionary hymns; and (8) gospel hymns.

The following day I visited the policeman, hymn writer and composer in his little home on Allene Avenue. In a small but packed bookcase I found four of his works, all published within the past ten years. The very first book that I opened contained, I thought, some hymns that might easily be matched with the world's best—at least in so far as they express some very beautiful thoughts.

This interesting natural singer does not claim to know anything about literature or music.

"Oh, I can pick a guitar, make some sort of music on a harmonica and get something resembling a tune from a jew's-harp. That's the limit of my musical ability," he said.

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A Newsboy who Washed his Neck

THE other newsboys at Fifth and Walnut quit yelling long enough to take a good stare at the latest kid on the corner. It was his first day there. He had gambled his entire fortune—ten cents—on those twenty papers he held tightly under his arm. At home his widowed mother was sick in bed. It was up to Jimmie, now, to pay the doctor for taking care of her, and to see that the rent and the drugstore and grocery bills were settled. That is why he had taken the last dime the sick woman could spare and gone down to the busiest corner in town to compete with half a dozen hustling juvenile merchants.

When his rivals looked at Jimmie, this is what they saw: a flaxen-haired lad of twelve, a sturdy chap with Killarney-blue eyes, like his Irish mother's, and a fighting jaw inherited from a German-American dad; a youth who stood there, with feet wide apart, as though bracing himself for the battle with all the world to save his mother.

The remarkable thing was that the newcomer was the only boy on the corner whose hands and face were clean. "Always keep your face washed, Jimmie, if you want to get along," his mother had said. He had followed this advice thoroughly and for good measure had even washed his neck!

Passers-by were quick to notice "the clean boy," which is one of the reasons why Jimmie Widmeyer's trade flourished from the very start. The twenty papers were sold in as many minutes and he went back to the newspaper office to get forty more. In those days—thirty years ago—the boys bought papers at two for a cent and sold them for a penny apiece.

Personality, and nothing else, was responsible for Jimmie's selling as many papers as did all the other boys put together. People passing the Traction Building corner would hear them screeching, "Times-Star! Post! All about th' terrible murder!" Then Jimmie's clear young tenor, crying, "I've got it! Who wants it?" Thus the opposition would advertise the proposition, while Jimmie would make the sales. "I'd tip my ragged old cap and thank a man when he bought a paper," says Jimmie. "And I'd ask, 'What's the name, please?' Next time he'd come along, I'd chirp, 'Good evening, Mr. Brown; do you want your paper now?' Of course, Mr. Brown would! There are lots of Mr. Browns in New York, Cincinnati or Frog Hollow, Indiana. They love to hear their names mentioned in public places. It makes 'em feel important. To this day, I always memorize names and faces. Oh, yes; and I still wash my neck, for that brought me my first good luck!"

Jimmie Widmeyer, now one of Cincinnati's most prosperous citizens, still sells papers at the corner of Fifth and Walnut Streets.

Realizing that business was getting duller than the soap market in Alaska, one of the smaller boys left several days later, to find a stand on another corner. Then the remaining occupants vanished, one by one, leaving him in sole possession. The fact that, some years later, he won the amateur lightweight boxing championship of his home town, doubtless had some bearing on his continued ownership of that location. Today, three decades later, Jimmie Widmeyer, who claims to be the original "King of the Newsboys," is selling papers at the same place—"my open-air office," he calls it.

Right across Walnut Street from Widmeyer's corner is the magnificent new Hotel Gibson. The newsboy monarch lives there. He is said to be the only newsboy in the world who is the permanent guest of a first-class hotel. The "King" has made more money than any other newsboy and is considered to be one of Cincinnati's wealthiest and most influential citizens, because he has capitalized his personality and engaged in various sidelines such as managing boxing exhibitions and selling stocks, bonds and even jewelry. An orange grove in Florida, an

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Rescued by a Blue Chow

EVERYTHING she wanted was Mary Van Buren's. She had a town house, an estate in Greenwich, four saddle horses, three automobiles and the smartest motor-boat on Long Island Sound. Life was a gay and colorful thing. Part of the color was furnished by a marvelous powder-blue Chow dog named after her estate Cliff Eyrie Bluey. He was the result of a long process of selection, for she had been breeding red and black Chows since 1905 when the first dog was brought from China by one of the Vanderbilts. And she was one of the first Americans to evolve the strange powder-blue Chow. Bluey was the pride of her heart and in 1914, while only a puppy, he took next to the highest honors at the great dog show in Madison Square Garden.

Then, as so often happens to those who have everything, all Mrs. Van Buren's ease and security vanished. Almost overnight she lost everything. She must dispose at once of all her treasured possessions—the town house, the Greenwich estate, the horses, the automobiles, the motor-boat and, worst of all, the *blue Chow*.

"I was almost panic stricken," she said, "when I thought of giving up my dogs. You know a Chow has a real personality, with his Oriental imperturbability and his ingrained wisdom. Every Chinese Mandarin used to have a Chow for a watch dog and the lineage of most Chows goes back farther than many royal families. The blue Chow really used to be a sacred animal. Naturally I had grown to love my dogs and I also felt that I understood them. How could I give them up, too?

"Then it occurred to me. Why not make my former hobby my means of livelihood? Why not let Bluey help reconstruct my fortunes? I had eight other Chows, bred from the best blood in the country. I had no other means of support. I had a mother to take care of and a fourteen-year-old son who had to be sent to school and educated. So I rented my present place in Westchester County with an option to buy, named my kennels Cliff Eyrie because the name was already well known in Chow history, and began in earnest."

That was four years ago, and in that four years Mrs. Van Buren has sold two hundred puppies, at prices ranging from $800.00 to $50.00, getting an average of $171.00 a dog. She has increased her nucleus of nine dogs to about sixty, and she says her kennel is just beginning to pay. And during this time she has bred several of the rare powder-blue puppies which are twenty times harder to get than the black or red dog, and which sometimes sell for as fancy a price as $800.00.

When Mary Van Buren was left penniless she hit upon the idea of using her pet blue chow as the nucleus of a commercial kennel

One of her triumphs occurred when she bred Cliff Eyrie Bluey to Champion Greenacre Blue Winkle and the happy pair were blest with three powder-blue puppies. Another time she bred Bluey to Chi-Mandarin, a famous dog owned by Mrs. Mortimer Schiff, the result being five blue puppies, of which one, a male called Chinese Blue, has since become a well-known show dog.

In November, 1924, at the Chow Club Show at the McAlpin hotel, Mrs. Van Buren's Cliff Eyrie Pahli won in every class she was entered in, and took a ribbon in the puppy class with Champion Lord Cholmondeley II. At a recent show at Elmhurst, Long Island, her Cliff Eyrie Blue Lion was adjudged the best blue Chow at the show. But Mrs. Van Buren says she hasn't the time to follow up a great many of the shows; her puppies keep her too busy.

A look at the sixty odd Chows in their comfortable little Chow town maintained by Mrs. Van Buren out in the hills of Westchester makes this statement seem quite reasonable. There is a miniature village square of the greenest

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Everybody's Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE: Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

Reputation Disrespected

Emanuel Jackson, a mule tender, appeared one morning on crutches.

"Lawsy!" exclaimed a friend. "Ah thought yo' was one o' de bes' mule han'lers in de business."

"So Ah is," affirmed Emanuel proudly, "but we done got a mule in dis mornin' dat didn't know mah reppitation."

Her Face Her Fortune

"My sister is awfully lucky," said one little boy to another.

"Why?"

"She went to a party last night where they played a game in which the men either had to kiss a girl or pay a forfeit of a box of chocolates."

"Well, how was your sister lucky?"

"She came home with thirteen boxes of chocolates."

A Slight Omission

A few minutes after an alarm of fire was given in a hotel, one of the guests joined the group that were watching the fire, and chaffed them on their apparent excitement. "There was nothing to be excited about," he said. "I took my time about dressing, lighted a cigaret, didn't like the knot in my necktie, so tied it over again—that's how cool I was."

"Fine," one of his friends remarked, "but why didn't you put on your trousers?"

Interests Consolidated

"I see in the paper that a widower with nine children out in Nebraska has married a widow with seven children."

"That was no marriage. That was a merger."

He Got It

"A burglar got into the house at three o'clock this morning, when I was on my way home from the club."

"Did he get anything?"

"He certainly did! The poor burglar is in the hospital suffering from a broken skull. My wife thought it was me."

Twains?

A young criminal lawyer was always full of quips.

A few years ago I attended the funeral of a millionaire financier—one of those "high financiers" whose low methods he loved to turn the light on.

I arrived at the funeral a little late and took a seat beside him and whispered, "How far has the service gone?"

He nodded toward the clergyman in the pulpit, whispered back tersely, "Just opened for the defense."

Too Much Confusion

There was once a golfer on the Mont Angel links near the Corniche above Monte Carlo who would never blame himself for his bad strokes. Somebody had coughed—somebody had laughed—somebody had moved—and he had been distracted.

This golfer, bunkered one day, made a very careful stroke, only to dig about a square yard of turf. He looked 'round at his companions furiously, but they had all been very quiet, and it was impossible to complain about them. So then he waved his hand toward the blue Mediterranean, dotted with a few tiny sails, two thousand feet below.

"How can a man play golf!" he roared, "with all those ships rushing back and forth."

Inspiration Gone

JUDGE—When you work, what do you do?

HOBO—I'm an organist.

JUDGE—Why, a man with such talent should never be out of a job. What's the trouble?

HOBO—My monkey died.

Just the Distance

A traveler riding over the northwestern prairies in the old days inquired of a native, "Does Walter Malter live near here?"

"No," was the reply.

"Well, do you happen to know where I can find him?"

"No," said the other.

The traveler was puzzled. "Dear me," he said, "I must have lost my way. Perhaps you can tell me where Mr. William Bluff, familiarly known as 'Grizzly Bill,' hangs out."

"I can. Right here. I am Grizzly Bill."

"But," expostulated the tenderfoot traveler, "they told me that Malter lived within gunshot of you."

"Well," said the other, "he did."

Refurbishing Saints and Sinners

An artist who was employed in an old church in Belgium rendered a bill for $100. The church trustees, however, required an itemized bill and the following was duly presented, audited and paid:

Correcting the Ten Commandments. . . .	$7.10
Embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting new ribbon on his bonnet	3.02
Putting new tail on the rooster of St. Peter.	4.18
Regilding left wing of Guardian Angel.	2.02
Washing the servant of the High Priest and putting rouge on his cheek	3.10
Renewing Heaven.	1.00
Adjusting stars	2.06
Cleaning Moon.	.10
Restoring Lost Souls.	25.00
Rebordering robes of Herod and adjusting his wig.	1.43
Taking the spots off the son of Tobias . .	1.00
Grooming Balaam's ass and putting new shoe on him.	5.06
Putting earrings in Sarah's ears.	24.00
Putting new stone in David's sling	1.10
Enlarging the head of Goliath.	1.03
Extending Saul's legs.	2.05
Decorating Noah's Ark.	6.50
Mending the shirt of the Prodigal Son . .	6.35
Brightening up the flames of Hell	.60
Putting new tail on the Devil.	1.50
Putting a silver dollar over the poor box .	.80
Doing several odd jobs for the damned . .	1.00
	$100.00

Mostly Me

The head of a large and very illiterate family in the Blue Ridge country, down South, was appointed village Squire.

One of the children asked, "And now pop are we squires, too?"

"No," spoke up the mother, "Only me and pop."

The Fast Thinker

During the World War, one of the great steamships, that was used as a transport for soldiers, was on her way across when a torpedo boat was sighted. In anticipation of the danger they were in, all on board were lined up on deck.

There was a deathly hush for an instant, when suddenly from down the line a negro's voice rang out. "Is dar ennybody heah dat wants to buy a gold watch en chain?"

Questionable

Clarence was home from college on his mid-year vacation, and his mother was unpacking his clothes and hanging them in the closet.

She found a pawn-ticket hanging from one of the buttons of his coat.

"Clarence, what is this tag on your coat?" she asked.

"Oh, that's a check, mother; I was at a dance and checked my coat."

Presently mother hauled out a pair of trousers and these, too, bore a tag.

"Clarence," said she, "just what kind of dance was that?"

Page Mr. Coolidge

Up in the north woods there is a guide who is a wizard for finding game, but who is very independent. One of his pet aversions is people who talk too much.

A young sportsman from the east was warned of this before going out with him for a two-day hunt. They plodded along silently the first day, and made camp at dusk by a little lake.

A gorgeous sunset was followed by a superb hunter's moon that hung above a black pine-clad hill and silvered a pathway on the water.

The boy turned to the guide who was watching it as he finished his evening pipe and ventured: "Nice evening."

The guide grunted and nothing more was said. They finished their pipes.

"Well, good night," said the easterner. The guide got up and started to repack his basket.

"What are you doing that for?" asked the boy.

"Goin' home," said the guide. "Too d—n much conversation around this camp."

The Candle Bid

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ask a favor of you two. I'm after dangerous game—our Goanese friend, Carlos, to be specific—and something might happen to me. So, if I don't show up at the saloon in the morning I want you to take care of Jim for me. See that the old blighter gets down south in safety—you'll have to watch Manuel; he'd turn him out if he dared. Here—" he gave the little chamois leather bag to Yank—"there are ten diamonds in that; you ought to get a good price for them. Enough to buy Jim a few head of cattle and set him up like a small chief, and there'd still be enough to make a grub-stake for you two."

"Never mind that," Yank growled. "What I'm interested in is this— How about taking us into your game. I'm sick of hanging about this dorp. Only do it because Cockney here seems to like it. We're both good veldt men—though you'd never think it to look at this blamed runt."

"Sure! Take hus along, Major," Cockney echoed. "I can fight, but, I'm tellin' yer, I can run a bloody sight better."

The major laughed.

"You're two damned good sorts. As soon as I know how things are shaping—I'll get in touch with you."

He saluted them and walked swiftly away.

"Mi gord! We're rich," Cockney cried exultantly, and clumsily executed a few steps of a Lancashire clog. "Oh, blimme!" he said contritely, noting the look of disgust and contempt which passed over Yank's face. "I was honly jokin', Yank. I knows them diamonds ain't hour'n. But at least we can pay hour expenses, can't we?"

"Sure, Cockney. I guess the major 'ud allow that—seeing as we both are as broke as hell."

On his way back to the saloon of Manuel the major was hailed from the doorway of one of the houses which lined the street by a woman's low, soft voice.

He halted and looked toward the house, shading his eyes with his hand.

"Won't you come in, Major! We have so many things to talk over."

A light of recognition passed over the major's face to be instantly replaced by the expression of bland innocence which he used as a mask to hide his quick wit. He doffed his helmet and bowed courtier like.

"Why," he drawled, "it's the charming Miss Lola de Sousa!"

"You will come in please, Major?" Her English was made charming by a slight accent. "You will come in," she repeated and it was not an invitation but a demand.

"Charmed!" he said and followed her into the house.

She motioned him to a chair, seated herself and—

"Now," she continued, holding out her hand, "my diamonds please, Major."

He looked at her in dismay; greatly embarrassed.

"But I haven't your diamonds, dear Miss Lola."

"It is foolish to lie, Major. And you are no fool."

"A pretty compliment, dear old thing. But still I am at sea. You ask for diamonds—"

"Is it necessary," she interrupted coldly, "to remind you of the diamonds I gave you for safe keeping at Kimberly several months ago?"

THE major looked confused and toyed with his monocle.

"Oh, those," he stammered at length. "Those!"

"Yes — those," she echoed sarcastically. "Where are they?"

"Why, old thing, I'm frightfully sorry, really. You'll think I'm no end of a rotter, I know. But—er—the truth is, I just haven't them any longer. You see—" he stopped and looked at her shamefacedly.

"Go on," she demanded harshly. "Then, where are they?"

"You see old fat Ferdinand made me a prisoner and threatened me with most awful tortures. And so—what would you?—I bribed him to set me free. I—" he watched her narrowly—"I gave him the diamonds—and he opened the gates wide and set me free."

She frowned.

"You gave him all the diamonds—twenty of them?"

The major leaned back in his chair, apparently deeply concerned. Inwardly he commented:

"She is the one who ordered Ferdinand to set me free. Well, I'm most awfully obliged to her, but why, I wonder, did she do it? And she thinks I gave him twenty diamonds—and of course he told I only gave him ten. I wonder if I answered her quite honestly? Oh, I think so. And I think she'll make things very unpleasant for his fat excellency. Oh, very."

Aloud he said,

"Oh, please, Miss Lola, don't cry. If there's anything I can do—"

She looked up swiftly and overwhelmed him with a fiery torrent of passionate abuse and reproach; but her eyes were dry—there were no tear stains on her cheeks.

"You gave away my diamonds, all I had in the world," she continued, "and then you tell me not to cry. And—and I trusted you. Every one told me you were a man of honor—but you are only a thief. You buy your liberty with my diamonds."

He rose quickly.

"Where are you going?"

"Up to the fort to get the diamonds back. Perhaps if I tell Don Ferdinand that I have come to surrender myself he will return the diamonds."

She caught hold of his arm and held him.

"But no. They will kill you if you go there. You must not."

He looked at her genuinely bewildered.

"But what then? You cry for your diamonds; you call me many hard names—and not quite justified, if I may say so. After all, you stole the diamonds first, you know. But no matter—and now you will not let me get them back for you. What then can I do?"

She rubbed her cheek against his sleeve; it was cleverly done, almost as if by accident.

"You admit then, *senhor*," she said softly, "that you are greatly indebted to me?"

The major bowed.

"I am greatly indebted to you. But for you I would now be languishing in the—er—pardon—Black Hell! Your diamonds purchased my freedom," he added in response to her sharp look of inquiry.

"I am afraid you know too much," she murmured. "But you admit your indebtedness and you have the reputation of being a man of honor. Therefore, you pay your debts, is it not so?"

"I always try to—all kinds—dear Miss Lola," he murmured.

"You can discharge this one very easily," she said softly and drew nearer to him.

"How?" he asked and edged nearer the door. The overpowering scent of jasmine almost sickened him.

She laughed harshly.

"Most men would not try to run away from me. But of that, no matter, save that I regret that you are—what do you say?—boorish. I had hoped for a pleasant journey with you. If you are going to be stiff, however—" she sighed.

"Journey?" The major was mystified. "Did you say journey?"

She smiled at him.

"Yes. Tonight I start on a long trek into Swaziland—"

"It is not safe," he exclaimed.

"That is why you are coming with me."

The major gasped.

"Alone, Miss Lola? Please consider. It's not done, you know!"

"We won't be alone, major—unfortunately. The two de Silvas will be with us."

"Tweedledum and Tweedledee, eh?" the major laughed in great relief.

"And there will be natives, of course," Lola added.

The major nodded.

"I see. And this is, of course, purely a pleasure trip?"

"A little business and—" her eyes glowed—"maybe a lot of pleasure. That depends on how you behave."

"Oh, I'll be good," the major assured her hastily.

"That would be sad," she sighed. "Then you will come?"

It was three months later and night. The major walked with Lola among the jumble of rocks which strewed the veldt at the base of a tall, precipitous kopje.

The moon was at the full and there was an atmosphere of mystery about the place. Vague, distorted shadows dotted the landscape; strange scents stung the nostrils and blood-quickening sounds impinged upon the ear-drums.

As if by some mutual agreement the two stopped and looked back.

"Can you see them?" the major asked quietly.

"Yes," she said breathlessly. "I see them. They look like ants, don't they?"

"That's a good name for them—poor devils," the major commented bitterly. "If everything goes as you plan they'll wish they'd never heard of a mine."

The girl looked at him, her lovely face made hideous for the moment by a contemptuous sneer.

"You are too soft, *Senhor* Major," she snapped, "sometimes I think you are more woman than man, and then—" her voice softened—"I remember how you thrashed that so big beast of a Boer; I remember the lion you shot when poor Lola missed and fell when she tried to run away. But those—" she indicated the distant black line—"they went free men."

"Their chiefs sent them, they were not free; they dared not disobey."

"Does it matter?" she said casually. "If they had stayed here they would doubtless be killed in battle—also at their chief's orders."

As she spoke the black line shortened, vanished from sight as it was swallowed up by one of the deep depressions which corrugated the veldt.

"WON'T you go, Miss Lola?" he pleaded. "It is not safe for you here. There is still time. Mounted, you could catch up with them in one hour or so and—"

She shook her head.

"No. I'll stay to see the thing through. I planned it and I don't trust Pedro or Ricardo. They have been drinking too much. Also—" she hesitated.

"Also you don't trust me, you would say?"

"Have it that way if you please—but I stay."

He caught her roughly by the shoulders.

"Look here," he said harshly, "I say that you must go."

She laughed in his face and murmured.

"You are so strong!"

He released his hold with a curse and walked abruptly away, turned and came back toward her.

"Now, really, Miss Lola," he drawled, her lips closed firm, her body stiffened, her face was an expressionless mask and she closed her eyes so that he could not read the disappointment in them. "You are very clever, Miss Lola," he continued. "Most deucedly clever. I take off my hat to you. You can give any labor recruiting agent lessons at his own game. You come to Swaziland—an absolutely unexploited region, inhabitated by the most bloodthirsty savages—and bag hundreds of natives for mine labor. And you've done it, as far as I can see, by the most uncanny methods—a few trade goods, much talk and—er—gallons of jasmine scent. And paugh! How I hate the beastly stuff."

He appeared not to notice the handkerchief she crumpled up in her hands and let fall to the ground, but continued,

"Of course it does not matter about those natives you have sent off to the mines. They will be stopped at the border, you know—or perhaps you had overlooked that. This is a closed district, you know, and recruiting is forbidden."

"I knew that—but a little judicious bribing—" She did not finish the sentence but laughed mockingly.

He bowed and she did not see his smile.

"I have said you were clever. But this other affair— Ah, there, I'm afraid you have overreached yourself. You are playing with fire, dear Miss, and I'm afraid you'll get your pretty fingers burnt. And that would be a pity. That is why I once again suggest that you go."

"I shall stay, Major, unless—unless you go with me."

He considered this for a moment; then shook his head.

"No! Couldn't do that; couldn't leave old Tweedledee and Tweedledum in the lurch. Of course they're most frightful villains—but they have their points. I mean to say that they are, at least, white and, by some strange ordering of—er—ethics, if you know what I mean, white men have to stick together. Rather asinine, but there it is—as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians."

A raucous scream disturbed the night's stillness. The major jumped in alarm.

"My goodness! What was that?"

"Only a Go-a-way bird, Major. You're getting nervous."

"Yes, I confess it. I'm deucedly nervous. It's this affair of your planning, Miss Lola. It was clever of you to bring along a lot of defective rifles, guaranteed to burst at the third shot if not the first—and if they kill the users, that doesn't matter, does it?—and several cases of blank cartridges—the niggers'll never know the difference, will they? They can't shoot straight, anyway, and they'll be quite satisfied as long as they can make a noise. And it was quite clever of you to locate two hot tempered chiefs who are just aching to get at each other's throats. But, of course, your masterpiece was to play one off against the other—highest bidder gets the lethal weapons. Very, very clever, Miss Lola—but dangerous."

The girl laughed.

"There is nothing to fear, Major. If we were selling the stuff to only one bidder then we'd have to watch him very carefully. But two! They will watch each other while we run away with the loot."

"Have you never heard of the upper and nether millstones, dear lady?"

She looked blankly at him.

"Ah, I see you haven't. Then doesn't this make you think? Once I sold my wagon to a chief, but before I turned it over to him I unloaded my provisions. And, do you know, the greedy old blighter insisted that they were included in the sale. He said that if he sold a man a bullock he didn't first cut it open and take out its—er—inwards. Doesn't that mean anything to you?" He looked at her anxiously and sighed when she shook her head. "Ah, well. The moral's rather hard to point. But remember, dear Miss, the brain of the simple black is most frightfully complex."

"I can handle them," she said confidently.

SHE ran gracefully away, skirting the base of the kopje, jumping the boulders which were in her path.

Just before she rounded the kopje, she paused and waved to him.

He made a pretence of giving chase to her, sprinted a few yards but stopped as soon as she ran on again and passed out of sight.

"Phew!" exclaimed the major, as he sat down on a near-by boulder, vigorously fanned himself with his helmet—and that was strange for the night was very cold. "She is a devil," he continued, "but a damned good pal in many ways, at that. At least she is when she forgets she's a woman. . . . But jasmine! Hell!"

At that moment a vagrant breeze blew a fluttering white something to his feet. He stooped and picked it up.

"It's her handkerchief—and how the thing stinks!"

He shook from it the red dust of the veldt and put it in his pocket. Then he whistled a low, mournful tune, paused and listened intently.

"Strange," he muttered. "But, of course, it couldn't have been Jim."

"Go-a-way!" the noisy call of a gray lourie sounded from a deep donga near-by.

He rose slowly to his feet, stretched himself and sauntered over to the donga. Seating himself at the edge of it he picked up a handful of stones. He wrapped one of them in the pocket handkerchief and tossed it at a black boulder directly beneath him.

"That is folly, *baas*," growled Jim, the Hottentot, standing up, and rubbing the small of his back. In his other hand he held the handkerchief. "And since when has the *baas* turned to womanish things?" He shook the handkerchief.

"I'm sorry, Jim," the major said penitently. "I thought you were a Go-a-way bird."

It was typical that the major did not show any surprise at meeting Jim again although he had every reason to believe that the Hottentot was hundreds of miles away. The major had long ceased to be surprised at anything Jim did.

"I was a bird, *baas*," Jim answered. "But are you alone? Is it safe to talk?"

"I am talking, Jim," the major replied. "But why come secretly? There is no evil here. No one would bid you keep away. I am a free man, I go where I please, I—"

"Undoubtedly the major is all powerful," Jim said sarcastically. "Perhaps he knows too that an impi of the Rainmaker is on its way to wipe out this kraal and the two black bulls who seek greater honors and, also, the whites who sell them guns."

The major started.

"No. I did not know that, Jim."

THE major sat down again—making it appear as if his rising had been only in order to find a more comfortable seat.

Jim laughed.

"The *baas* is clever—but I lied. There is no fear of any warrior seeing."

"Is the rest a lie, Jim?"

"No, *baas*, but—"

"Then I must get back to the kraal," the major said hurriedly. "There is no time to lose. We must trek at once. I must warn the white woman and the two men who are with her. Later I will hear the tale that is to be told."

"There is no hurry, *baas*," Jim said calmly. "The impi waits in the shadow of Two Tree Top—three hours' trek away. They will not attack until just before dawn. I have spoken," he concluded unctuously. Jim liked nothing better than to play a part before his *baas;* to appear all wise, all powerful. Sometimes he succeeded, sometimes—

"How do you know this, Jim?" the major queried sharply.

"I captured the Rainmaker's scouts, *baas*."

"How many, Jim?"

"Twice the count of my two hands, *baas*. And after I had questioned them—a little harshly, it may be—they told me many things."

"And you captured them alone?" the major asked incredulously.

"I did not say so, *baas*," Jim said, then added with a chuckle. "The *baas* is blind tonight. True, the shadows are dark here in the donga, but the *baas* has been known to see in even greater darkness."

Acting on the hint the major looked into the donga. At first he saw nothing but boulders—black boulders; then, as the boulders moved, he saw men. Twenty-five he counted—and there were other boulders he was not sure of.

"I said that boulders could be washed clean, *baas!*" Jim said gleefully.

The major did not answer. He was watching a fat, rotund "boulder" which was moving closer to Jim; it seemed vaguely familiar. Suddenly it rose up and—

" 'Ellow, Major!" Cockney said in a hoarse whisper. "This is a fair knockout, ain't it? Lumme— Wot would my mother say hif she could see me now—naked as a bloomin' baby, halmost, an' painted black. That was Yank's idea. 'E said hour white skins 'ud show up too plain. Blast 'im! The paint itches. An' I ain't white anyway. I ain't washed for a week o' Sundays."

"And Yank's here too," murmured the major. "This is too much. How did you get here? Tell me quickly. I must get back to the kraal before they send some one to look for me. Jim is so bloomin' cocky that I can't get a word out of him."

"An' good reason 'e 'as to be cocky, Major. 'E's a fool, that's wot 'e is. Listen: I'll tork quick, though there ain't no bleedin' 'urry as far as I can see, an' it's a yarn wot ought ter 'ave a book writ abart hit. Well, when yer didn't show hup that night we went ter take care of Jim. Us sold the diamonds—Yank'll give yer an haccounting—an' went on a bleedin' spree, one at a time so there was allus one of hus more or less sober ter sit wiv Jim. Two days later, Jim, 'ere, began to sit hup an' ask questions—lucky we can both tork the bloomin' lingo—an' nothin' 'ud satisfy 'im as soon as he 'eard you was gone but wot 'e must get hup an' try to look fer you."

The major fidgeted impatiently, but said nothing.

"Old yer 'orses," Cockney continued cheerfully. "I'm a-comin' to the interestin' part. When Jim did get abart—that was a week later—we makes inquiries for Carlos and learns the yeller-skinned cuss left town the mornin' hafter you torked wiv hus down at the wharf. A covey told hus that he'd gone hup country wiv the niggers you'd licked inter shape—them as yer tried to capture the fort wiv. This covey said as the niggers marched like licked curs, 'e said they walked as hif the bloomin' skin 'ad been flayed hoff 'em. Yer got to 'and it ter Carlos. 'E 'ad guts to go hof wiv them niggers, when 'e must 'ave known every mother's son hof them 'ud be honly too glad ter stick a bayonet hinto 'im. Well! Jim, 'ere would 'ave hit that you was on the trail of Carlos so we houtfitted and went hon the trail, too. Carlos 'ad a big start and we travels a long way north afore we catches hup wiv 'im. An' then we finds you ain't been seen. An' wot does yer think Jim does then? 'E makes a speech to them bloomin' nigger soldiers—tells 'em something abart muddy boulders an' 'ow they ought ter wash themselves; I couldn't see wot 'e was drivin' at, but Yank did. Clever lad, that there Yank. Well, the hupshot hof hit all was—the niggers deserted an' fer once in his life Carlos looked like a white man—I means 'is skin looked white; elseways 'e showed dirty yeller. Of course 'e couldn't say a word—Yank an' me 'ad 'im covered. Then we torks gently to Carlos and find hout you was in Swaziland with the Lola woman. That made Jim as mad as 'ell because we'd wasted so much time trekkin' the wrong way. 'E wanted ter kill Carlos hout hof 'and—so did the hother niggers. But Yank an' me wouldn't stand fer that. Yer see, Carlos is 'arf white, and, besides, 'e was tied to a tree. Then Jim forms the soldiers in a line an' puts 'imself at the 'ead. 'E 'ad Carlos' ajambok in 'is 'and, a bleedin' big 'un hit was. Then 'e marches past the tree and lashes Carlos as 'e passes. 'E 'ands the ajambok to the next hin line an' the same thing 'appens—an' so it went hall down the line. Fifty-one lashes they gives the poor devil an' 'e 'owled bloody murder. It make Yank fair sick, but 'e said as 'ow Carlos deserved it."

"HE DESERVED that and more," the major assented, thinking of the brutal murders and torturing of natives—old men, women and children—the half-caste had been guilty of.

Cockney nodded.

"Thought you'd say that. We cuts Carlos loose—'e ain't dead by a long shot—an' treks fer Swaziland. An' bleedin' 'ard goin' hit was. Four weeks we've been. Yer see us 'ad ter steer clear hof settlements and 'ad to loot our food on the way. But that Jim there, blast 'im, cussed an' halmost cried hevery time we stopped fer skoff or sleep. An' it seems as hif we came 'ere honly just in time. There'll be bloody blood a-flowin' 'ere when that impi gets in hits dirty work. Now then, ain't that a 'oly terror of a yarn?"

"It's more than that, Cockney," the major said softly. "I can't tell you what it is just now. But, when we're out of this mess—" He stopped short, overcome by the magnificence of Jim's devotion, the loyalty of the two white men and the faith the fifty black soldiers had shown in him by deserting and making their wild rush across dangerous country ready to render him any assistance he needed.

"Where's Yank?" he asked suddenly.

" 'E's down the donga a ways wiv the rear guard. Lumme, Major, 'e's a fightin' fool."

A beating of drums, fierce yells and wild chanting suddenly sounded from behind the kopje.

"What's that?" Cockney asked, startled.

The major rose quickly to his feet.

"They're drinking and dancing at the kraal—the bidding's begun again—I'll tell you about that later. I must get back. I'm goin' to try to get Miss Lola and the two men away without any trouble—but maybe I'll not be able to do it an' I'll need help. Get your men up close to the kraal, Cockney. Surround it! Don't let a man show himself. And do it quickly. Tell Jim to give the signal when you're in place. If I need help I'll fire my revolver."

"Hall right, Major," Cockney said resignedly. "Lumme! I 'ates ter fink hof comin' hall this way an' no scrap. But you're the bloomin' doctor."

"As soon as you get the signal, fire your rifles in the air and shout like hell."

"An' make 'em fink we're a thousand strong, eh, Major? Is that hit?"

A nod of understanding to Cockney, a few whispered words to Jim in the vernacular—words which made Jim puff out his chest; words which, he felt, amply repaid him for all the hardships of the long trek—and the major hastened away.

And as he went it seemed as if the donga spoke, as if it was the mouth of Africa, and out of it came a mumbled salutation, a greeting to a white man who could do no wrong:

"*Bayete!*"

Once well away from the donga the major quickened his speed and was presently skirting the base of the kopje.

Bounding a queer shaped spur he came into full view of the kraal which Lola had made her headquarters during her labor recruiting operations.

IT WAS a large kraal of some fifty beehive huts enclosed by a frail reed fence, before which stood the three wagons comprising Lola's outfit. Tethered to the disselboom of each wagon were sixteen mules.

None of Lola's native drivers were to be seen.

"They're probably in the kraal, drinking with the rest," the major muttered.

He stopped long enough to get several bottles of whisky from one of the wagons and then went on up to the kraal.

He had almost reached the entrance in the fence before he was challenged; the challenge was immediately followed by chuckle.

"At least, white man," a voice cried. "You can give witness that we do not sleep."

"No," the major replied. "You eyes are open, you are warriors. But may I pass?"

"Truly! We know you for a friend and a man—even though you are the friend of those others. But, as N'Gazi here says, not all the bulls of one herd are black. Pass in."

As the major advanced two tall warriors showed themselves.

"How many of you keep watch?" the major asked casually.

"Six, white man—but we were seven."

"*Au-a!* And you take no part in the drinking and feasting?"

The warriors laughed.

"In the early watches one of us—the seventh—left his post to drain a pot of beer and the *N'Msan* saw him. That man is no more. So we others—we do not leave our posts."

"*Tchat!* And there is no one to bring beer to you? That is a pity for the night is cold. But see! I have here white man's drink—it will keep you warm."

"*Au-a!*" Eager hands took the bottles from him. "We will take care of it, eh, warrior?"

"Truly," said the other.

"And you will see to it that the other watches get their share?"

"Our word is given. We are brothers to-night. We share and share alike."

The major passed on through the gate.

Inside the kraal a wild orgy was under way. But, as the major pushed his way through the drunken, dancing warriors, he noticed that they were separated into two distinct groups—the men of the kraal forming one group, and the warriors who had accompanied the rival headman to bid for Lola's guns forming the other. The major noted, too, that no women were to be seen. They gave him food for thought.

He paused for a moment before a large hut—then entered.

The smoke of a small wood fire made his eyes smart, the air was suffocating; a pungent odor, a mingling of whisky, tobacco, body sweat and jasmine almost sickened him.

A tallow candle stuck on the top of a tin biscuit box supplemented the flickering light of the fire.

The girl, Lola, was seated on a camp stool opposite the doorway; the de Silvas sat on the floor, their backs against the wall—they were very drunk.

At the major's left sat a thin, emaciated native; it was the local chief, Tekuba, and behind him stood his bodyguard of six stalwarts.

Opposite Tekuba sat a big powerful man, his face pitted with small-pox scars. And M'singa had his guards too.

All looked toward the major as he entered and he fancied he saw a look of relief on Lola's face as she motioned to him to sit beside her.

He started to obey but Tekuba growled an order which was echoed by M'singa, and the major remained where he was.

He was too wise to attempt to pass the barrier of spears the guards leveled at him.

The major looked across at Lola.

"You must trek at once," he said in English. "A big regiment is on its way here to wipe out these Johnnies. Pedro! Ricardo! There is danger, do you hear?"

They looked at him and grinned fatuously—they were incapable of movement. Lola made a gesture of dismay.

"I've tried to bring this thing to an end—but I can't and—and they won't let me go. I'm afraid I've burnt my fingers, Major."

There was a quaver in her voice but her eyes met his steadily enough.

"It will be all right," he assured her. "I—"

But M'singa's booming voice interrupted him.

"Speak so that we understand, white man."

"It is an order, Earthshaker," the major replied. "I was saying that Rainmaker has sent an impi to wipe us out. Therefore it is best to—"

A shout of laughter drowned the rest of his speech and he realized that the two chiefs were drunk; this news which at any other time would have made them look to their defenses and prepare for flight, now only aroused their mirth.

"You lie, white man—or, if you do not lie, you shall help us wipe out this impi you speak of."

"At least let the woman depart—she has no part in the quarrel of warriors."

"You shall all go when the bidding is over," Tekuba said testily.

"That is true—I had forgotten that," M'singa agreed.

"HASTEN then," Lola cried. "You bid like timid maidens. 'Two hundred oxen,' says M'singa after many hours. 'Two hundred and one,' says Tekuba. *Au'a.* See the candle; it has only a little way to burn. To the one who makes the highest bid while the flame is yet burning I will sell the guns."

"It is a good plan," M'singa cried. "The woman has wit."

"Truly!" Tekuba leered at her and she cowered back against the wall. "With such a woman to counsel him a man could go far."

"It is true," M'singa agreed. "But she is white—and what would my black heifers say if I took her to wife?"

"I did not say you should take her to wife, fool. Keep her in your kraal—let your women have charge of her and thus avoid jealousy—guard her well and seek her counsel whenever occasion arises."

"It is a good thought. I am beginning to forget my quarrel with you, Tekuba. I will act on your advice." He reached out a long, sinewy arm toward Lola.

The major's muscles stiffened.

"Wait, fool!" Tekuba said harshly. "She is not yours yet. You must bid for her as you bid for the guns."

M'singa scowled.

"I remember our quarrel now," he said. "However it shall be as you say."

"It is all right, Lola," the major said in English but got no further. It is hard for a man to speak with the point of a spear pressing against his Adam's apple.

Time passed.

The lips of the two chiefs moved constantly—they were counting their wealth, each getting ready to bid his all.

The candle burned lower—lower.

The major was listening for Jim's signal—hoping that the candle would last until then—hoping to avoid the situation he would be called upon to face should the candle go out too soon. He knew that would be the signal for a bloody fight; the man who won would be in great haste to make use of his newly acquired weapons—but the man who lost would strike even quicker in order to prevent their use.

Neither chief spoke. It was as if each was saving his breath for one loud triumphant shouting bid when the time came.

A sudden gust of wind swirled inside the hut. The flame of the candle bowed to it's power, the light dimmed, flickered—

"Five hundred head of cattle," M'singa yelled.

"Six hundred," Tekuba's bid followed like an echo.

"The flame still burns," the major said gravely.

The two chiefs laughed sheepishly and then were silent.

One of the de Silvas opened his eyes and looked wonderingly about him. He started to speak and then, awed by the solemnity of the others, shook his brother into wakefulness.

The candle was completely burned down now, was only a short length of wick floating in a pool of grease.

Faintly, above the clamor outside of dancing and wild chants, the major heard the Go-a-way signal. He drew his revolver.

"Six hundred and fifty oxen—"

"Seven—"

"An impi," yelled the major and fired at the candle.

Spattered with grease the two chiefs jumped up with howls of rage, urging their guards to kill the insolent white man.

But not a warrior moved. They were not awed by the threat of the revolver—such a death would be easy—but by the bedlam of noise which sounded outside the kraal; the firing of many guns, fierce yells and threats of death.

They stood as if petrified and did not move until the major said quietly.

"Brave men hide when the Rainmaker sends out his slayers. Run warriors!"

With a yell they rushed from the hut, followed by the two chiefs, and joined the frantic crowd which was pouring out of the narrow gate in the fence at the rear of the kraal. They did not look back; they had only one thought and that to reach the comparative security of the hills where they could give a better account of themselves against the superior force of their King's impi—where they could die as men who had offended the King should die.

"They run and no one pursues," the major chuckled. He and Lola and the two de Silvas were standing outside the hut; Lola holding to his arm, the men swaying back and forth, blinking owlishly, wondering what it was all about.

"And here comes my impi," the major continued proudly as Yank, Cockney and Jim at the head of fifty grinning natives, wearing the tattered remnants of Portuguese uniforms and carrying their well-cared-for rifles at the slope, entered the kraal and lined up in two rank formation.

THE major ignored Lola's excited questions, shook off her restraining grip on his arm and went to join the others.

"How do, Yank?" he said and shook his hand. That was all—that was enough. They understood each other.

He talked a little with Jim and then passed down the line—Cockney, talking incessantly, escorting him. He had a word of praise for each soldier, calling him by name. They grinned at him affectionately.

"Have the mules inspanned, Jim," he ordered.

"It is already done, Major," Yank said, "and the drivers are in their seats."

"Good. Then let's get Miss Lola and these beauties on the way."

He escorted Lola out of the kraal and down to her wagon. She put out her arms to him and he lifted her up on to the seat.

"You are coming, too," she pleaded.

"Oh, no, dear Miss, positively no." His monocle appeared again. "You will be quite safe, I assure you. And I have work to do here."

"But you must come," she insisted. "You see—I am your property. Yours was the highest bid before the candle went out."

He frowned.

"And you see," she continued softly, "I am ready to stick to the bargain."

"Beastly awkward—what?" he muttered. Then, aloud, "Oh, but I'm sorry, dear Miss, really I am. I'm afraid I wasn't quite honorable. I may have bid an impi—my impi—for the useless rifles and your so beautiful self, but

I never intended to close the deal. It was only a *ruse de guerre,* in a manner of speaking I wouldn't pay Jim, and Yank and Cockney—not to speak of those fifty grinning devils for—"

"Oh, go to hell, *Senhor* Major," she said wearily and then taking the long driving whip from the driver's hands she lashed the mules in a paroxysm of rage. They broke into a gallop and the driver cleverly turned them into the trail leading northward. The other two wagons quickly followed.

The major watched them until they passed out of sight and then he returned slowly to where Yank, Cockney and Jim were waiting for him.

"And what now, Major?" Yank asked.

"I'm damned if I know, old dear. How about having a shot at trying to persuade that impi over there at Two Tree Kop to go home and be good. I hate bloodshed—it's so beastly messy."

"We're game, eh Cockney?"

"Blimme, yes, Major. Hanything fer peace, I says. But, yer know, we thought yer was done fer?"

"Done for?' How?"

"Why we thought that Lola woman 'ad yer 'ooked!"

The major laughed softly.

"She has, the dear lady. But she threw me down. I tried to *opsit* with her—you know the old Boer custom of sitting up by candlelight?—but she threw me down. In other words, Cockney—she refused to marry me. Ah, well! And Jim?"

"Yah, *baas*?"

"Mud can be washed from boulders."

"That is what I said, *baas*," Jim replied happily.

A Rebellious Schoolgirl Grows Up

[*Continued from page 86*]

that a child should choose her own vocation, would say nothing for perhaps several days. Then he would quietly talk the matter over with Helen. What should a school be like to be a more interesting place for little people? What change did she think advisable and what would she do if she ever became a teacher? He had no great vision of schools, but he thought the child's point of view interesting and also thought she needed to talk herself out. Being but a child herself, Helen didn't know exactly; but was very sure that *something* was wrong, and that *something ought to be done.* It is probably that this germ of creative thought, encouraged by her father, found permanent lodgment in some tiny filament of the child's brain, to be dormant there for years, ready to unfold and blossom at the appointed time.

"I'm afraid I was a pretty troublesome child, although I always felt myself unusually good," Miss Parkhurst said recently, "but my father understood. He was a wonderful and successful father—wise and understanding. He seemed to know instinctively how important it is for a child to be permitted to develop naturally; how tragic it often is when a child is hampered, held back unnecessarily, by dominating parents.

"Once, out in Durand, when I was six years old, something happened which shows how consistent he was in never permitting my purpose to be thwarted, or to implant fear in his little daughter. One evening, near bedtime, I was suddenly seized with a desire to play Indian—camp out all night alone. So without saying anything to anybody I took a blanket, crossed our back yard and climbed the fence across the street which bounded a large space known as The Court House Yard. Durand was a county-seat, you remember. Over there I set up the blanket like an Indian tepee, curled up on the ground and went to sleep. I imagine that a good many fathers would have interfered. Mine didn't. When I couldn't be found, a search was made. He discovered me and divined my purpose. Instead of waking me up and insisting that I come back to my own little bed, telling me I might catch cold, and so on, my father quietly returned home and sat up all night at a window commanding a view of my tepee ready at any moment to dash to it if I was disturbed. I never was afraid."

One afternoon when she was sixteen Helen went out for an afternoon drive into the beautiful Wisconsin countryside with her father. Mr. Parkhurst was bound for a distant farm to look at some livestock.

When they arrived he left Helen in the buggy by the roadside. As she was sitting there in contentment, that lovely afternoon, along came an elderly farmer who had known her from childhood. They chatted for a few moments, and he said he had heard she was just graduated from the Durand High School. What was she going to do? Helen knew *positively* that she desired, contrary to her mother's wishes, "to teach school." Then it developed that this old friend of her father had been asked to find a teacher for a rural school out in that farming region, and he suggested that Helen take the job. They talked it over at length. At once she said she would accept, but not until the week before school opened did she tell her parents! At first Mrs. Parkhurst was somewhat hesitant. Helen was

Money's Red Flag

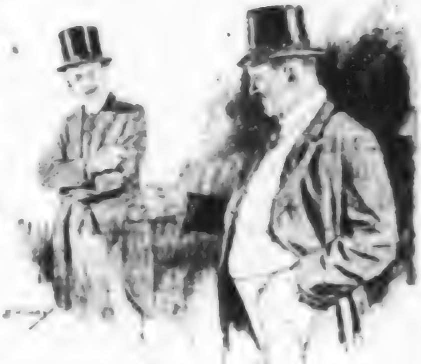
TO the office of a big insurance company come pathetic stories of money t in speculation and unwise vestments. Dismayed men and omen, when it is too late, tell eir experiences of funds proled by life insurance or saved thrift, lost in wild-cat schemes omising great returns, sunk in ure thing" tips from well-mean- g friends and relatives, or frit- red away in stock speculation.

he pity of it is that the hard- t blows often fall on those st able to bear them—on men st the age of self-support, on omen with no business exper- nce, on young people trying get a start in the world.

he Eternal Temptation

ver and over again one hears, urely there must be some way at I can get more than 6% on y money with safety. I am omised — practically guaran- ed—that a certain stock will y 10% or more and probably uble in value. Only a few ople know about this. A friend has just told me d says I must act quickly or lose the chance. all I invest?" The answer, in most cases, is "NO -that is not an investment, it is a speculation."

ecords show that in all lines of business, the ma- rity of new enterprises fail. And in the purely eculative ventures the losses are appalling.



DOLLAR PIRATES!

"The first thing to do, Blackie, is to look at the map and pick out a town where smart people have money in banks. Somewhere in this big United States people have been saving up coin for years, just waiting for us to come and get it."

So said J. Rufus (Get-Rich-Quick) Wallingford, smiling and engaging character from the pen of the late George Randolph Chester. So true to life—his counterparts are to be found the world over. Bold in the open and cunning behind cover, they plunder alike the simple, the greedy, the rich and the poor.

According to Postmaster General New, the people of this country are robbed of more than $1,000,000,000 a year in mail-fraud schemes alone! How much more is lost through other frauds cannot be estimated.

Don't let a Wallingford get your savings!

There is a definite danger line in investing money—and that line is located today at about 6%. This does not mean that everything below 6% is sound, nor that everything above is speculative, but—Money's Red Flag of warning appears at this level. Remember—"the higher the rate the greater the risk." Remember also that those who have but little money can least afford to take chances.

Investing is a Profession

Investing money is a highly specialized profession. None but experts know the comparative and ever changing values of various investments. Safe investments cannot be made on memory of *past* values.

Go to a bank and ask to be directed to the best man to advise you about investment. You will find yourself welcome even though you have only a small amount to invest.

The banker of today will try to protect you against fraudulent investments because general prosperity, which includes yours, helps the bank's prosperity.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

he United States Government is trying to put t of business and put in jail all investment crooks d especially those who prey upon persons of all means—who can least afford to lose their oney. Whenever you receive circulars or mphlets or letters offering to make you rich er night, turn them over to the Post Office De- rtment so that the Government may investi- te, and, if necessary, prosecute.

etter Business Bureaus of various cities, bankers sociations, national associations of manufac- rers and other groups are issuing warnings ainst fake stock promotors. Many organizations e joining hands to prevent the stealing of billions of dollars by these financial tricksters.

Many of the foremost manufacturing plants are trying to protect their workers by issuing warnings in pay envelopes and on Bulletin Boards. Suggestions for notices will be mailed on request to interested executives.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will neither criticize nor advise as to any particular investment but will be glad to mail free a booklet, "How to Invest Your Money" dealing with the general problem of investing which may aid you to avoid financial pitfalls. Send for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

ETROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

gest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year not seventeen. She had never taught. She had just finished high school. It was a good deal of responsibility—but the deciding factor was that the girl ought not to break her promise. It was the promise that won her mother's consent.

Then Mr. Parkhurst spoke. "Do you want to try it?"

"Yes," she said.

"Then that's all there is to it. Go ahead and show what you are made of," he added, smiling at his wife. Whereupon Mrs. Parkhurst, also smiling, agreed. And when the time came, Helen packed the things she needed, and drove off with her own horse, to her new work.

"No, I was not at all afraid," she said in reply to a question. "But I was deeply interested in my first school, you may be sure, and met difficulties as they arose. I was too absorbed in the work to frighten myself by anticipating difficulties at that age."

"The thing that bothered me most," said Miss Parkhurst, "was mathematics. I'd never been strong in mathematics myself. How was I going to help others? But I soon found a way out. I would appoint one of the older boys or girls who already had been over that work in a previous year as assistant instructor in mathematics. It worked like a charm. I thought it was a good thing for the older ones to review their past lessons, and they felt a pride in the responsibility given them. As for the younger pupils whom they helped, these little folks were eager, happy, and went at their fractions as if it was a jolly game to be mastered.

"This was a revelation to me, and instantly I saw the possibilities. Then to the delight of the whole school, I marked off in one section a corner of the big room where the children could study history and English. Another corner was set apart for mathematics, another for nature study, and so on. In each of these I placed an older boy or girl as instructor at times when this would not interfere with their own work; and made the appointments a reward for industry and attention."

BEAR in mind that this happened long, long ago in a rural school out in Wisconsin, and that the sixteen-year-old teacher who originated the plan for her pupils had never heard of departmental schools. Before many weeks passed she noticed that the very little boys and girls became restless and fretful over being confined in a quiet school. Then she had some of the older boys construct a sand-box and a sand-pile in the open space near the big stove, and when the little people were tired of sitting still before desks she said they were at liberty to play in the sand for awhile between school tasks. In the spring they were permitted to go outside in the yard and were observed from the window. It worked like a charm!

This gave Helen Parkhurst another idea. The two clothes closets, as had been mentioned, really were good-sized rooms. They could be utilized for work! This she did and in addition converted a store-closet into a kind of library and study-room combined. The older boys made a big table, and fashioned bookshelves. Helen Parkhurst herself helped make the benches, and drove around to farm after farm in the evening to win the friendship of the neighbors who might interfere. Also she gathered interesting magazines, books of travel, poetry, etc. When all was ready she told the older pupils that when they were tired, or wanted to study in quiet, they could go to the newly equipped room for such purpose; but if they stayed there too much, loafing on their real school job, or if they misbehaved there, she would close the room at once. The responsibility, she added, was theirs, and they took it—with admirable results.

It must not be supposed that young Helen Parkhurst really understood at once the significance of all these revolutionary measures. She declares she didn't, that she was only doing what she believed in with all her intensity. One gradual step after another was tried.

Perhaps the most revolutionary idea of all was put in practice when Helen Parkhurst said, one day, that from that time on she was not going to "keep order" in the school. The pupils would have to keep order themselves, and would have to shoulder this responsibility, too. Furthermore, she added, in the future she would not have any rule forbidding them to talk to one another, provided they talked quietly about school work. Also, instead of sitting alone at individual desks, two or three or four who were studying the same lesson could gather around the table in the "library" and help each other. When they came upon some difficulty none of them could understand, they could ask her, and she would explain it clearly. This conception of individual instruction worked out with simplicity and effectiveness.

"It was one of the most important steps I ever took," Miss Parkhurst recently said. "I was only sixteen at the time, but the idea of having fathers and mothers, and grown-up teachers compel little children to be caged for hours at a time in a schoolroom where they were forbidden to speak, or even to stand up and stretch their tired little bodies—well that seemed tragic to me. Also it seemed utterly needless. It was no way to treat active little bodies, alert little minds. But it was the one sure way of curbing the spirit of energy, enterprise, initiative. And I took off that curb-bit as soon as I thought of it, regardless of whether school trustees and parents approved or not."

The young teacher did not have an easy time, that long Wisconsin winter, boarding in farmhouses, tramping through deep snows to

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NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

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This famous food tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals.

"THIS SPRING, desperate from years of constipation and unavailing attempts to cure its resultant evils, I read this definition by a physician: 'Yeast is an antiseptic and is effective in all diseases in which there is threatened putridity.' I began taking one cake in warm water before breakfast and at bedtime. My looks a month later demonstrated a release from cathartics. Continuing the treatment, I gained daily in vigor. Years of intestinal poisoning take their toll of youth; so I shall continue to drink my yeast."

MRS. CARRIE M. CREMA, Philadelphia, Pa.

"ABOUT EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO I was a complete wreck: could not eat or sleep, was anemic and my color had faded to a sickly green. My friends began to exchange pitying glances, and one day, an old lady insisted on giving me her seat. That was the crowning humiliation. I decided to give yeast a trial. I started eating three cakes daily. In about six weeks found I could eat a real meal once more; in two months my natural color began to return. I kept on, and now, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, I am a well woman."

MRS. F. R. CONNER, Florence, Ky.

school. But the difficult experience was well worth while; for there, in the quiet countryside, she was able to mould her germ of the modern school into something like a definite plan.

This was not accomplished quickly. It continued in process of formation for many years afterward; while Miss Parkhurst was studying at a Normal College in Wisconsin, while she was herself a teacher in several large city schools. In 1911 in Tacoma, Washington, she developed her "laboratory plan." Later while she toured Europe examining various systems of education, while she lived and worked with Montessori in Italy, and while she escorted Montessori through the United States, she kept re-examining her ideas. Finally she was given an opportunity to expand some of her plans in a private school which was founded for her in New York City through the wise understanding and timely assistance of the late Governor Crane of Massachusetts and his wife. Later they suggested that Miss Parkhurst install them in a school for crippled children in which Mrs. Crane was deeply interested. And there they were so successful that upon request she worked out a plan for introducing them in the high school at Dalton, Massachusetts, the Crane family's home.

ONE day, in 1919, a distinguished English educator went with one of Miss Parkhurst's friends to visit Dalton. She had heard of Miss Parkhurst's success. After a thorough examination of the Dalton School she returned to London and wrote about it in one of the great London newspapers. This brief newspaper article attracted wide attention. A few months later another educator was sent by the London County Council to America for the express purpose of studying the "Dalton Plan" and of conferring with Miss Parkhurst. Soon afterward Miss Parkhurst was invited to lecture before organizations of teachers throughout England. And her name and fame began their sweep around the globe.

Already the Dalton Plan is being used in many European countries. In England alone, where it has been tested for six years, more than two thousand schools have adopted it. Dr. C. W. Kimmins, former Chief Inspector of the London County Council Schools, has just written that the "Examination results of schools which have given the plan a thorough trial are proving phenomenal." Early in March, 1924, Miss Parkhurst went to Japan to lecture on the plan and to inspect over a hundred schools of the Japanese Empire which were using it when she arrived. This year both China and Russia invited her presence for the same purpose.

It is particularly interesting to note that in her own country, right here in these United States, her name and her achievements are far less widely known than in Europe, Asia and South Africa. It is probable that not more than four hundred, or at the utmost five hundred American schools are now using the Dalton Plan. The number seems destined to increase in the near future, however. For, following the example of countries in Europe and Asia, opportunities are being given teachers to see the plan demonstrated in several American institutions, including the College of the City of New York, the University of Pennsylvania, the University of West Virginia, the University of Colorado, Teachers' College of Columbia University, and Whitewater Normal School in Wisconsin.

The Dalton Plan does not interfere with courses of study. It simply provides a new vehicle for carrying on school work. It is revolutionary because at a single stroke it gives every pupil full opportunity to go ahead as easily and as fast as each is able, and because it transforms the average school from a place of silence, restricted movement and modified discomfort, into a building filled with eager, happy little people who attack their work with astonishing zest.

As a definite illustration of the system, take geography. Under old methods, the teacher, at the close of a recitation, gave out a certain amount of study which was to be recited upon at the next meeting of the class. Under the Dalton Plan each pupil receives an outline of all the geography to be studied for an entire week ahead, and undertakes to complete this "contract" in the coming school-week. It is the pupil's "job." He doesn't want to fail in it, and the responsibility is up to him or to her, as the case may be. Corresponding contracts are given out for the coming week in all other studies. Frequent recitations are held, but the principal thing is in *showing the pupil how to study*, and encouraging him to go ahead on his own, instead of handing out knowledge to him in regular quantities.

The children are allowed to arrange their own time, instead of having to devote a certain specified period to this or that study. If a child completes in less than a week the full contract for all the studies, he may ask for a test, successful passing of which permits him to take up another week's contract without waiting for the rest of the class to catch up. In this way the unusually bright pupil can go ahead steadily and rapidly, without being held back to a dead level by pupils less quick. And the teacher is saved the hard task of dragging, and pushing forward pupils who are lazy or who are not intellectually keen. For older pupils contracts are given out for a full month in advance, together with outlines of lessons prepared so as to be both helpful and interesting. It may sound difficult, but it isn't. And the main thing is that it works.

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DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

QUALITY AT LOW COST

An Artist in Stained Glass

[*Continued from page 137*]

Still, the business was not as profitable as it might have been. And that is where something very much like luck enters the story. Her son, Wright Goodhue, already a master of design at eighteen, was but a child when his father died. It is doubtful if his mother fully realized the talent which lay latent in him when seven years ago she began executing the orders which her husband's reputation had brought her.

Since the beginning of their co-partnership which adheres so strictly to its business basis, Mrs. Goodhue's work as a broker in loveliness has broadened. The Portland Street atelier was necessitated by her son's success in winning a competition, a year ago, for the glass of the Second Universalist Church in Boston. It was a big order for a boy of eighteen, and its size decided his mother. At last they were ready to begin a great life work—her second and the boy's first. For more than a year she had known that the shop was but a matter of time. Wright had already designed a series of thirty-six medallions in the delightful, almost roguish tradition of grotesquerie, for Teachers' College, Columbia University. Then came the Boston church and they were ready.

Orders have not been slow in reaching the atelier and the success of the venture is assured by the enthusiastic reception of the boy's designs which make its continuance a necessity.

—STEWART BEACH.

A Host on Wheels

[*Continued from page 75*]

when it was first placed before him he waved it away. One morning in an adventurous mood he tasted a grapefruit experimentally. He smacked his lips and finished it. Every day thereafter and at every meal he called for grapefruit. When he returned to France two cases of the citrus were included in his luggage and he had made arrangements for a continuous supply to be shipped for his table in France.

"How do I organize a special train? The Pullman Company invariably supplies the equipment although General Atterbury gave Marshal Foch the use of his private car and Charles M. Schwab turned his coach over to Clemenceau.

"The guest chamber is always a private Pullman car with compartments containing full-sized beds and porcelain bathrooms, including both tubs and showers. There are parlor and lounging sections with a wide observation platform. A private dining-room and kitchen completes the arrangement. Three permanent servants are attached to the coach, a chef, valet and porter. Guests may thus have complete privacy if they so desire.

"The other cars in the train usually include a combination club compartment with upholstered chairs, tables, a barber shop, shower and a baggage section. We provide as many ordinary sleeping-cars as are required by the size of the accompanying delegation, in sections, compartments and drawing rooms. A regular dining-car completes the train.

"Porters are generally selected from the crack limited trains and when the guest and his party do not speak English well the porters are chosen for their ability to speak the language of the foreign visitor. There are a surprising number of linguists among Pullman porters of the limiteds.

"THE dining-car steward, the chefs and waiters are also carefully picked. A special baggage master, a stenographer (male) and a permanent conductor complete the crew. Generally the personnel is the same for all important trips. My personal responsibility is as the representative of the Pennsylvania System.

"Personal bodyguards are usually provided for guests by the United States Secret Service. Presidents have a permanent detachment. Five agents were assigned to guard the Belgian royal family. The secret service attachés with Marshal Foch numbered two or three. They are always unobtrusive but constantly on the alert; the pick of the service.

"For safety the special either follows a regular train or a pilot engine precedes the special as an advance guard. For two generations the Pennsylvania railroad has escorted celebrities on tour without a single accident. The cost of a special train? It will vary somewhere between six hundred dollars and seven hundred dollars a day, depending on the size of the party.

"There are compensations for everything, no less for managing a tour. Worries are no more frequent than smiles. After a few days of railroad travel every one becomes acclimated and acquainted and a genuine family atmosphere comes into being. Most travelers soon adjust themselves to the routine and frequently the entire party elects to sleep on a railroad siding rather than experience the fuss and feathers of transferring baggage to a hotel.

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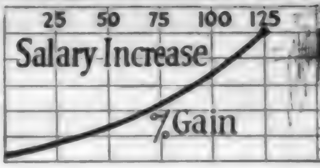

"I say without boasting and simply as a statement of fact, that I have earned more than fifty times the cost of my LaSalle training in special accounting work since taking it up; and in addition, my regular income, or salary, has increased approximately 125 per cent."
E. G. WILHELM,
Pennsylvania.

How You Can Fit Yourself for Bigger Opportunities

The brief story of how E. G. Wilhelm more than doubled his income—as summarized in the above paragraph from his letter to LaSalle Extension University—is set forth in print not because it is unusual, but because it fairly represents what any man of average intelligence may expect, within a comparatively few months, if he will follow a well-organized plan of home-study training. Such a "well-organized plan," developed to a high degree of practical effectiveness, finds its best example in the LaSalle Problem Method.

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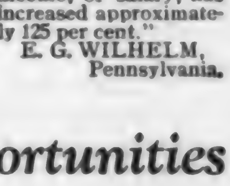

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Name..

Present Position ________________________

Address..

"In general I have found American crowds cordial and considerate of distinguished visitors. But there is one species of humanity that rouses my ire. It is that type of selfish individual who is more intent on gratifying morbid curiosity, a craving for notoriety, or thrusting forward his or her misplaced ideas of hospitality than on the comfort, convenience or pleasure of the guest. I presume that an important occasion brings them out in greater numbers than the true average contained in our population. I hope so, at least."

Mr. McCullough brought forth a file from a heaping stack of correspondence on his desk. A foreign celebrity is coming soon to visit America and he was preparing an itinerary. I am not at liberty to disclose the name of the celebrity, for the announcement must come through the State Department. I had one more question.

"And movie stars. They often travel by special cars?"

Mr. McCullough shook his head dolefully. "It was easy to entertain the Belgian royal family and Marshal Foch. Presidents are rarely exacting—but movie stars! I am sorry, but there is no railroad equipment in the country that can satisfy them."

This Cop Writes Hymns

[*Continued from page 138*]

"However, I wouldn't want you to think that I did all my writing and composing without any help at all. A lot of credit should go to my wife, as she helps me and encourages me always. But for her fidelity and self-sacrifice I doubt if I would have done anything worth while. She had been a school teacher before marriage and could give me much needed criticism."

Another book that he showed to me, "Songs of Victory," has a wide circulation in the rural sections of the South, where his songs are most popular. This book contains "The Pearly Gates," a very widely used hymn with a captivating tune.

"It is funny how ideas have come to me—a lot of my best hymns have been hastily written while I patrolled my beat. Then, with the words written, I would keep whistling until a good tune suggested itself for the words, after which I would finish it at home, with the help of my wife. I don't claim there is anything 'tony' about my hymns, and though I would always try to refrain from the 'high-brow,' I probably couldn't write or compose anything like that if I tried."

SEVERAL years ago, Howard Turner organized a policeman's quartette in the department at Atlanta, and with their help he has gained many converts to the Church. And though a policeman is ordinarily required to work on Sunday, he has a special dispensation which enables him to escape this requirement. This gives him an opportunity to be an active member of the Methodist church and a leader of the choir there.

"Star of Love," another hymn-book published by this policeman, contains a hymn, "The Land of Beulah," which expresses very completely the sort of ideas in which thousands of hard-working people all over the country take great satisfaction.

To give you a more complete idea of the general field this hymn writer covers, here are a few titles of the hymns which he himself considers his best; "Oh, Star of Love;" "Jesus, My Lord;" "Harvest Home;" "Jesus Knows and Cares;" "Sing to the Lord;" "Life's Dearest Way;" "Sweetly Sleep;" "Drifting Down the Stream of Time;" "Thinking of Mother;" "Pearly Gates;" "Oh, Lord Divine;" "No More Good-bys;" "Jesus Is Living in Me."

ONCE Policeman Turner was called into a home on his beat where there had been a death, and was called upon to speak some words of comfort to a woman who had lost her son.

"Ask the Lord to help you through," he told her. After he went home the next morning he sat down and wrote the hymn, of which this is one verse:

Does your burden heavy grow, and your sorrows overflow?
Ask the Lord to help you through.
Be a soldier, brave and true, for the world is watching you,
Ask the Lord to help you through.
'Til the foe is backward hurled, and the banner is unfurled,
Ask the Lord to help you through.
'Til you've anchored safe at home, never more again to roam,
Ask the Lord to help you through.

Day in and day out, this Atlanta policeman patrols his beat doing the necessary job of keeping watch on a tough district. But the stockinged ease that others spend off duty by the stove, he devotes to another and perhaps a harder trade. Quietly and patiently he puts words together that this world may be a better place to live in for people who sometimes find it very hard. Those who have witnessed the heartfelt satisfaction his songs and hymns inspire, devoutly hope that his better years are still ahead of him and that he will live to give this world many more such hymns.

—JAMES A. BELFLOWER.

ith a few strokes of
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Sold and guaranteed by 50,000 merchants

aterman's (Ideal) Fountain Pen

She's Mother to 50,000 Sailors

[*Continued from page 68*]

"A cook. How old a man? . . .

"Oh, a young man. Twenty-two. And he is your brother? . . .

"Well, Mr. Cherry, we shall make every effort to locate him. Thank you for letting us know."

Mrs. Roper rang off and turned around. She is a woman whose clear eyes inspire friendship, whose thirty-five years in the service of sailors have not grayed her hair nor bowed her slim shoulders. Her enthusiasm is undimmed.

"At least once a day," Mrs. Roper mused, "we are asked to look for a missing sailor. Men forget to write home. Their mothers or wives endure the loneliness until the last minute of endurance and then come to us. We post the sought-for name in 252 stations throughout the world, we inquire of steamship companies and consulates. Our friends spread the word—in fifty per cent. of the cases we find the missing men."

"And you call that a good percentage?"

"You forget that ships are lost, that accidents happen in the dead of night, that sailors are friendless in a foreign port. Not all of those we seek can be found. Yes, it is a good average."

AND, when you learn of the difficulties that beset the path of the searcher for missing sailors—the duplication of names, the use of aliases, the reluctance, sometimes, of the wanted man to make his whereabouts known to his relatives—you realize that Mrs. Roper's record of 4,000 men sought for and 2,000 men found in the last five years, is a very good one.

"It is not always forgetfulness that separates sailors from their families," said Mrs. Roper. "Mothers marry again or homes are broken up, and the roving sailor has no means of communicating with his loved ones."

Then she told of a Polish couple who in the turmoil of the Great War became separated from their only son, a boy of fourteen. Although they knew that he had reached salt water and had shipped on a merchant vessel, they had never heard directly from him. After the war the two old people had learned of the work of the Seaman's Institute, and had posted a description of their boy.

On the very day following the listing of this almost hopeless case, a tall, brown-eyed youth of twenty rapped hesitantly at the open door of Mrs. Roper's office. The House Mother looked up smilingly and welcomed him. With a grave face he declared:

"I am your lost boy."

This nonplussed Mrs. Roper for a moment, since, while she has three devoted daughters she has not mislaid a son. But the youth explained in broken English that he had just come "from foreign" and had seen his name advertised on the bulletin board. He wanted to know who had instituted the inquiry.

"Oh," said Mrs. Roper, recalling the case, "it was your parents. They have not heard from you in six years and they weren't sure that you are alive."

"I am alive," replied the Polish boy with finality, "but where in Poland shall I find my parents?"

"Nowhere in Poland," declared Mrs. Roper, keeping the youth in suspense a moment. "They left home after the war and have moved to another country. But"—all in a rush—"you can have dinner with them tonight if you will take the subway to the Bronx."

In recounting this to me the House Mother added, "It is dramatic incidents like this that make my work a continual joy. If you could have seen the rapture in that lonely boy's face! He had very few words with which to express himself, but the tears in his eyes were all the thanks I needed."

"The thing that impresses me in these two instances," I volunteered, "is the remarkably short time it took to find the missing men. As a detective you could make a fortune."

"Detective," repeated Mrs. Roper, indignantly. "One reason for our success is that we never do detective work. The sailors know that we will not advertise for men who are wanted by the law (they are not all angels, you know, and some of them do get into scraps) and so they rarely hesitate to give information about themselves or their friends. We could never succeed without their cooperation."

"But I am told," I insisted, "that since you started the Department of Missing Men you have developed a clairvoyant quality that penetrates the veneer of the hardest sailor and fathoms his secrets, while winning his entire confidence. These are not exactly the attributes of a detective, but they must have guided you in the choice of your vocation."

"You will never hear such a preposterous statement from me," replied Mrs. Roper decisively. "I came into this work quite by chance. As a young girl," she began, "I experienced a wave of religious ecstasy, and applied to the chaplain of the Seamen's Mission in Boston for a job. He offered me a Bible class, and although I did not know as much about the Bible as I do now, I had more assurance, and accepted the position.

"You may imagine how my ecstasy collapsed when I discovered that the youngest man in the

Those who stopped outside to listen did not know he was playing her accompaniment *without touching the keys!*

It happened at the Drake Hotel, Chicago, during the National Music Convention in June

And now anyone—without previous training—can play roll music with the same control of Keys—the same Personal Touch that a pianist has in playing by hand

THAT morning one of the visitors at the Music Trades Convention was playing roll music on the Gulbransen Registering Piano with all the expression of a brilliant pianist—yet this man could not tell one note from another on a piece of sheet music!

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The vocalist carries the air. The piano plays only the accompaniment, regardless of the melody notes that are cut in the roll.

You can play a piano solo correctly, accenting the melody or the chords. You can play dance music in perfect time and rhythm.

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class was twice my age and that the oldest was seventy. However, I managed to go through with it, and from that branched out to visiting ships and sailors' lodging houses to distribute literature."

"I really don't know," she continued, "how I went through with it. The places I visited, and the things I stumbled on! And yet, never in my experience with sailors have I heard an insulting word or received anything but the most courteous treatment.

"From Boston I went to Portland, Oregon, with Mr. Roper, who was appointed chaplain of the Seamen's Mission there. When his health failed I worked for ten years with the sailors, boarding ships as they came to anchor, and tramping the docks to urge them to attend our entertainments. That was work, I tell you.

"And then when Mr. Roper had gone beyond I received a telegram from Dr. Mansfield, superintendent of this institute. He had heard of me quite by accident and he wondered if I would come to New York on the chance that the board of trustees would find me acceptable."

"You mean to say," I questioned, "that you brought your three daughters across the continent on a chance like that?"

"Yes. But that was not the worst of it. The institute had never employed a woman in an executive capacity and I found that nobody, not even Dr. Mansfield, had the faintest idea of what I could do to make myself useful. I faced the board with a sinking heart and after the agony of that was over I learned that I would be put on three months' probation while making a job for myself."

"That must have been a pleasant situation," I observed.

"It was my low water mark. For days I haunted this huge building, hesitating to speak to the sailors, knowing that they would resent it if I attempted to advise them, wondering what on earth I could do to help them. And then one day I ran into Charlie, an old sailor whom I had known in Boston. I greeted him with downright joy, told him of my predicament, and asked him for his help.

"Charlie was a friend indeed. He spread the word that Janet Roper was not a meddling busybody, and then things began to come my way. I passed the probationary period, and after ten years I am still on the job."

SAILORS are a reserved, not to say crusty lot, where outsiders are concerned and their indifference to the average social worker is a quality that cannot be accurately measured.

Knowing this feeling, I was anxious to learn from Mrs. Roper her method of working with the thousands of blue water men who find their way to the Seamen's Institute. But I found myself stumped, at first, by the House Mother's modesty.

It was from other sources that I at least learned why the sailors call her "straight."

One day Mrs. Roper stepped up to a man who was lounging in the thronged lobby. There was nothing extraordinary about him either in face or in clothing, but Mrs. Roper, almost without preamble, said,

"I don't like you, Mac, and I wish you would tell me why."

Mac flushed and stammered. Then he protested, "I call that pretty rough stuff, Mrs. Roper. I didn't ask you whether you liked me, and I don't think it's fair to up and tell me you don't."

"I know," replied the friend of Mac and of all other sailors. "It isn't fair. I don't want to dislike you. That is why I ask you to tell me what is the matter with your face."

Mac was absolutely bowled over by the straightness of that, and fled from the lobby, blushing to the ears.

Two weeks later he found Mrs. Roper alone in her office and said, explosively, "I can tell you why you don't like me, Mrs. Roper. I'm a dope fiend. Help me if you can."

And the House Mother helped him, not with absolute success, because Mac was a hopeless addict, but to the best of her ability. And Mac spread it abroad that Mother Roper would tell the fellows when she didn't like them and would help them whether she liked them or not. It came to be believed, too, that she could spot a dope fiend at a glance. Other drug addicts sought her help.

One young fellow had taken cocaine only a few times but realized that he was already lost without outside help. He was cured—and all because of Mrs. Roper's straightness with the first incurable.

Reverting to her work with the Department of Missing Men, Mrs. Roper unconsciously revealed still further her tolerance and her perfect understanding of the sailor's point of view. A distracted mother had asked the Institute for word of her only son. His name had been advertised in the usual channels and on the afternoon of my interview he had presented himself before the House Mother.

Said Mrs. Roper, "Your mother has inquired for you. Why don't you write her?"

"Because," replied the young man, "she keeps telling me to come back and work in Philadelphia."

"And why don't you want to work at home?"

"Too many friends there. They won't let me save any money."

"As a sailor are you saving your money?"

"Sure. I've got an account here at the Institute and I'm doing well."

"Then," declared Mrs. Roper, "I shall write your mother and urge her to let you live your own life. But you must keep in touch with her and not let her worry about you."

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A corn razor in the hands of a layman is a dangerous instrument. A slip of the blade often means infection. And infection many times leads to serious results.

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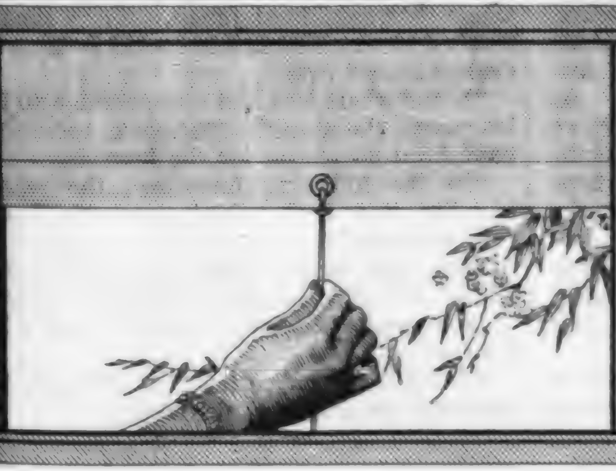

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"All right, ma'am, I will. But I'm not going home."

"Do as you think best about that," said Mrs. Roper.

To me she said later, "It is terribly hard for a mother when her only son goes to sea. But I am going to write this one to look at the situation through her boy's eyes, and be proud of him. I know that he has fallen into fast company at home and is trying his hardest to work out his own salvation. A boy never feels the same about his only mother as the mother feels about her only son. She must realize these things and make it easier for him to do as he thinks best. Somehow, I think she will."

Each Wednesday evening the House Mother addresses an assemblage of men on religious matters. Her knowledge of theology, she says, is not profound, and she usually selects from the Bible a text that will give her opportunity to urge fair play, kindliness, and right thinking and living. Here are three striking instances during the course of her work at the Institute where men have been inspired by her remarks to discuss their religious beliefs with her.

Each of these three men has introduced the subject with approximately the following words: "Mrs. Roper, something you said in one of your Wednesday evening talks started me thinking about religion and I want to tell you what your words have done for me."

Encouraged by the House Mother, the first man said, "I have become a member of an Evangelistic mission."

The second said, "I have become a theosophist," and proceeded to expound the logic of theosophy.

The third man said, "I have left the sea to join a Roman Catholic order."

As Mrs. Roper puts it, laughingly, "I am an Episcopalian and know virtually nothing of Evangelical doctrines, of theosophy or Catholicism. I suppose, therefore, that I must be very liberal in my views—or perhaps you might say vague in my public speaking."

But the House Mother of 25 South Street is not vague. She is kindly and sympathetic and understanding, but she is vehement in her speech and forceful in her action. Because of this remarkable endowment of characteristisc she is admired, loved, and called "straight" by fifty thousand sailors.

America's Most Quoted Man

[*Continued from page 34*]

One hot summer night I dropped into his apartment. It was one of those nights about which Baer observes: "It's hot in the sun. It's hot in the shade. And there is no place else to go."

Arthur wasn't at home. But Mrs. Baer was. Though few knew it, Arthur has been married since April 13, 1925. His bride was Miss Marjorie Cassidy. Her folks live in Brooklyn. She has black bobbed hair, glorious teeth, and eyes that are almost as wide as her smile.

MRS. BAER is young and beautiful and possesses a rare gift of understanding. She told me, a little mount of color in her soft cheeks:

"We were engaged for a year or two. We had made no definite plans to marry. Then on Saturday, April eleventh, he 'phoned and asked me to meet him in Chicago the following Monday, April thirteenth. He said it was important. I knew him too well to doubt it. So I took a night train to Chicago Sunday. Next morning we were married at Chicago City Hall. Then we ducked out for Los Angeles where Arthur was to do some motion picture work. We arrived at the Biltmore Hotel, in Los Angeles, on April sixteenth. Not a soul knew we were married. But a young "Won't-say-no" hotel reporter on a Los Angeles paper ferreted us out.

"We tried to lie, but we couldn't. He was too cute, that reporter. So Arthur consented to be interviewed on condition that he be permitted to write the interview."

Here is the interview, as written by Baer on his portable typewriter, and as it appeared in California papers:

"Note by the parties concerned. An interview is pressure applied to the base of the brain to determine whether a man is more dumb with his mouth opened or closed. A bumper crop of question marks is unloaded on the subject, which then is allowed to simmer gently. The result proves that if a ventriloquist's dummy sasses him back, it is the ventriloquist's own fault. All good interviews should be denied next morning after a hearty night's insomnia.

"There was only one perfect interview in history. That was when the reporters met the whale that swallowed Jonah. Every time the whale opened his mouth to speak, Jonah would change the subject.

"If the whale had had sense enough to keep his mouth closed in the first place, there would have been no reason for the interview.

"In the following interview, the reporter and Mr. Baer both talked at once and got it over quicker."

Then Baer wrote some questions and answers characteristically nonsensical. As—

Q: How can you tell when a New York winter is over?

A: When the police take the fur coats back from the fanciest dressed couples.

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TRY IT

Q: Do you think prohibition has been postponed often enough?

A: I am not an authority on what the well-groomed man will drink this summer. I voted myself dry in 1922 after trying to use a paper hat for a road map. Nobody believes me but it's the truth. I got my red nose and quit. The stuff they sell now would make a Quaker meeting choose up sides.

Q: Do you intend to go into motion pictures?

A: No, last time I was in the movies they tried to stuff me up Lon Chaney's back.

Q: Why aren't there any Eskimo "mammy" singers?

A: The weather is too loose. Besides the pickanninies wouldn't play around an iceberg.

Q: Did you ever play Mah Jong?

A: No, there is no future in it.

Q: Are there any more answers you would like to question?

A: No, but I am glad they haven't got rocking-chairs in these one-armed cafeterias.

Now, go on with the story.

Before Arthur strolled in, Mrs. Baer and I enjoyed half an hour of reminiscence. There was the morning two summers ago when we played a round of golf at a Long Island country club course when a squirrel scooted across the fairway. With mock dismay Baer remarked: "Keep him away. He wants to lay me up for the winter."

Again, we recalled his sad rejoinder when asked why he did not accept a flattering offer of a six-figure job: "Can't. My syndicate has me tied up. My contract runs from eclipse to eclipse."

Then Arthur came in. A little man, with deep chest, large nose, head of great frontal development, keen dark eyes alternatingly geysering humor and concentration under thick eyebrows.

"Arthur, what do you term your style of humor?" I began.

"I haven't any name for it," he answered. "Once a high-brow writer called it 'Dadaism.' He quoted a line of mine, 'It snowed forty-eight hours, man and boy.' That was just nonsense. It doesn't mean anything. I never heard of da-da-ism of the French school or any other kind of 'ism.' Nor did my uncle."

The latter, a variation of "so is your uncle," has held popularity for two years.

"What are your characteristics and your rules of writing?"

He thought a moment. Then he crossed to his portable typewriter and produced this:

"Characteristics:

"Born bowlegged and left handed. Have since improved the property with a permanent red nose. Voted myself dry some years ago after a consultation between four doctors and six policemen.

"Hate flowers, picnic ants, pearl-buttoned shoes, toupées, professional reformers and everything else that makes life worth dying for.

"Have never used the poisonal (correct) pronoun 'I.' Have never tried to glorify the American first person.

"Have always tried to make the reader do half the work. This is more charitable and fairer than cross-word puzzles which make the reader do all the work.

"Have never kept a scrap-book of work accomplished. Never made a note. Always figured that if it was worth remembering, I would remember it.

"Always leave things to the last minute. Have gone through life one jump ahead of a fit and two jumps behind the rent.

"Resolved years ago never to steal a line from another man.

"Am not averse to stealing a smutty story and cleaning it up so it can be read without offense to any one. I consider this saving a brand from the burning.

HOWEVER puzzled Baer and his analysis may be as to his peculiar style, the fact remains there was hardly a show or vaudeville act last winter that didn't contain a line or two "appropriated" from his daily material. Here are some of his expressions that have gained countrywide circulations:

"The town was so tough the canary birds sang bass."

"You send your collars to the laundry to be cleaned. They sharpen them instead."

"In the old days of Texas when men were men—and so were the governors."

"He's so mean he'd race an old lady to a subway seat."

"My mother told me never to hold a bundle by the strings and always count my fingers after shaking hands with a lawyer."

"Peggy Joyce came along and proved the Northwestern Mounted Police wasn't the only organization that always *got its man.*"

Then Baer's incomparable observation in the world of sports. Of Ping Bodie, a heavy, slow-footed outfielder who came to the New York Yankees from the Coast and tried to steal home one day, the humorist wrote: "He had larceny in his head but his feet were honest."

Behind all this da-da-ism, wise cracking—call it what you will—there is the story of the mental development of an American boy that is fascinating. Sitting in Arthur Baer's exquisitely chosen little honeymoon apartment that stewy summer evening, the story came out bit by bit. Here it is in his own words as nearly as I can reproduce them:

"Don't let anybody kid you that I am a genius. I have just packed away a lot of observation and reading since I was a kid.

"I came into the world January 9, 1886, in a frame house on Franklin Street, Philadelphia.

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I was one of fourteen kids. Six are living, four boys, two girls. Maybe I was the seventh son —I can't figure up.

"My father was born in Alsace. He came here during the last Empire in 1861. He was eighteen. He is eighty-two now and still active. He likes to look in on interesting trials around the courthouse in Philadelphia.

"My father was a paper-hanger—" he gave one of his famous little dry chuckles—"but when he got to America he found all paper was hung so he became a traveling salesman. Then he got married. My mother was born in Hamburg, Germany.

"When I was a kid I played around Philadelphia. I didn't have very much education. Fact is, I was educated on complaint blanks. I went to public school at Eighth and Thompson also to the James Lind grammar school.

"I quit school at fourteen. Had been drawing in rough fashion since I was a baby and at night I did art work. I learned enough about drawing to go to work at Bromley's, Fourth and Lehigh, designing lace curtains. No, Bromley's wasn't a barber shop. They were real lace curtains. I did pretty well there, got twelve dollars a week.

"But I had the real drawing bug. A newspaper seemed the best place to begin. So I got a job as office boy on the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. My salary was no dollars a week. After a month I worked up to two dollars a week. Then I got a chance to retouch photos, do lettering and other odd jobs in the art department. Also I helped with the Sunday Children's Page and the lovelorn column. The victims of the lovelorn column used to send a return stamp and sometimes I'd collect as many as forty-two cents in stamps and start out to eat.

"Worked up to twelve dollars on the *Ledger*. Then I got a chance on the Philadelphia *Times* at fourteen dollars and I grabbed it. Same type of work, but all in the art department.

"I was well up in the twenties by now. One day a chap named Bill McGonigle blew into the office. He told me he had given up his job as sporting cartoonist on the Washington *Times* and it was open. I hustled down to Washington and grabbed it. I jumped from fourteen to twenty-five dollars a week and it looked good.

"Then I got the 'Bugs' part of my name. McGonigle had been doing a daily cartoon in pen and ink showing a baseball bug at the mast head. I took his bug, added a pitcher and a funny little bug "umps" (at least I tried to make him funny) in the shape of a little black bug with a chest protector and a cap cocked backward on his head.

"Then I began writing text, sport and editorial and all for the twenty-five dollars per. Nobody said it was good, bad or indifferent. I don't know yet. I didn't realize a bigger field was open to me until that line about the deserted cat appeared.

"But I was restless and decided to take a chance on selling my stuff in a bigger field. I came to New York and landed a job on the Evening *World* at forty-five dollars a week. I'd worked up to ninety dollars when we entered the war. I had some trouble getting placed but finally they sent me to an artillery camp in Kentucky. I kept up my work down there.

"Thanksgiving Day, 1918, I came out. After a visit home, I went back to the Evening *World*, for a spell, then came to my present syndicate. Looks like I'm destined to stay here for life."

"What is the fountain head of your unusual style of humor?"

"Lord knows," replied Baer, "that is if you call it humor. I read a lot and I've always watched things around me.

For some years after Arthur Baer came to New York, he lived at a Brooklyn Y. M. C. A. Here he passed most of his nights reading and part of his days playing handball. At the latter sport he had few equals in the metropolitan district.

HE HAS an astonishing circle of acquaintances —writers, actors, editors, ball players, circus people, barbers, cartoonists, composers, photographers, etc., etc., but few intimates. He has most fun writing broad humor along the generic lines of "Pard, there's bear in them hills and death lurks in the valley below:"

He chuckles to himself as he whips out lines such as these from "Rufftown:" "The children were so rugged they played tiddledy-winks with manhole covers."

"The old folks liked honey and so did the grizzly bears. The grizzlies took the honey away from the bees. Then the old folks took it away from the grizzlies."

He recently conceived a new character setting, the Ruff House, hotel run by Old Man Ruff.

"The hotel depended upon the patronage of traveling men who had lost their way. Old Man Ruff charged them two dollars a night, live or die.

"The cooking was good if you liked your food raw.

"As Old Man Ruff used to remark: Southern hospitality, California climate and home cooking are all right, but I never seen two of them together.

Mr. Baer wrote the first burlesques of radio programs. He ran these for a month but stopped when his imitators, of whom there are several, adopted the idea.

Critical calipers have yet to be applied to this young genre genius of the written word. One of the few public assessors of his work has come to what seems to me the lame conclusion that

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Baer is a master of the "new American school of cuckoo humor." Also that Arthur's "sense of the inappropriate phrase" is perfect.

Arthur Baer often descends to the cuckoo school but he also ascends to a level upon which stand only the storied Wotans of Wit.

THERE is a logic even in his madness. His "Good-by, don't forget to write," gained as enormous a vogue as Tad's famous gag line: "Yes, we have no bananas." Bugs used "Don't forget to write" as the snap lines of his Sunday stuff, "The Family Album." This feature was read by many millions and sometimes brought mail bags full of commendations.

It took a long, long time and much encouragement from his friends before he would accept one of the offers that flood in for remunerative after-dinner talks. Now he and Will Rogers are the favorite "last courses" at banquets. Both have a eupeptic effect.

Doctor Pangloss says noses were made to carry spectacles and so we have spectacles. Many think the English language was made for "Bugs" Baer to play with. As for the sentient little subject of our narrative he just takes a hitch on his typewriter, demonstrates a broad grin is the shortest line between two ears and asks:

"What's the shootin' all about?"

A Newsboy Who Washed His Neck

[*Continued from page 139*]

apartment building in the Queen City, and a huge bank account are his. He owns several motorcars and wears a three-carat diamond ring. Many offers to become a "high-powered" salesman in other lines, and likewise political appointments, have been refused by him. "I like to be on the old corner," he confides. "I can meet all my friends here. How many of 'em would come to an office to see me!"

Four presidents of the United States—McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft and Harding—have been his intimate friends. The late United States Senator Joseph Benson Foraker used to "talk it over with Jimmie on the corner," before making some of his important political moves.

Many years ago, Jimmie began to attract public attention by announcing the news shockingly. "Extry! Extry! A thousand people dead in the graveyard!" "He killed her because he loved her!" "Big fire in the shoe factory! Five hundred kids burned up! Many soles lost!"

Newsie humorists in every large city have either stolen this "patter" outright or indulged in observations along this line.

Jimmie knows more people than any one in Cincinnati. A recognition from him is as gratifying to the average Cincinnatian as the bow of a headwaiter is to your New Yorker. "Good morning, Judge," he'll sing out to the young but poor lawyer. Or, "Well, well, well! If it isn't my old friend, Colonel Jones!" to the World War veteran who never rose higher than a second lieutenancy and spent his entire service at a cantonment.

Numerous persons deliberately go out of their way and cross the street in front of Jimmie's corner to have the "King" speak to them. The number of his friends is legion, and he holds them for life.

HARRY V. MARTIN

Don't Be Afraid of Making Mistakes

[*Continued from page 16*]

assistants should be capable. It is further obvious that capability is developed through practice and responsibility. Your little man is afraid to delegate responsibility lest he rear a capability larger than his own; the larger man, in his surety, thinks not at all of being outshone. He knows perfectly well that if the work be done well he need not bother about the distribution of the rewards. He knows that picking a good man is an achievement of itself with a full reward.

Samuel W. Reyburn has so much ability that he can do the obvious. He has far too broad an intelligence, too firm a grasp on what he is doing, to go to the bother of being devious. He has evolved a philosophy of his own which is exquisitely simple and obvious. In it he gives practically no place to luck. He takes luck as an unexpected increment to what has reasonably been planned.

SIMPLY by doing the obvious and doing it well, Mr. Reyburn has made himself. He is not a rich man, but a man in whom people seem to have confidence when they want things done. As riches are now defined, he is today not rich. His largest item of income is salary.

In July, 1914, he accepted an invitation to come to New York to help reorganize Lord & Taylor, a large business that was in financial difficulties. A month later, the World War opened and the general banking situation became critical, for this was before the Federal Reserve System had begun operations, and there was a general nervousness throughout the country that might easily have developed

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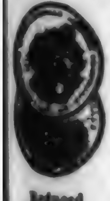

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into a panic. In that year, it will be remembered, we had bread lines. When he was sent for, Mr. Reyburn did not want to leave Arkansas, for he was doing a great number of things there that interested him and he did not want to live in New York. That was eleven years ago and Mr. Reyburn has not been able to get out of New York and never will be able to.

He did the job so thoroughly that all properties have long since been on their feet and earning their way; the creditors have not only been paid in full, but the stockholders, who ordinarily get squeezed out, find their stock far more valuable than ever it was. Mr. Reyburn has continued as president of Lord & Taylor, which is the largest of the department stores in the group; that store owed nearly six million dollars to banks and depositors when he took charge. All these debts have not only been paid, but also all the back dividends on the stock. He is a director of the New York Federal Reserve Bank. Progressive New York banking is always on the lookout for new blood, and Mr. Reyburn is in many ways regarded as the most valuable acquisition of the last decade. His advice is sought in many situations, and he is in demand as a director, not because he holds great blocks of stock, for he does not, but because he is coming every day to be more regarded as a man whose counsel is sound.

He is the president of the Associated Dry Goods Corporation which consists, besides Lord & Taylor, of James McCreery & Co., in New York, the William Hengerer Company and the J. N. Adam & Company stores in Buffalo, Hahne & Company in Newark, N. J., the Powers Mercantile Company in Minneapolis, Stewart & Company in Baltimore, and also, The Stewart Dry Goods Company in Louisville, Kentucky.

Having reached the top of one career, he is entering at the bottom of another career and it is perfectly safe to say that in it he will go very far. For he is that modern type of man who can see beyond a dollar that may be held before his eyes, and he is also that rare type who can receive a large income without quitting work to spend it! He keeps his head just as easily in New York as he did in Arkansas. He cannot do otherwise; he is not the sort of man whose head can be turned. A rather sturdy, though not heavy man of just under six feet, he goes about his work quietly and thoroughly and about once a year knocks off to go back Arkansas way for a little shooting with his old friends.

The Reyburns are of English and Scotch Colonial stock, but when Samuel was born in 1872 the family was living on a very small income a year, as a result of the Civil War and the Carpet Bag reconstruction. When he was four years old, his father took the family to a small farm at Malvern, which is not far from Hot Springs.

Malvern happened to be a junction point on the railroad—which meant that passengers changing trains waited anywhere from half an hour to half a day to make a connection. These waiting travelers had previously been merely objects of local interest; the people in the town who had nothing else to do came down and looked at them. Samuel saw them as so many potential customers, for he had already been selling butter and eggs about the village. He fixed up a basket with grapes, and other fruits, when he was only eight—and tried out the passengers. They bought, and before long he was making eight or ten dollars a week.

THIS experience not only taught him the give and take of trading, but also trained him at an early age in the sense of responsibility to others. His mother died the day before his thirteenth birthday. He continued to work on the farm for one year, and for two years worked in a sawmill. When he was sixteen years old, he saw a chance to get a real job. In Little Rock jobs were scarce because that section of the country was not well supplied with capital. The only really large employer whose wages could be regarded as steady was the railroad.

Samuel's job was not held without some trouble, for the ancient argument was given that here was a boy taking the place of a man—which was not right. But the boy did his work and held his job. His roommate decided to study law, but the state university had no law courses at night and the boys had no time during the day. But here, as sometimes happens the obvious seemed impossible, for universities have not the habit of making over their affairs whenever a couple of students ask them to. The dean did say that if the boys found enough students to fill a night course and gained the consent of the faculty to lecture at night, then he would have no objection to starting a night school.

And that is precisely what these young men did. They organized an after sundown university in order that they might study law. At twenty-two Mr. Reyburn was admitted to the bar. One Sydney J. Johnson had built up something of a financial brokerage business in Little Rock, with side lines in renting and selling real estate. He offered Reyburn fifty dollars a month, and although he had risen to a hundred on the railroad, he took the new job in order to learn the background which he believed a lawyer ought to have. In two years, he had saved both money and experience and incidentally had made a great number of friends, so he left the Johnson job and hung out his shingle as a lawyer. Within the year, Johnson urged Reyburn to come back to the business. They

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compromised by Reyburn agreeing to give half of his time to the Johnson business and the other half to the law—but when Reyburn was twenty-six, Mr. Johnson died and there was nothing for Reyburn to do but to give up the law and take over the brokerage and real estate business under an arrangement by which he was to have a fourth interest to be paid for out of profits. He at once began to build up a banking and trust company business. That is how he became a banker.

The obvious need of a bank is depositors. Mr. Reyburn had already made a great number of acquaintances and also he noticed that in the ordinary bank a depositor was not treated as courteously as was a customer in a store—which seemed to him odd, since a bank needed despositors just as much as a store needed customers. So he threw aside the first tenet of old style banking—which was that a banker should always be cold, and, if possible, rude—and evolved the principle that all depositors should be treated as valued patrons. He increased the deposits of the little business more than sevenfold within a year. That bank became the Union Trust Company and Mr. Reyburn, following exactly the same principles, became its president and formed around him a group of the ablest young men in Arkansas. He was until January, 1925, the chairman of the board of that bank. He had to resign then to become a director of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York.

Arkansas was in the grip of the tradition that the principal money crop of the South had to be cotton. Mr. Reyburn became convinced that this was not so, and he had a survey made which demonstrated that Arkansas bought more than it sold, that the cotton crop did not really pay its way, and that the State was living considerably on the export of capital, such as timber. That was the beginning of the present program in which Arkansas, to have the country feed itself, is agitating through a dozen agencies for diversified farming, which shall regard cotton as only one out of several money crops.

It was unusual for a bank to go into anything that had not strictly to do with banking. It was entirely obvious to Mr. Reyburn that a bank could not prosper unless its community prospered, and therefore it must be extraordinarily good banking to help a community become more prosperous. Mr. Reyburn's whole idea of banking, aside from its purely technical aspect, ran counter to the old idea. As he said:

"We bought the credit through making it safe and pleasant for people to deposit with us, and we sold the credit by making it easy to borrow from us. Of course I do not mean that we gave credit to anyone who asked for it—our losses were very small indeed. But if a man did have the standing to borrow, we tried to make him feel like an associate and not as a beggar, and if he did not have the standing, we tried to let him know why he could not borrow and then to do what we could to start him along toward getting the right to a line of credit. We cut out all the frills—the class consciousness of being bankers. And we were successful.

"Probably there is no more wasteful, or in the long run, more unprofitable line of action, than constantly waiting to see what someone else will do, and then to imitate and cheapen it."

AND now as to his philosophy—he has written it down for his own use. Here are some parts of it:

"My mother taught me a fundamental truth when I was a boy. She constantly urged me to have high ideals and ambitions and to use them constantly in work and play. She insisted upon my making plans as nearly perfect as possible and upon my striving with all energy to achieve them. To sustain my courage when results were disappointing, she taught me the great wisdom—to judge my performance when the work was done, not by my ideal but by comparison with the performance of others in the same game. My inspirations must come from my ideal, but my competition was with other human beings.

"A philosophy of life might be described as a body of 'general conceptions or principles' that keep up our spirits and stimulate us to persevere in the face of discouragement—in trying to lessen the gap between a high ideal and actual accomplishment.

"The most obvious part of man is the physical. Little as we know of it and indifferent as we are to our physical life, we nevertheless know much more about it than we do of either of the other parts. Physical life makes a vivid appeal through our physical senses. It is to be seen; it feels and can be felt; and those of us who have earned a livelihood by our hands and by the sweat of our brows, or have played golf in the hot summer days, or have had a tooth pulled, know the taste of it, and, yes, the odor of it.

"The next obvious part of us is the Mind. We are not conscious of it directly through the physical senses, but indirectly through the effect of its work. It is constantly in evidence to normal men. But too few observe the evidence. It is helpful to me to assume that it, too, grows and remains vigorous by what, using the physical analogy, we might call a well balanced ration of food, fresh air, and exercise.

"After the Home, the School, the Church, and the State have spent so much energy and time to awaken and prepare the youth for the problems of life, a high percentage of them practically stop feeding, exercising, and letting in fresh air to the mind, when they reach the age of maturity. Even university degrees

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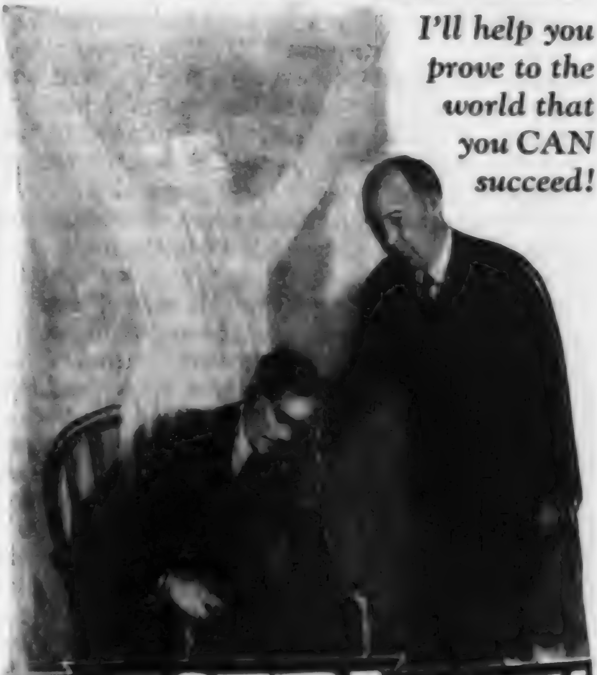

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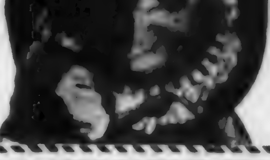

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sometimes reward a well trained memory and are possessed by men who do not know how to think and do not seem to want to learn.

"A true leader is disappointed at the discovery of this mental inertia, but not dismayed. In his effort to overcome this difficulty, he will perhaps first try to develop a method that will insure food, fresh air and exercise for his own mind. He will then be better equipped to rise to his responsibility and duty, to teach and to inspire the members of his organization.

"The test of the effectiveness of feeding and exercising and giving fresh air to the mind is to be found in thinking through to a logical conclusion and reaching a decision so well considered that it brings confidence and understanding in action or in conference even with a higher executive. Such a course is a great producer of self-control, self-respect, and self-reliance. Almost any executive job, if understood and considered with the aid of imagination and vision, furnishes all the materials that will be found necessary for the morning and noonday food, exercise, and fresh air. Good plans are made with all the facts available, but other evidence always turns up in the execution. So, each morning, one with an open and honest mind should go over the important transactions of yesterday and think out better ways in which such work can be done in the future. At the same time a conscious effort should be made to improve the forecasting and planning of the day's work that lies ahead.

"At the close of the day, some serious reading, to stimulate thought, is necessary to balance the ration. This reading should not be confined to business, but should include history, science, biography and philosophy. The purpose should be not to get a large volume of reading done, but to stimulate thinking by assimilating the subject matter and arriving at a definite and helpful conviction. Work of this kind should be watched and considered each week and it will be found, after the habit is formed, that half an hour a day and certainly not over an hour is all the time required.

"After physical maturity is reached, the energy required for the growing of the physical man is released. It is important that the energy so released should be turned toward the growth and development of a bigger mental and spiritual life. For no matter how long one lives, there is never a chance to develop as much wisdom and as much good and effective character as one can profitably use.

"But in addition to the physical and mental, there is a third part for a well-balanced individual for a leader and teacher, that is the most important of the three. It is the moral and emotional nature of man—his feelings, beliefs, and sentiments. It is what is rather generally called the spiritual man—the agent of vital and conscious functions.

"As much as the great churches have done and are doing for us in western civilization, in the development of our spiritual and moral natures, this work should not be left alone to the religious leader. It should be an active principle in the life of every day. It appears in every contact with, and every obligation to, other people. Consider for a moment the great number of personal contacts that occur in a day and the obligation they impose on us. Are those contacts effective? Can we impose self-denial and self-control? Can we sympathize? Can we understand? Can we influence? Can we inspire others? Have we patience? Have we tolerance? Do we put pride, privilege and power above obligation, duty and responsibility? It would seem that this spiritual element also needs daily attention, needs food, needs fresh air, needs exercise to keep it vigorous and effective. Daily conscious attention at regular intervals to the effort of improving one's self-control, one's influence with and one's helpfulness to others, is a sensible and practical course.

"This attention can be given in the morning and at noon and at night, along with the effort to develop the mind, and the problem in one's own family and in the organization where one's work is done will afford the materials. In every case let us look back upon the contacts of yesterday and look forward to those we expect to make today.

"A well organized man in our country should, at the start of his productive life, inventory himself and his environment. Frankly facing the fact that the fundamental underlying purpose of life is to get the greatest returns for self —all of self, body, mind and spirit—and that at the same time to play a decent part in preserving the race physically, mentally, and morally by maintaining home, schools, churches and states, every man must turn his just attention to his job.

"In industrial society, vocation is the great game of life. For a man, it is the biggest game that can be played, and for a woman who has given up the idea of being head of a home, it also takes first place in her plans. If one plays it on the square with all his might and his spirit, he can grow strong under defeat; if he is not too exultant with success, that is, if he can be a game and courageous loser and a modest and considerate winner, he will support good homes, schools, churches and good government. He will know great joy and be honored among men.

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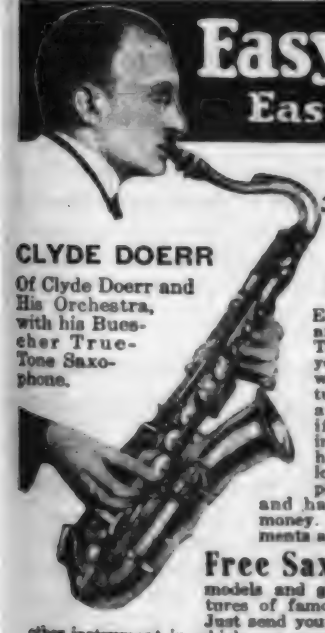

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Rescued by a Blue Chow

[*Continued from page 140*]

grass all fenced in with a row of single pens and perfectly constructed dog houses facing it, as well as a larger house in which each dog has his own sleeping pen. And being Celestial aristocrats of the very bluest of blue blood, no Chow will be contented with any but his own separate house or pen. Yet these dignified leonine Orientals are not so haughty as people seem to think. To people like Mrs. Van Buren they display very real affection.

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Though the Chow himself is of undemonstrative imperturbability and is unquestionably inclined to mind his own business, he reacts to understanding like any other animal. He may require an introduction to strangers, but he will be better and his breed will be better if he is treated with kindness.

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—BLANCHE THEODORE.

A Terribly Strange Bed

[*Continued from page 103*]

as thieves and vagabonds. As for the Old Soldier and his two head myrmidons, they went to the galleys; the woman who had drugged my coffee was imprisoned for I forgot how many years; the regular attendants at the gambling house were considered "suspicious," and placed under "surveillance"; and I became, for one whole week (which is a long time), the head "lion" in Parisian society. My adventure was dramatized by three illustrious play-makers, but never saw theatrical daylight; for the censorship forbade the introduction on the stage of a correct copy of the gambling house bedstead.

One good result was produced by my adventure, which any censorship must have approved: it cured me of ever again trying "*Rouge et Noir*" as an amusement. The sight of a greencloth, with packs of cards and heaps of money on it, will henceforth be forever associated in my mind with the sight of a bed canopy descending to suffocate me in the silence and darkness of the night.

Just as Mr. Faulkner pronounced these words he started in his chair, and resumed his stiff, dignified position in a great hurry. "Bless my soul!" cried he, with a comic look of astonishment and vexation, "while I have been telling you what is the real secret of my interest in the sketch you have so kindly given to me, I have altogether forgotten that I came here to sit for my portrait. For the last hour or more I must have been the worst model you ever had to draw from!"

"On the contrary, you have been the best," said I. "I have been trying to catch your likeness; and, while telling your story, you have unconsciously shown me the natural expression I wanted to insure my success."

Note by Mrs. Kerby

I cannot let this story end without mentioning what the chance saying was which caused it to be told at the farm-house the other night. Our friend the young sailor, among his other quaint objections to sleeping on shore, declared that he particularly hated four-post beds, because he never slept in one without doubting whether the top might not come down in the night and suffocate him. I thought this chance reference to the distinguishing feature of William's narrative curious enough, and my husband agreed with me. But he says, it is scarcely worth while to mention such a trifle in anything so important as a book. I cannot venture, after this, to do more than slip these lines in modestly at the end of the story. If the printer should notice my few last words, perhaps he may not mind the trouble of putting them into some out-of-the way corner, in very small type. L. K.

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A Sentimental Villain

[*Continued from page 15*]

the crimson of a flower nestling against an ivory comb in her black, coiled hair. It was as crimson as the color that had sprung to her pale cheeks.

In her lithe young body was all the imperiousness that had failed in the frail frame of her father.

"Coward!" she cried.

"It is your beauty that cows me, *señorita.*" Lastro bowed again and smiled in covert.

"Your flattery makes me ill!" Her contempt was a slowly measured poison.

"Yet I have seen you rejoice at clumsier words." He smiled, evenly.

"But spoken by a man!" she retorted. "Not by a murderer; not by a torturer; a seducer—"

"Do you not add 'seducer,' *señorita*, to round out the poetry of your charge." His voice was solicitous. "Seduction is too pale a crime—"

Both of them ignored Don Ricardo, who leaned helplessly against the carved, high-backed chair.

"You may be powerful!" she stormed. "But you can not force me to marry you!"

"Marry me, *señorita?* Did I suggest marriage?"

"You are vile, Lastro! But your villainy is helpless against love."

"That is a pretty speech," he replied. "It is from a book, is it not? A romantic book?"

"You shall see, assassin!" she cried. "I know that you have thrown Juanito into prison again. But you cannot imprison his heart—or mine! I use your own laws to confound you."

"They no longer amuse me," he confessed.

"Do you know what day tomorrow is?" she demanded. "It is the day on which the women of prisoners go to visit their men in the cells; to be in private with them—

"Tomorrow I go to the cell of Juanito—and I will draw the curtain with these hands of mine!"

Her father stepped toward her with begging, horrified hands. Then he turned to Lastro.

"But she shall not!" he faltered. "It would be disgrace—but she shall not! She is my daughter, my Flores."

Coronel Lastro rode slowly with Coloso back to his quarters.

"But, of course, she will," said Lastro, smiling in the dark. "Not Lastro; not the *buen Dios*—not her own lover can stop a woman who has decided to become a sacrifice."

In the dimming moonlight the giant, Coloso, shoved forward his face, as if he offered a plate containing his understanding.

Back in the tapestried room, Lastro held a crystal shell of liqueur to the portrait of the Spanish grandee.

"Surely you were a villain, too," he said. "There is a villain's humor at the edge of your lips. *Salud, señor galante!*"

He sat at a massive table while Coloso filled the crystal again from a stone bottle with a vermilion seal.

"It is a plot that amuses me, my big crocodile," he cried to Coloso. "Bring me ink as well as liqueur. They are both dangerous distillations. Tonight we send a written order to the governor of the prison. Ah, excellent plot!"

The giant nodded at the dramatic gestures of Lastro's slender fingers. In the army of the *revolución* it was said that the silent one could understand, plainly as words, the eloquence of Lastro's hands. He brought ink.

"Two hours after daybreak the women of Canayas come to visit their men in the prison. *Esta bueno!* And she comes with the others, this proud Señorita Flores. *Esta bueno, también!* She comes to pledge herself before all the world as the woman of this Americano. With those hands of hers she will draw the yellow curtain—*por Dios*, it is genius!"

He closed his eyes and smiled, sniffing at the tips of his perfumed fingers. He renewed their scent with an enameled vial from his breast pocket.

"Is it not the plot of genius?" he demanded. "You think I have surrendered too easily? No, Coloso. For me the flower is already soiled—and for me it was a flower I had never cared to pluck.

"Attend then, thou gem of confidantes. She goes into the cell and draws the curtain. In the dim light she turns to the cot on which her lover lies—her lover for whom she will make this great sacrifice. She wonders that he can still be sleeping—why he does not sense her presence. Maybe for a moment she stands there to admire, as women in love will, the grace of her lover's body as he lies there. And then—

"Then is the jest of this miracle of plots. For this order that we write tonight to the governor of the prison tells him that Palmer, the Americano, must be executed by the firing squad at daybreak. It orders him to place the body in the cell of the yellow curtain; to place it on the cot so it will appear that the man is merely sleeping—"

FROM his somber frame the old grandee looked down on Lastro writing swiftly, in the candlelight. Over the *coronel*, his huge bulk half lost in the shadows, stood the giant with the smile of sympathy.

Coronel Lastro rode through the shadows of dawn to a rise in ground from which he could

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see the prison walls. With him rode his giant servitor, with his eager eyes on the *coronel*—remarkably like the eyes of a great dog who watches a fireside mood passing over the face of his beloved master.

From the rise of ground they could see the cells that opened on to the outer balcony. One window, especially, they watched. A window hung with a curtain of vivid yellow that had a border of black, formal flowers. The curtain hung back. The cell window was open a trifle.

Lastro watched and made no sign to his servant. At two hours after daybreak a crowd of women stood at the door of the prison. In that crowd was more than one bright shawl—but only one woven in a design of jungle green and black on a golden field.

The shawl disappeared through the gate and reappeared on the balcony. There the sun caught the flower of crimson nestling against an ivory comb in black, coiled hair.

Señorita Flores followed a guard along the balcony to the cell of the yellow curtain. She paused a moment at the cell door to thank the guard.

Then, with a quick movement, she was in the cell. And, almost as she entered, the curtain of yellow was drawn quickly over the window. It fluttered for just a moment and then the black, formal flowers settled into their orderly pattern again.

"It is the end of the play," said Lastro, a smile on his face. "And it has been amusing enough."

He stroked his mount with his spur. Coloso marked the unaccustomed gentleness as he followed a few paces behind his frowning, thoughtful master.

"*Sangre de Cristo*, but I am too sentimental," mused Lastro. "Only a sentimentalist could ruin such a play with an epilogue. Yet—well, it will be a little fillip."

From his breast pocket, he took a folded sheet of paper. He sniffed it, daintily, and smiled.

"A perfumed note," he murmured. "What a man I am!"

He motioned Coloso to his side. His hands made fluent gestures.

"You will take this paper," he said, "and place it in the hands of *Señorita* Flores de Mayo."

The giant nodded eagerly.

"There is no harm in confiding to you, enormous bull," Lastro went on. "This paper is the order I wrote to the governor of the prison, commanding him to kill Juanito at daybreak."

He smiled patiently at Coloso.

"You don't understand? Great dolt! It is that my plot failed to amuse me after I had written the order. And I did not send it to the governor."

Coloso's massive head went back. His huge mouth fell open and moved in the pantomime of a giant laugh.

The Inn of the Two Witches

[*Continued from page 116*]

too. For it was Gonzales who, tired of waiting for news from the English, had come down to the inn with half his band, on his way to the sea. "His excellency," he explained, "rushed out with fierce impetuosity, and, moreover, was not known to us for a friend, and so we—etc., etc. When asked what had become of the witches, he only pointed his finger silently to the ground, then voiced calmly a moral reflection: 'The passion for gold is pitiless in the very old, *señor*,' he said. 'No doubt in former days they have put many a solitary traveler to sleep in the archbishop's bed.' "

"There was also a gipsy girl there," said Byrne feebly from the improvised litter on which he was being carried to the coast by a squad of guerrilleros.

"It was she who winched up that infernal machine, and it was she, too, who lowered it that night," was the answer.

"But why? Why?" exclaimed Byrne. "Why should she wish for my death?"

"No doubt for the sake of your excellency's coat buttons," said politely the saturnine Gonzales. "We found those of the dead mariner concealed on her person. But your excellency may rest assured that everything that is fitting has been done on this occasion."

Byrne asked no more questions. There was still another death which was considered by Gonzales as "fitting to the occasion." The one-eyed Bernardino stuck against the wall of his wine shop received the charge of six escopettas into his breast. As the shots rang out the rough bier with Tom's body on it went past carried by a bandit-like gang of Spanish patriots down the ravine to the shore, where two boats from the ship were waiting for what was left on earth of her best seaman.

Mr. Byrne, very pale and weak, stepped into the boat which carried the body of his humble friend. For it was decided that Tom Corbin should rest far out in the Bay of Biscay. The officer took the tiller and, turning his head for the last look at the shore, saw on the gray hillside something moving, which he made out to be a little man in a yellow hat mounted on a mule—that mule without which the fate of Tom Corbin would have remained mysterious forever.